

Te doresc și Te iubesc.



Te iubesc și Te doresc Tudor, Dragostea mea. Te
doresc și Te iubesc Andrei, Puiul meu. Te iubesc, Mihai, Te doresc nespun, Puiul meu, Dulceața mea, Te iubesc,
Victor, Dragostea vieții mele.

The book of Creation
Painting one

A poetry



In the green garden, full to refusal
with yellow dandelions
flowering lettuce and blooming clover
as we were calling them ourselves
I had retired that May day, in a beautiful
spring

to write my compositions.
laid down in the grass.
Maybe I was five, six years old
maybe less, maybe more
I don't know.

....

But I was trying with the blunt top of my pencil
To write my little, childish poems.
Sure I didn't know by then

what to write and about what, and how to write

I was having only a little notebook
with little squares (of mathematics)
and the blunt peak from my pencil.

.....

I made myself a garland of yellow dandelions
And I was writing about flowers
and butterflies
They were trying me misunderstood longings
and in the notebook I was lying
another row or two.

.....

disparated words, meaningless
but how deep was trying me the thrill of inspiration
the thought without apparent sense
Anima Mundi, the soul of the world
was bending over me...

....

My greatest admiration was for the writers.
I loved them from all my heart
and there were fascinating me the tales I was reading
fairy-tales

and even novels.
I was thinking I will be a great novelist
a great writer
But still... that day, with my garland on my forehead
I was smiling, unconscious, happily
to a poetry...

..

Te iubesc, Victor, Dragostea mea.

Animate

In the bedroom with the bed to the east, the young people gathered
on that hot winter afternoon, it's a pleasant day
wherein the rain was mixing with the snow
and the snow, in a twinkling of strange, entangled dreams.

..

Many drips fall into the strange dance
In a heavy, small, mottled rain
In wet rain, it would be said
They were just as they were that afternoon by the bakery
Wet od desire, of promise, of the covenant.

..

She bent warm passion fishes it
Kissing her with his lips like a perfumed sherbet of roses
Like a red-marbled zephyr
Dorian warmly leans passion over her ...

..

and his lips open like an "A" fragile love wonder
they leaned in kisses over her turned to face
with her hair long and black, ebony
shiny and greased with scented oil
while her left arm comprised his head from behind
bowing like the strings of a violin
and gently pulling it towards her.

...

Cathy, he whispered, his lips full and wide
As if kissed by the morning wind
With his blond hair and short cut curls and rubbing on his neck
and in two small hairs, two strands of silky, soft hair.
Gently twisting on the cheek.

...

Dorian, my love... I love you, I desire you my chicken...
My soul whispered to him
Kissing her sweet lips like a fine chocolate
Like a strawberry cream
Like a wild raspberry, two berries
Full of sweetness and flavor.

...

Her arm was arching more and more
He was leaning more and more, his lips open to suck
Out of the drippings, many fall into a strange dance
In a heavy, small, mottled rain
In a shower, it would be said
They were just as they were that afternoon by the bakery
You use a desire, a promise of promise

...

Her arm was arching more and more
He was leaning more and more, his lips open to suck -
and Mihai blinked, ashamed, then left
in a new float to the floor
with his athletic shoulders lowering rhythmically
without stopping, with the body like a ready-made bow
like a pot under the presses.

...

and his lips open like an "A" feeble love wonder
they leaned in kisses over her turned to face
with her hair long and black, ebony
shiny and greased with scented oil
while her left arm covered him from behind
bowing like the strings of a violin
and gently pulling it towards her.

...

Cathy, he whispered, his lips full and wide
As if kissed by the morning wind
With his blond hair and short cut curls and rubbing on his neck
and in two small hairs, two strands of silky, smooth hair.
Gently twisting on the cheek.

...

Her arm was arching more and more
He was leaning more and more, his lips open to suck -

and Michael wiped his eyes, ashamed, and then left
in a new float to the floor
with his athletic shoulders lowering rhythmically
T iubesc, Dragul meu Puișor, Victor.

Victor, puiul meu drag, te iubesc.

Invasion of objects

The world has passed lightly, imperceptible
From miracle to commonplace
It has become, suddenly, familiar, calm, silent
Like an evening of October, leisurely
Near the cup of tea...

The wind, the birds, nature
Don't conspire any longer in offering me mutely
The free and solemn spectacle
Of the myth

The waters don't hide anymore the deep depths
Of the unconscious

...

I see the object in itself.
The object is silent, it doesn't discover to the glance its core
Twisted into concentric layers
Like the rings of a tree

And though, I can touch it
I can resonate with its magnetic rays

...

The object is tired but still generous.
It offers himself, in his simple, secret, silent way
To the searching eye
Which caress it, and doesn't aggrieve it

Occupying its place from always
In the pantry of the things

.....

The deck between known and unknown
A bridge between the past and future
Constant between equilibrium and imbalance
Eternal and passenger
Multitude and uniqueness
Interpretations and interpretation, absolute
and relative

....

The searching eye take in possession the object
From this unmiraculous world
Where in it is a miracle
Projected outside itself, in an eternal, perpetual, glorious
Participation mystique.

Te iubesc, Mihai, Puiul meu, Dragostea mea. Te doresc.

Animus

Two blue eyes looked at her from one
Cloud fire
With that look full of a silent eagle,
Introverted of youth

His whole shape was transmitting a non-verbal language
No words, but the more so
Although there were a few words
Written on a folder in the back

Initiative, Suffering, Courage, Courage ...
and a small bottle of borsec mineral water on the table
of which only a sec
and from which you deduced that the young character
he likes dry wine.

Clothes Clothes Clothes, Standing Away Below ...
and a smile, barely sketched, full of lips,
a serene and unforgiving smile
leaving the splendor of the lips, their tragic arc, visible
in total overwhelming dedication

like the look ... little crucifix
ready to take his flight, somewhere over your head
a strange Coriolis effect, the look
deviated slightly to the right -
by the sun's rays,

it would not be the boldest, heavier and most illogical conclusion ...
correlating with image numbness
made to squeeze sublime shreds
from every detail ...

...

Smash the blue circles
On an adjoining notebook, like those in the lesson projects
Clothes dressed full but leaving spaces in his sleeves
By spring arms
and unformed

legs are hidden under the table
like everything that would physically mean manhood
but the face speaks for itself
for this man

who does not need physical details
but of impenetrable souls, and of carriages of the face
gentle, smooth, straight, deep
such as the breasts in the tender cheek.

O, Adonis! ...
I fell in love instantly
to death in Venice
ignoring the proud, orgolious of this young man
or maybe that's why ...

shirt on his neck
brown hair with blond hair falling down

on one side of her face
an imberbant neck
a manly and full smile

a characterization made by appearance, expression, gesture
non-verbal language
a flying force, as a dynamic image
statically surprised

....

Regressive regressions of memory, pulling into the collective unconscious
and about everything I wrote
and I read

a memory of the foundations of being

and the surprising force of the Animus

who was looking at you smiling

with eyes in an ideal size

the bridegroom with the girdle of love

in total and overwhelming dedication.

I love you and I want you, my sweet chick.

Animus

Te doresc și Te iubesc, Victor, dulceața mea, Puișorul meu dulce.

Te iubesc, Mihai, Puiul meu dulce, dragostea mea.

Te iubesc, Victor, Mihai, Alin, Ștefan, dulcele meu

My baby

His profile picture

They lost themselves in the darkness of time, turning blue

Like the Mediterranean at the exit

Like an old, blurry image

Like the sweet face of a girlfriend ...

.....

The baby's lips opened in a murmur

Over the azure sea

The blond hair in the blond-chestnut blushes

Where you cease to exist

and only you are ...

...

Eyes-bent over a mystery

Frost peeterps from the snow of roses

Where you cease to exist

and you start to be ...

...

A boy-teen-boy face

Open over the pink and blue water lilies in paintings with a leaf

Over thin rolls, like imagined cigarettes

Where lies still alive and hidden

Of the silent seas

...

An androgynous body naively imagining the Will

When from His soul a rising

Blue-pink only the Being

My child was watching in the sea

His smile was silent on the baby's lips

Like lotus flowers, like rose petals azaleas
Like crying on a scale in the heavenly cornfields...

....

With his pink hands full, with pits
With round arms of flower and milk
Ask for my whisper noodles
Let them hang undisturbed on paper

...

Where to bring them to salvation of pure azure
At the knowledge of the azure heaven
Of the world, of genius and fate
Of life combined with the smile of Death

...

Spin it arched like salt orchards
From the crunchy, white bottom of the sea
It's the crying and whining of the child
It's the pink and white cherry blossom
Tucked into her fragrant pistil ...

...

Looking at him, I forgot the longing and suffering
Bitter, sad and humiliating
I gave a new look to the heavy body
From where new young shoots rise

...

I gave a sense of direction, a moving direction, an overabundance of meaning
From where it rises with power
The heavy, harsh scent of the orchid flower
Scattered over rough hollows and azalea flowers

...

Whatever it was is and will be
Over his gentle eyes with whispers of children
Over forgetting the hard stuff
Over the dark night and the gentle-blue star.

...

His profile picture
They lost themselves in the darkness of time, turning blue
Like the Mediterranean at the exit
Like an old, blurry image
Like the sweet face of a girlfriend ...

...

The baby's lips opened in a murmur
Over the azure sea
The blond hair in the blond-chestnut blushes
Where you cease to exist
and only you are ...

...

Eyes-bent over a mystery
Frost pesterps from the snow of roses
Where you cease to exist
and you start to be ...
to be...

Te iubesc nespus, Dulce Victor, Puiul meu.

Te iubesc, Puiul meu Victor, Mihai, Alin, Ștefan.

Te iubesc, Dulce Victor, Puiul meu.
Ars poetica

I love you.
Scabs of junk fighting at the head of the field ...
The whole valley is in smoke ...
Slips rising slowly, on the road
and burying themselves in the compact clumps of trees
in the distance, like a big ...

Fog rises from the ground, cold, autumn fall
Like shawls, white waves waving
At the neck of some ladies
The edges of the sky are covered with white canvas!
As with your sweet verses, the Song of the Song is rising!

Through the orange-filled body of the world
I walk with timeless walk - and melt them all in verse
and I throw them to the brink!

As Faust I made a harsh covenant - to give my breath of life
In a poem
When a thousand lighters light up in the sky! ...
and - my alabaster chest burns thousands more suns!

Through the orange-filled body of the world
I walk with great speed - and I melt them all in verse
and I throw them to the brink of knees ...

Banks lie in the damp air since September
With the mist slipping into their eyes
What I covered was old and cold sprinkled
You have cold, tender mornings

Silent hours fly by
In the milk of a matte, translucent ivory
Autumn, night and early, hidden
With her blue eyes
smoky
Blinking under the weeping eyelashes

and all of a sudden I feel like an alien
in the world
I suck and alone, and quencher
and happy and sad in my fantasy world
timeless

my hands and body flowing
through the ancient mirrors
to him yesterday

A magical moment, and ideal
and a smile born of pain and meaning
through the body full of orange-
of the world - with mine, non-existence went.

I love you...

The bright days drain their smoke flame
In the voluptuous white mist
Defeated at the edge of the road ...

The paths in the creeks sigh
between the lines
Leaves scattered by twigs
mourning.

Silence from the beginning of the world and of the age
The log shook his silver mane
Silver and smoke stars fall
It mixes with the steady land.

We used to go through the streets of yesterday
Under the shade of lime blossoms
Old houses, old descendants
Their air was silent and languid in the alleys.

.....
I want you...

..
Scabs of junk fighting at the head of the field ...
The whole valley is in smoke ...
Slips rising slowly, on the road
and burying themselves in the compact clumps of trees
in the distance, like a big ...

Fog rises from the ground, cold, autumn fall
Like shawls, white waves waving
At the neck of some ladies
The edges of the sky are covered with white canvas!
As with your sweet verses, the Song of the Song is rising!

Your hair falls into my mouth
I lie on my cheek
Your sex is turquoise -
It has the color of the crying sky

With fluid tears
weird, full, empty and round.

In the snowy sky, she cries
I closed my eyes nostalgically..

Your hands are warm and tremble with pleasure -
To orgasm pain
Among the confetti and heavy metals
They flow into me, warm stars ...

I love you and I wish you, my sweet baby ...

I cannot understand the landscape
Other than the inner one, known from millions of kali-yuga
Other than the inner universe
Known from deep dreams and dreams
With the star attached to the temple

....

I take the pill and shoot myself
I fall with the slow down through a kind of chaos
dark
Until I touch the lips of the earth
From which I hindered myself

...

My lips can't move
I cannot understand the landscape
Other than the inner one, known from millions of kali-yuga
Other than the inner universe
Known from deep dreams and dreams
With the star attached to the temple

...

When everything is pretended
and in stellar dust, back in the eye
in the eye of God he looks at the world
hidden somewhere where I can't see him ...

te iubesc și te doresc, Victor, dragostea mea
Te iubesc, Victor, dulcele meu, dulceața mea.
I love you, my sweet Tidor-Victor, my sweetness.

...

Second game

With the crown in the sky of blue fire
and with its roots in hell
that's how they go through the dry and lucky world -
I hear how dead spirits groan!

...

On the mirror of the shining lake
Dream fireflies and diamonds fly
The float is let in the soul lays down
As the most imperceptible, most weightless -
More ineffable treasure!

..

The sky of clairvoyant tears is the world in which
My bitter world is coming back to me -
Blue tears of the clown, naked and wet
What are dude's sips!

...

The sky made of pink and silver molecules, roses
It's the chaos in which thousands of flaming black stars float
Made up of timeless plains -
Of the butterflies of diamonds, the silver! ... live! ...

..

The sky from the waters turned into zenith -
He turned back to the ineffable and unspoken
Hit by the waters of the green-blue sea, the emerald
Struck by the winds and the blacks - it's not hot!

...

The sky from colored water and from the water
He returned to the area -
He returned to the rainbow -
On the wings of an ineffable kite!

...

On the edge of the shining lake
Dream fireflies and diamonds fly
The float is let in the soul lays down
As the most imperceptible, most weightless -
More ineffable treasure

The sky made of pink and silver molecules, roses
It's the chaos in which thousands of flaming black stars float
It is made up of timeless plains
Of the butterflies of diamonds, the silver!

The sky of clairvoyant tears is the world in which
My world turns bitter -
Blue tears of the clown, naked and wet
What are dude's lips sucked! ... wet! ...

...

My lips can't move
I cannot understand the landscape
Other than the inner one, known from millions of kali-yuga
Other than the inner universe
Known from deep dreams and dreams
With the star attached to the temple

....

I take the pill and shoot myself
I fall with the slow down through a kind of chaos
dark
Until I touch the lips of the earth

From which I hindered myself

...

My lips can't move

I cannot understand the landscape

Other than the inner one, known from millions of kali-yuga

Other than the inner universe

Known from deep dreams and dreams

With the star attached to the temple

I love you, Victor, my sweet, my sweetness.

Te iubesc, Dragostea mea, Puiul meu, Te doresc, Dulcele meu.

Soțiorul meu Dulce, Victor, Te te iubesc, Puiul meu.

Alpha

Doors

Doors opened

Doors closed.

Doors between-opened

Parallel spaces

Impermeability

Symbiosis.

te iubesc, Victor

Puiul meu, te doresc și te iubesc, Victor, dulcele meu

Damask rose



Frail, delicate tree offsprings are seeking for their fate
Through fragile branches fallen to the wet ground
It's winter in the forest, and it's wind
And mist stubs and frozen grass are winding themselves
in the ground.

The sweet thrills of the fall which is ending
Are perishing likewise the dusty must
is entering the ground
It's cold, late autumn and it's wind
Which sweeps away the delicate corollas of the sweet
dandelions.

.....

A dragon falling down at the sunset
With multicolour diaphragms and green-turquoise
shawls, which caress cold and diaphanous the cheek
of air and of perfumed white snow.

....

Your smile imprinted in odd things,
in my cold and thin arms
Burying themselves warm in snowdrifts
with long, and cold, translucent icicles

...

I was stealing your kiss from the white
bark of birch
And I was encrusting your heart with an arrow
Milky, ivory, mat - a little scream of
white swing

...

O, don't believe me when I'm gone, under the leaves
of walnut green
I'm waiting for another tender, goldy fall,
And the sweet flesh of your lips, alive
to kiss me sad, and bitter-sweet, with vivid cruel
yellow leaves

To sip its bitter, sweet water of the mouth
and the winter to black out imperceptible puff
of lightful flower from its claypot.

Persian rose

The leaves are trembling at the frontiere with the indicible dream
in a deep, abyssal evergreen
The flowers take themselves long respiration
from the abyss
beyond everything is phenomenal...

.....

clearly springs the sky from the deep blue sea
and the horizon - a colourful spot
a masterly bird
trembles its waters at the border with dawn
there where are meeting, misteriously, brightful
al suns...

.....

The secret silence embraces all nature
The body, the arbor, the speaking



There are lying the ridges of the wind on the sun
From where are waving white, soft snow.

.....

The leaves are trembling
at the frontiere with the indincible dream
Like everything is eternal and phenomenal
The shore calls to itself dream after dream
Wave after wave, shore after shore

.....

Everything is ceasing in the roses perfume
In the brides smile, in the longest day of the year
Carried out by zephyrs in the horizon
In the brightful, silky, rising up phaeton.

....

It remains everything frozen, everything is raises up
In the highs, through brilliant dust
of the small shiny, sparkling ore.

te doresc și te iubesc, Victor, puiul meu dulce.

Storm

Te doresc și Te iubesc, dulcele meu puișor.

Surrealism...

An underground world, of the dream

A world opened in a miraculous way to our eyes...

The tower of a church, in the distance

The thunder of the raging rain

Getting down the green, white bushes of ash

To the ground...

The trees, livid in the rain
Far away
Into a decor lost in rain and in archetype

Little, green trees
of a white green, close one to another
Fallen down to the ground...

...

A green greensward, unreal, detached it seems from a dream...
Dreamed with the eyes
wide opened...

....

The colour of the sky, an endless degrade
Of pastel colours
Of the rainbow

Rosy mixed with green...

The colour of the dream
And of the real killer of beauty...

Te iubesc.
Love, salvation of the soul

It is raining with soot, with still winter thoughts
With tired freesia, and autumnal.
It's late sweetheart, fire in the fireplace
It burns with yellow and blue sparkles.

...

Over the breasts of perennial turmoil kiss, silky carnivore
Silent bite
From the meat of the arms, of the breasts ...
It's late sweetheart, fire in the fireplace
It burns with yellow and blue sparkles.

....

Stone eyelids blink hard in the frozen deserts
Snows with quiet stone, with stone flowers
With flakes of stone
and death, over my head.
It's late sweetheart, fire in the fireplace
It burns with yellow and blue sparkles.

...

It's late, sweetheart, the fire is still burning in the fireplace
with yellow sparkles -
and-blue wishes I go through
after the death of soft death
snowing on my crest. in the frozen deserts
stone eyelids blink hard ...

you take my hand, you look at me gentle, so gentle ...
flowers of omnivorous sprout in the ground
it's winter, baby, the fire is still burning in the fireplace
with yellow sparks
and blue ...

the cherry blossoms cast a black shadow over the alleys
from city center
and the flowers float like charred hands
over arteries full of chimeras

I sit by the window and listen to the noise and anger
I'm asleep ... but I can't sleep
I hear strange sounds hitting
of glass

like birds, scared of tired spring
what came so late, as if blown away ...
it rains with soot, with thoughts still hibernating
with tired freesia

and autumnal.

You look at me gentle, so gentle
Flowers of haze, dew and ice lurk in the ground
It's late sweetheart, fire in the fireplace
It burns with yellow and blue sparkles.
I love you.

Puiul meu drag, Dragostea mea, te doresc și te iubesc, puiul meu.
Exorcising demons...
te iubesc.

The poetry of the street
And the prose of the house, of our own room
This is the the world we are living in.

.....

There...

I was thinking that I didn't have
Nothing else but poetry.
Being hit by the realism of Edit
(money, money...)
By the realism of the street.
Terribly realistic and bitter, my dear.

....

Arrived at home
I am thinking that I don't have anything else
But you, my dear, but you.
An abyss between the realistic man of the street
Of the place of work
and the dreamy, fantasy one
from the front of computer.

....

Today I have thought of the humbleness, with pain
(I have had an exercise in the classroom)
and my three quarter sleeves
Where on the children have observed (...).

Te iubesc.
Nirvana

The paradox presence-absence
How to explain the absolute otherwise than through
negation?...

...

The mystery is deepening out
beyond the polymorph figures whose traits
are suggesting
The infinity of the living form...

...

Into the distance
is lying down an illumination. Of the darkness
by the light of day.

Te iubesc, Dragul meu.
The sea



Fjords, coral fountains
My dreams in the rain water are yellowing
Carried by rosy waves towards the surface
In violet ridges they are fading away.

...

Yellow, translucent rain drops

Of the sky warm ephemeridae
Are falling down and melting in the voiceless sea
And they split out in a good still.

....

Sublime serene
And the boat shaking on the opaline wave
The sadness of the sea arching
Over the round, in a divine smile.

.....

Fjords, coral fountains
My dreams in the rain water are yellowing
Carried by rosy waves towards the surface
In violet ridges they are fading away.

...

Yellow, translucent rain drops
Of the sky warm ephemeridae
Are falling down and melting in the voiceless sea
And they split out in a good still.

Dragostea mea, te doresc...te iubesc, puiul meu drag, Victor, dragostea mea.
Sirens' whispering...

te iubesc, Victor, dragostea mea.



A metallic voice is speaking to me on the phone.
I was eating crying,
Alone
In a railway station.

....

It wasn't anything special here.
Everything was as commonly as possible
But it hit me the voice stamp -
A little bronze statue
A cavern, deep voice, like a fence of wrought iron.
But still warm...

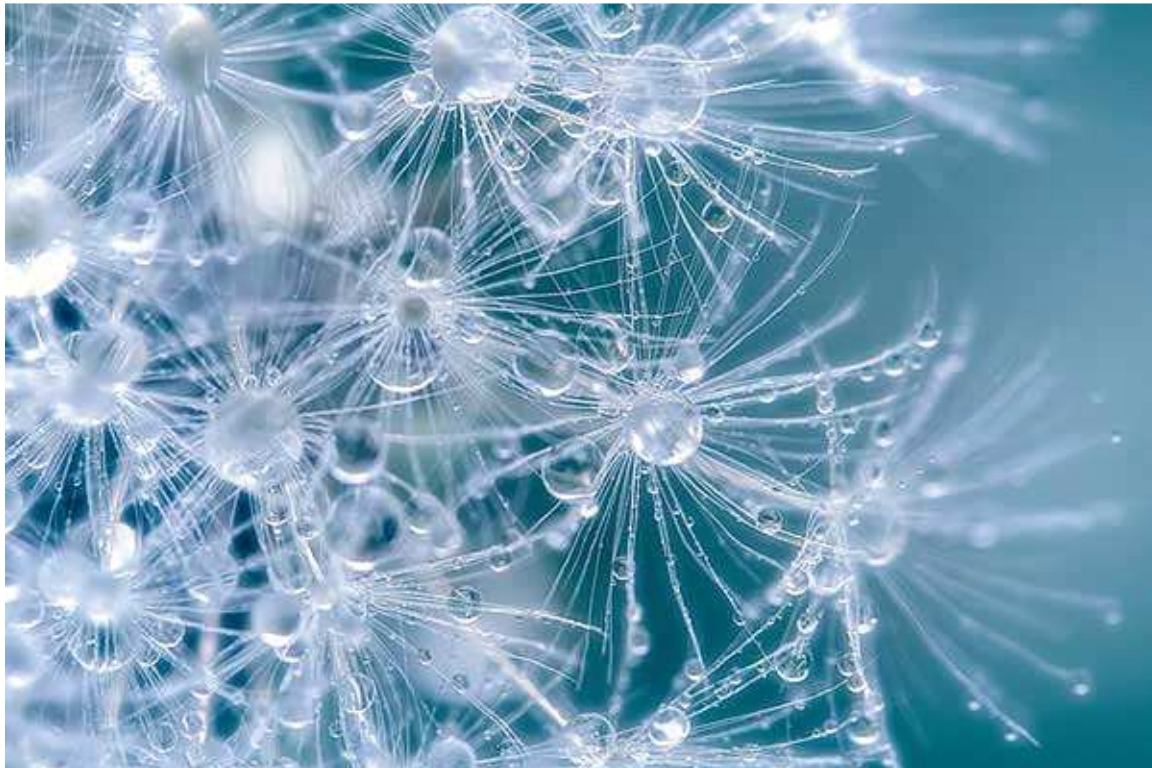
....

The melted metal was making it warm.

....

The metal which was flowing from the few words
Has transformed the few words
Into a love date.

Dragosyea mea, Victor... te doresc și te iubesc...
Prayer for the Lord



I'm sad, O, Lord, and I am slanting
My soul is full of bitterness
For underneath the moon gentle serene, it's still in me and
in the world
A heavy teardrop of wormwood.

.....

My soul is bitter and wordless of all the things I've being said
And the Animus - sweet dark blue
bird of light, broken from the sky white snow fall
I snowed it with the bitter
teardrops.

Te iubesc, Dragostea vieții mele.

Te doresc și te iubesc, dragostea mea
The midsummer nymphs



Wedding in the heaven
The sky is crying its clouds to the ground
Waves, huge waves of flowers
It is the noon time, when the midsummer nymphs
Have come to the bridal celebration
Of the summer.

You don't know for sure if there is an absurd theatre
Or a brain catching n dimensions
Or a delirious state of any furibund mad.

....

Or simply the summer
In its enigmatic, firing majesty, translucent
In its heat it comprised everything
Static, petrified
Like a twirl carrying to the high
Brightfull powder of ore.

Parable...

It is raining ... with huge dew patches ...
It rains on the porch, on the window sills
The rain fluttered like fingers unseen by the mist
On the shoulders of mornings ...

...

I stopped in myself, in the infinite circle

in the sunflower seed
in infinite, endless space-time
of which, -instant times, when I awoke ...
...

I stopped on the pasture on which the horses graze and I graze
with the cold wind swelling their nostrils
in time-space become infinite
in the drink of the moment, moments of honey and smoke ...
...

I stopped on the pasture on which the horses graze and I graze
with the cold wind swelling the moans
in the immense sky garden
looking drunkenly on the road to light.
...

I weighed my volume, which measures
one hundred grams =
how much concentration and metaphor in this head
brain-free
in search of the lost realms of childhood

I HAVE DELIVERED THIS QUICK COURIER

...
The tips of the trees waved in the sky
Like a tide, like a tide
With the crown in the body of fire of the earth
and with the trunk stuck in the light
in the huge, mysterious, strange, labyrinth of the Lord's garden.
....

In my oath I have summoned all the prophets of the other world
To all the saints, the archangels and the seraphim
With the hair dry, thirsting for the truth.
...

I plunged into the consciousness of the world
as in a great turmoil flooding its waves
in her ocean of fire, blood and cruelty
of war.

My body was devoured by the feasts
and the soul rises in the warm light of eternity.

In a celestial geography you float like waves of clouds over the earth
Watering the earth

With his trembling light.

Traveled on both sides, he knew the ecstasy
The ecstasy of death on the cross.
He gave his spirit into the arms of the frightened crowd
Among the strings of the dead and the living
They are the past, the present and the transcendent
Between sacred and profane.

..

Trying to recover
out of solitude
From the tears, crowd noise, roars, solitude
I stand on the crests of a high mountain
Surrounded by snow.

My lips can't move
I cannot understand the landscape
Other than the inner one, known from millions of kali-yuga
Other than the inner universe
Known from deep dreams and dreams
With the star attached to the temple

I take the pill and shoot myself
I fall with the slow down through a kind of chaos
dark
Until I touch the lips of the earth
From which I hindered myself

My lips can't move
I cannot understand the landscape
Other than the inner one, known from millions of kali-yuga
Other than the inner universe
Known from deep dreams and dreams
With the star attached to the temple
I LOVE YOU, MY VICTOR, MY SWEET.

Victor, Puiul meu, Puiul meu drag, Dragostea mea, te doresc și te iubesc, puiul meu.

Te doresc, Puiul eu, Iubirea Dulce a Sufletului meu, te iubesc, Victor...
Chant I



Sadness, reveries
The world isn't more beautiful after you have written a book
It's simply in another way.

....

It's more different the smile, the abyss
The death, the destiny
The word, the covenant
The silence, the speaking.

.....

Fantastic arabesques are getting out from the leaden sky
Enchanting, charming
An ivory end
And the other gray.

....

Speaking, silence, murmur
Laying bricks and immortality
The sea and the chanting
The moon, the sun and the Earth -
Geea.

....

I'm blinking hit by the high
And then I throw up myself in a spring
Dense on the lips
Smiling, transcribed
On long parchments into abyss.

.....

Murmurs

Voices

Stones

Rocks

Transgressing the high

Were hurting my eyesight

With the chanting, blinding, Geea

Of the star named Earth

Sparkling their adornments

In front of me there were passing the slaves

of The One Too Tall

Undulating the spokes

And throwing up the seeds

Of the giant wheat.

Exorcising demons...

te iubesc.

The poetry of the street

And the prose of the house, of our own room

This is the the world we are living in.

.....

There...

I was thinking that I didn't have

Nothing else but poetry.

Being hit by the realism of Edit

(money, money...)

By the realism of the street.

Terribly realistic and bitter, my dear.

....

Arrived at home

I am thinking that I don't have anything else

But you, my dear, but you.

An abyss between the realistic man of the street

Of the place of work

and the dreamy, fantasy one

from the front of computer.

....

Today I have thought of the humbleness, with pain

(I have had an exercise in the classroom)

and my three quarter sleeves

Where on the children have observed (...).

De imitatio Christi

The world is wounding me likewise a sack

of flesh and blood

I have come down from the cross
and I live the dream of the green
the dream encrusted in raindrops, in the wet stones
in the moist, wet benches

...

I live the dream of the green
The dream of the crucified from the cross.

...

The dream of the green is here
On this moist bench
Between the raindrops falling down happily and lonely
On my clothes, on my face, on my hair
On my handbag

Smoking a cigarette
Like a little old woman brought back...

....

Watching the slow curtain of raindrops
The rain which is falling down
With a gentle, unheard whispering
Intensifying the green of the arbors, of the grass

....

No, it isn't here...
My place
I have run from the cross
And I'm living the dream of the crucified, not of the green
I am Jesus.

.....

In this new virtual world
I'm moving with the grace of a sleepwalker ...
... smiling at the flashes of consciousness
What transfigures my existence
Like sudden illumination

In the moment of grace when my conscience
Touch the world's consciousness
and sinks into it, in total oblivion, abandonment and regrowth.
Te doresc li Te iubesc, puiul meu.

Te iubesc, Victor, dragostea emea.
Te doresc.

I take the gun and shoot myself
I fall with the slow down through a kind of chaos
dark
Until I touch the lips of the earth
From which I hindered myself

...

My lips can't move
I cannot understand the landscape
Other than the inner one, known from millions of kali-yuga
Other than the inner universe
Known from deep dreams and dreams

With the star attached to the temple

..

There is silence everywhere ... on the mountain, on the plains ...

The sky is supported by a clay hand

Everything is a silent euphoria

A fragile balance between the seen and the unseen ...

..

The tear of heaven rests on the sound of the wind

and then in a silent frenzy

it is given to the black, the earth ...

..

Drawing mountains, an artistic sketch, in coal ...

They are lost in the streets ...

They look like standing waves on a big ghostly ...

I walk between heaven and earth

As if I wanted to

To join them in an indescribable kiss

The sky above me, silent, with the foretaste of the storm, fell ...

..

I am Adam! ... but without Eve! ...

I am without eve and without age ...

and the leaves of the trees stroked my spine

of my heart of indescribable plant, ineffable cure ...

..

It's silence everywhere ... on the mountain, on the plains ...

The sky is supported by a clay hand

Everything is a silent euphoria

A fragile balance between the seen and the unseen.

..

Come as you are - as holy as a whore

Like a friend, like a friend ...

As I want you to be ...

...

Your hand holds mine

Your kiss sucks my lips -

She sucks my arteries, ready to break - like her rawer, sweeter

More voluptuous chorus ...

...

and no, I don't have a weapon, no, I don't have a gun.

Puiul meu dulce, Soțul meu iubit,

Te iubesc nespun de mult....

Dulcele meu Victor, te doresc, puiul meu, te iubesc...

Leaving the dry meal of Easter



In our knees falling down, and to You praying
We pray, Oh Lord
Do not order us
After our sad crying bones....

But after Your great goodness
Over the everything, good or bad
Oh, Lord, and save our souls.

Puiul meu, Soțiorul meu, te doresc și te iubesc, Victor, dragostea mea.
Copper-coloured little church



Copper-coloured little church, with oval windows,
in semicircles
Or round stained glasses cut in Cross
The yellow light of the candle
To the corners of the room leads it away...

With the foundation of yellow bricks
And with a dome cupola, in the top with a flower
In form of laced cross
My Master and my Lord of the nights
In a hurry brings to me.

.....

A sunny rosette
Opened to the smile from the inside
It carries, in gentle devotion, the Mystery, Saint One
Which goes down to the ground
And glows goldenly my little hermitage room.

Te doresc și Te iubesc, Victor, dragostea mea.

Puiul meu Dulce, Te iubesc.
I desire you, my sweet-heart, I love you Victor...
Stones fallen down

Large, sharp rocks rolled
Cataracts have been casting their depth to the pit
The bones of the mountains dishevelled
Were foreheading the burning glittering

Of the sun of July.

.....

Apocalyptic image. The red valley from a postcard
With white-black rocks
Fallen down
Gray ridges of stone and granite
Raising up their glance to the zenith...

...

Silvery, gray, colourless
The static molecules of the air
Have caught everything in a frozen vortex
To the unseen sun
Hidden by the rosy air
Into a realm of absolute Time.

A vision....



Entering the little corridor of the kitchen
Some day....
On the seventeenth of June...

I had the strange feeling of your presence
next to me.

I have seen your face, your shape
In four dimensions
Naturally
With your blue eyes gentle and warm,
Looking at me...

...
It was a sweet apparition
Coming seemingly from another world
Or another dimension of the reality
To comfort me and to caress me, as I was lost
in my world

Without any events....

.....
The same day your sister came to me
And took my hands in her hands
And spoke to me...

....

I felt happy
That day I knew once again that you are
My anima and my animus
Sent to me by God himself.

...
The garden before us
The warm hands of Nicoleta keeping comforting
My right hand...

The few words we have shared each other
Before my mother came
...a feeling of reconciliation, silence
And inner peace.

....

..

Te iubesc nespus, Victor, Dulcele meu Soț.

Te iubesc Mihai, Dragoste Dulce.

Te iubesc, Victor, Puiul meu. Tedoresc. The Book of Creation

Painting two

By the twenties



Women, flower sellers
with reddened cheeks and silver coins
clinging by their girdles
the first hour of the morning
are gathering
in the large square, the carriages are passing
slowly on the stone road
the acacias are weeping out.

Beautiful Romanian girl
you smile to me
from an old photograph, with wavy edges
aged by time
aged by the time passing by

Women, flower sellers
with reddened cheeks and silver coins
clinging by their girdles
the first hour of the morning
are gathering
in the large square, the carriages are passing
slowly on the stone road
the acacias are weeping out.

Te doresc și Te iubesc, Puiul meu Victor, te iubesc...

On the street...

On the street of the cherry trees blossomed
I have often passed
I was looking at your window to the sun rises
With a lost, lost thought...

Through of the sky white snows
So many times, so many times...

....

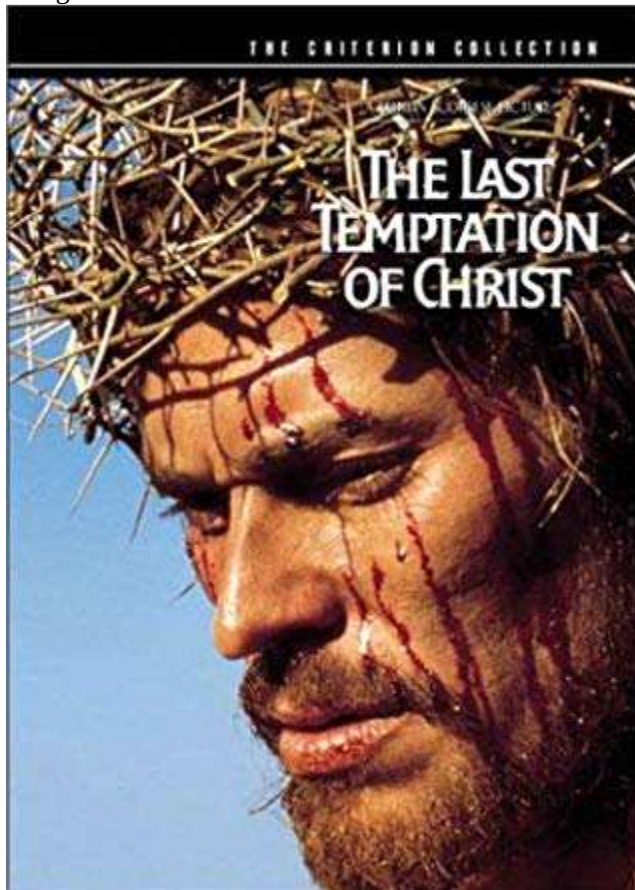
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Empty streets
I wouldn't find anymore but the shadow
Of my footstep...

.....

On the streets apricot flowers are falling heavily
The light is melting itself
In the penumbra of a sunset
Yawning over the abyss of my soul.

Te iubesc Victor.

Victor, Iubitul meu drag, Dulcele meu, te iubesc.
An age of loneliness



An old image on the wall. An icon is burning slowly

The candle's bowl has quenced.
It is hearing a cry of night butterfly, hitting in short and fast beats
My thought, hidden in deeps of darkness, caught
As into a a cage...

The walls are crying and falling down on the ground.
An age of loneliness is lying open at the page seven
Over the ponds flippers are fleeing into the night...
Into the glade has gathered a hedgehog, in a clew
of illusions - are falling broken...

an age of loneliness is lying open at the page seven
at the page seven, at the page seven...

Bhakti-yoga



The destiny of my youth has fulfilled.
From a railing of a balcony, in a white and black Bucharest
On the stoned, moist street , wet of rain

I was watching the passengers passing by
With their opened umbrellas
Likewise some huge flowers, black and white, in the rain.

....
Oh, suffering, you, painful of sweet
In the immense library, my soul had taken its flight
It had embodied into a fire bird
Into a nostalgic dragon, with the dreaming
Flowing over its temples, being born from fire worlds.

...
Discrete youngwoman, of a melancholy beauty
My brain I had burdened
With the rough buddhist teachings.

...
Maybe from here it was coming the inner,
contemplative beauty
for it wasn't having anything to do with the frivolity
and the obscene.

....
Standing on that little terrace, with a side view
I was watching the passengers.
Suddenly it was revealed to me
The completitude of the whole, coincidentia oppositorum
The indestructible unity of Everything.

....
By then I didn't know about the complexio oppositorum
Which, in itself, reunites the same idea.
That that in the coincidentia oppositorum
Actually in their unity, stays the divine miracle.

...
I was seeing the dunes , arching at the skyline,
drowned by sand
The incandescent sun, that was giving birth
To illusions of the Maya, a Morgana girl
Glittering hipnotically under the hot rays of the sun,
An eternal visual illusion.

...
Unboundless desert.
But at its end, at the most limit point, beyond life and even death
It was stretching the Sea.

...
There it was starting the rain.
In a complete round, like in the intoxicating curvature
of the eye
Suddenly it was stretching the Sea.

....
Then I understood
That only living something to its end, with supreme intensity
And without measures of safety

I can plunge in the brightful sea of the Self

I can live the Divinity, through an absolute identification
Being myself God..

...

The Equality was overwhelming.
The divinity wasn't a strange body, an abstract idea
A theological concept
It was irradiating from the self, like a sun with thousands
of rays.

....

That which was truly overwhelming
It was the fact that my personality, my Ego, didn't lose its attributes
Didn't dissolve itself in the numinous
mass of the divine.

...

This identity has followed me later
It has asked with ferocious love its rights.
Reading sometime Bhakti-yoga
I embraced the law of the universal love

...

I understood that between religions
It doesn't exist any difference and nor between
cultures.

For that what makes a thing truly valuable
is its universality.

Just contemplating the archetypes
Which preform the reality
Make it so beautiful, so misunderstood
So sublime

In an agony and a mystery of green which embodies
The immutable essence of the world in a complete
merging

You can raise yourself to the perfect stair of the ecstasy and of the
self-knowledge.

Dulcele meu Profesor, Iubit, Soț, Animusul meu, Victor, puiul meu dulce
Soțul meu iubit, Victor, te iubesc nespus, puiul meu.

te doresc nespus, te iubesc, dulcișorul meu drag.
The snake from the water
te iubesc.

The own mind becomes spring to the pure light
It emanates radiance and wisdom
Like a jade
Glittering green in the sun, under the white
soft snowing of the spring.

...

I tell you

The retreat in yourself is an art
and a science
To gather on your heavy shoulders
Everything which rises from the deep of being
Everything which the old deities are calling
to you...

Because isn't late, o sorrowful soul
To gather amethyst treasures
Under the pale forehead to gather the old wisdom
and the rare mysteries
to give a goal, a sense, direction, movement
For your unshaken will.

....
Be a God
To yourself be God
And Deity
And do not look in strange worlds
That which from the old beginnings
is lying in yourself.

...
To yourself you are enough.
With the pallid forehead in the white clouds
You find Alpha and Omega
in your mind
Do not get tired, but look forward
And dig in your tornado depth.

...
Don't you see?...
That your mind is the beginning
and end to everything. Wonder, fretting and idea
Woman both with man
Get used to be your own ally.

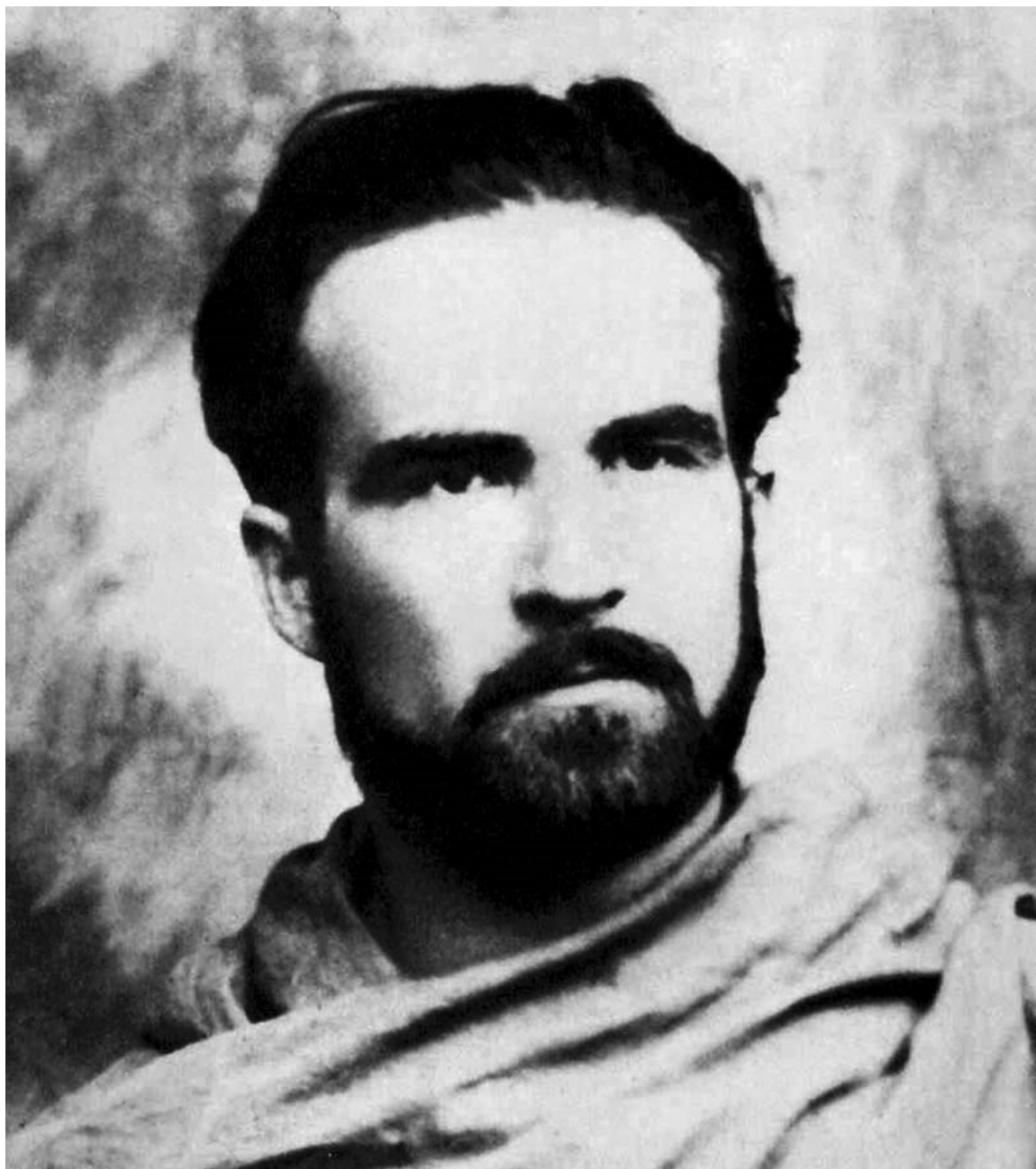
....
Long echoes in withered minds?...
But look in yourself the echo, the wonder, the emotion
the miracle, happiness
The ecstasy which comprised the Nature

Of which suddenly you become lucid and awake
The wonder has drained on your cheek
O, who tasted from his Self, has tasted from the world

And the world is the endless row of mirrors
Where on in violet shawls you mirror your mind
which is comprised by an ecstatic vision.

te iubesc, Victor, dragostea mea.

Bhakti-yoga



That what makes that a thing to become truly valuable
is its universality.

....

Don't be provincial
Don't slutter in narrow skylines.
Let your spirit to breath the deep of the dephts,
and of the coverings..

...

Maybe Lucian Blaga
wouldn't have ever been interesting like a simple
peasant from Lancrăm

it was needed that his spirit to touch the depths of the
universality.

But I tell you more than that:
His spirit could have been even then to touch the depths of the universality
For what it really counts
It's the profoundness of the spirit.

.....
It is about here simply
By the coincidentia of oppositorum, by simple things,
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By little things, simple things, even if so complex.
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simplicity.

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my spirit has opened to the law of universal love.

....
Just that what transcends the pettyfulness, the frivolity,
the provinciality, the limited
and the fog in thinking and in mentality
can lead us
to the true springs of life.

...
Only touching our full potencies, through a continue
growing and development
we can reach to that what is immutable
and unchangeable in our being.

...
only this way we can reach to the collective encrypted
in things, in living beings
to the archetypes which are preforming the reality
and make it so beautiful, so misunderstood
so transfigured.

.....
Only following the way of Brahma
the One with a thousand of faces
you discover the singular person from the deep.

....
The destiny of my youth has fulfilled.
Watching from a railing of a terrace, in a library
The passengers, in rain, with umbrellas
In a white and black city. has revealed to me, suddenly
Coincidentia oppositorum and the complexio
oppositorum.

....
unboundless desert, with dunes drowned in sand
beyond of...

at their endless extremity
in a complete roundness, it was unfolding the Sea.

....

Just arriving at the end, at the limit of limit
you will be able to see
that Everything is One and One is Everything

and it isn't anything split, dual, or non-complete.

te iubesc.

Te iubesc și Te doresc nepus, Victor, Dulceața Sufletului meu, Soțul meu.

Te iubesc, Mihaiu, Dulcele me Drag, Fiul meu.

By the twenties



Women, flower sellers
with reddened cheeks and silver coins
clinging by their girdles
the first hour of the morning
are gathering
in the large square, the carriages are passing
slowly on the stone road
the acacias are weeping out.

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you smile to me
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aged by time

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On the street...

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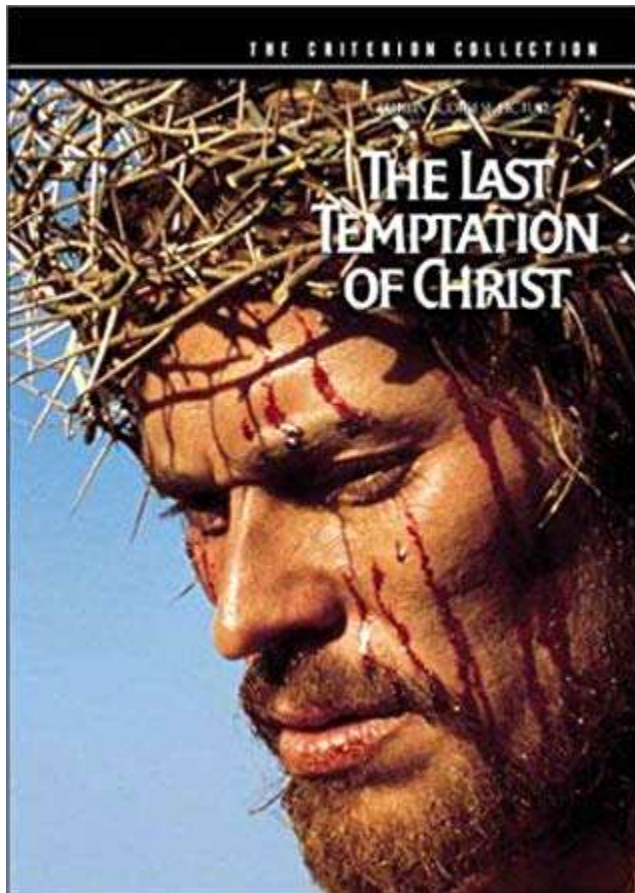
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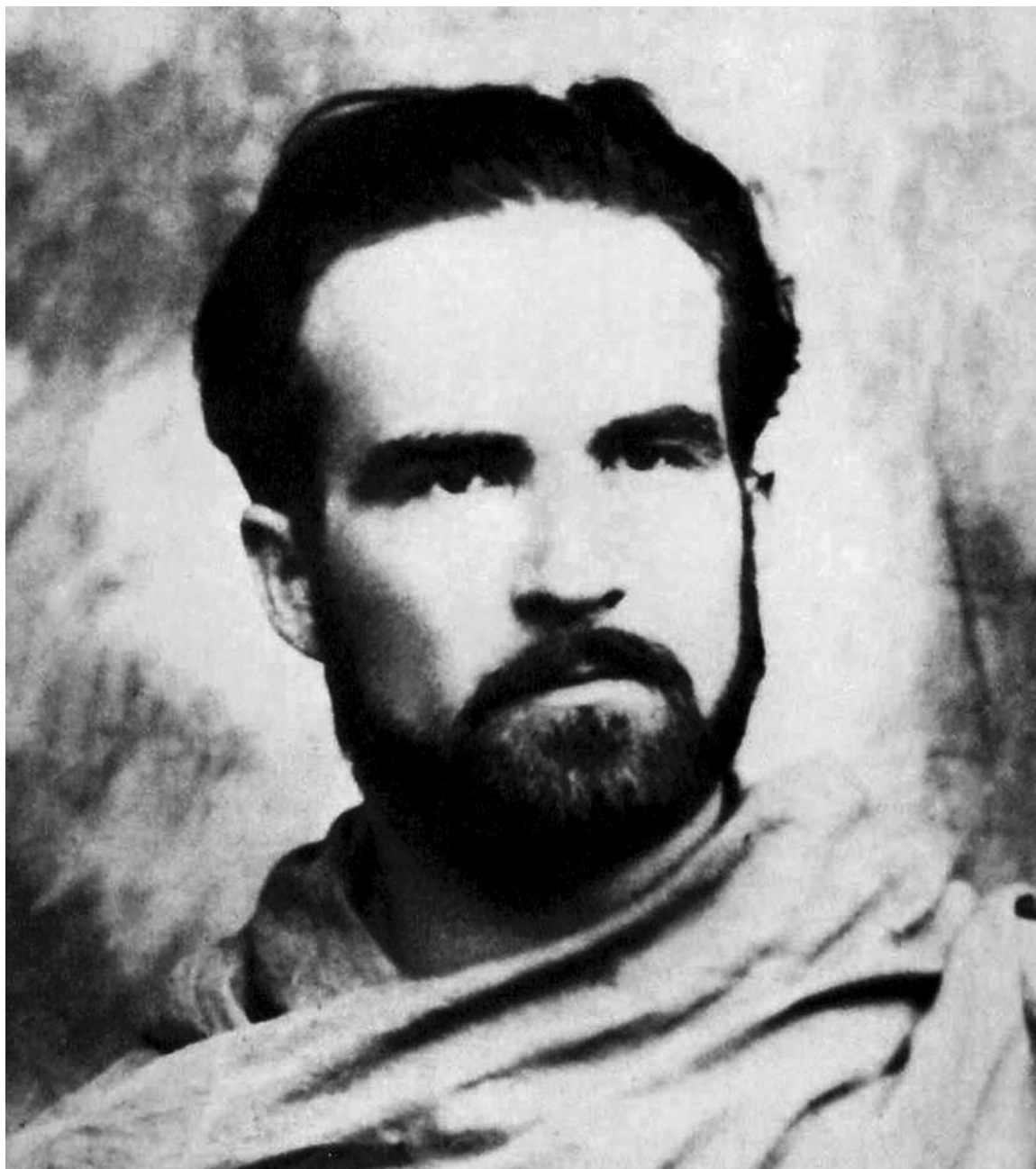
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Te iubesc, Miihai, Puiul meu Dulce, Dragul meu.

By the twenties



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with reddened cheeks and silver coins
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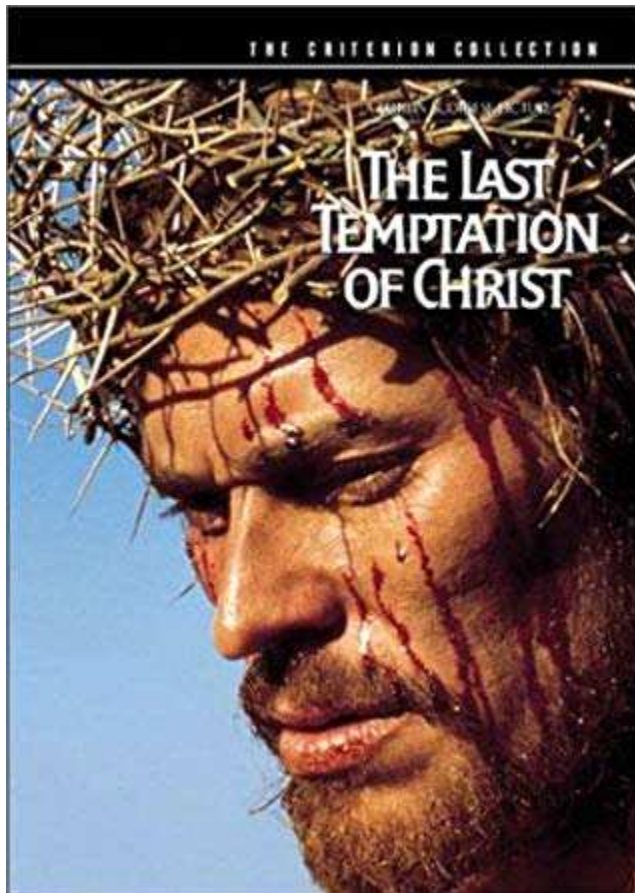
Today even if I would turn back on the same
Empty streets
I wouldn't find anymore but the shadow
Of my footstep...

.....

On the streets apricot flowers are falling heavily
The light is melting itself
In the penumbra of a sunset
Yawning over the abyss of my soul.

Te iubesc Victor.

Victor, Iubitul meu drag, Dulcele meu, te iubesc.
An age of loneliness



An old image on the wall. An icon is burning slowly
The candle's bowl has quenced.
It is hearing a cry of night butterfly, hitting in short and fast beats
My thought, hidden in deeps of darkness, caught
As into a a cage...

The walls are crying and falling down on the ground.
An age of loneliness is lying open at the page seven
Over the ponds flippers are fleeing into the night...
Into the glade has gathered a hedgehog, in a clew
of illusions - are falling broken...

an age of loneliness is lying open at the page seven
at the page seven, at the page seven...

Bhakti-yoga



The destiny of my youth has fulfilled.
From a railing of a balcony, in a white and black Bucharest
On the stoned, moist street , wet of rain

I was watching the passengers passing by
With their opened umbrellas
Likewise some huge flowers, black and white, in the rain.

....
Oh, suffering, you, painful of sweet
In the immense library, my soul had taken its flight
It had embodied into a fire bird
Into a nostalgic dragon, with the dreaming
Flowing over its temples, being born from fire worlds.

...
Discrete youngwoman, of a melancholy beauty
My brain I had burdened
With the rough buddhist teachings.

...
Maybe from here it was coming the inner,
contemplative beauty
for it wasn't having anything to do with the frivolity
and the obscene.

....
Standing on that little terrace, with a side view
I was watching the passengers.
Suddenly it was revealed to me
The completitude of the whole, coincidentia oppositorum
The indestructible unity of Everything.

....
By then I didn't know about the complexio oppositorum
Which, in itself, reunites the same idea.
That that in the coincidentia oppositorum
Actually in their unity, stays the divine miracle.

...
I was seeing the dunes , arching at the skyline,
drowned by sand
The incandescent sun, that was giving birth
To illusions of the Maya, a Morgana girl
Glittering hipnotically under the hot rays of the sun,
An eternal visual illusion.

...
Unboundless desert.
But at its end, at the most limit point, beyond life and even death
It was stretching the Sea.

...
There it was starting the rain.
In a complete round, like in the intoxicating curvature
of the eye
Suddenly it was stretching the Sea.

....
Then I understood
That only living something to its end, with supreme intensity
And without measures of safety

I can plunge in the brightful sea of the Self

I can live the Divinity, through an absolute identification
Being myself God..

...

The Equality was overwhelming.
The divinity wasn't a strange body, an abstract idea
A theological concept
It was irradiating from the self, like a sun with thousands
of rays.

....

That which was truly overwhelming
It was the fact that my personality, my Ego, didn't lose its attributes
Didn't dissolve itself in the numinous
mass of the divine.

...

This identity has followed me later
It has asked with ferocious love its rights.
Reading sometime Bhakti-yoga
I embraced the law of the universal love

...

I understood that between religions
It doesn't exist any difference and nor between
cultures.

For that what makes a thing truly valuable
is its universality.

Just contemplating the archetypes
Which preform the reality
Make it so beautiful, so misunderstood
So sublime

In an agony and a mystery of green which embodies
The immutable essence of the world in a complete
merging

You can raise yourself to the perfect stair of the ecstasy and of the
self-knowledge.

Dulcele meu Profesor, Iubit, Soț, Animusul meu, Victor, puiul meu dulce
Soțul meu iubit, Victor, te iubesc nespus, puiul meu.

te doresc nespus, te iubesc, dulcișorul meu drag.
The snake from the water
te iubesc.

The own mind becomes spring to the pure light
It emanates radiance and wisdom
Like a jade
Glittering green in the sun, under the white
soft snowing of the spring.

...

I tell you

The retreat in yourself is an art
and a science
To gather on your heavy shoulders
Everything which rises from the deep of being
Everything which the old deities are calling
to you...

Because isn't late, o sorrowful soul
To gather amethyst treasures
Under the pale forehead to gather the old wisdom
and the rare mysteries
to give a goal, a sense, direction, movement
For your unshaken will.

....
Be a God
To yourself be God
And Deity
And do not look in strange worlds
That which from the old beginnings
is lying in yourself.

...
To yourself you are enough.
With the pallid forehead in the white clouds
You find Alpha and Omega
in your mind
Do not get tired, but look forward
And dig in your tornado depth.

...
Don't you see?...
That your mind is the beginning
and end to everything. Wonder, fretting and idea
Woman both with man
Get used to be your own ally.

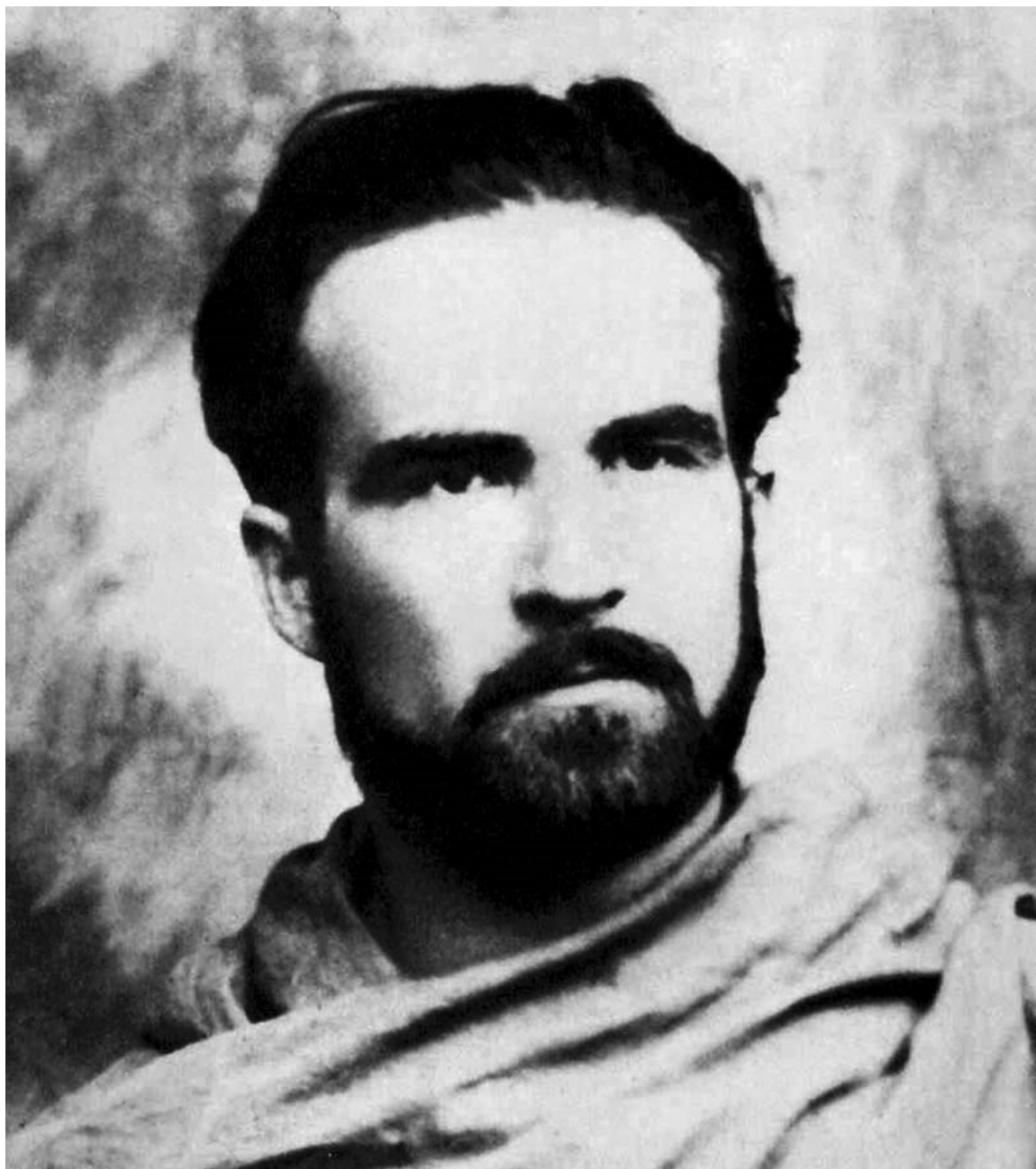
....
Long echoes in withered minds?...
But look in yourself the echo, the wonder, the emotion
the miracle, happiness
The ecstasy which comprised the Nature

Of which suddenly you become lucid and awake
The wonder has drained on your cheek
O, who tasted from his Self, has tasted from the world

And the world is the endless row of mirrors
Where on in violet shawls you mirror your mind
which is comprised by an ecstatic vision.

te iubesc, Victor, dragostea mea.

Bhakti-yoga



That what makes that a thing to become truly valuable
is its universality.

....

Don't be provincial
Don't slutter in narrow skylines.
Let your spirit to breath the deep of the dephts,
and of the coverings..

...

Maybe Lucian Blaga
wouldn't have ever been interesting like a simple
peasant from Lancrăm

it was needed that his spirit to touch the depths of the
universality.

But I tell you more than that:
His spirit could have been even then to touch the depths of the universality
For what it really counts
It's the profoundness of the spirit.

.....
It is about here simply
By the coincidentia of oppositorum, by simple things,
even so complicated
By little things, simple things, even if so complex.
Simplicity in complexity, and complexity in
simplicity.

.....
I tell you more than that: between religions
It doesn't exist any difference -
For whom has touched the Enlightenment -
And nor between cultures.

.....
following sometime Bhakti-Yoga path
my spirit has opened to the law of universal love.

....
Just that what transcends the pettyfulness, the frivolity,
the provinciality, the limited
and the fog in thinking and in mentality
can lead us
to the true springs of life.

...
Only touching our full potencies, through a continue
growing and development
we can reach to that what is immutable
and unchangeable in our being.

...
only this way we can reach to the collective encrypted
in things, in living beings
to the archetypes which are preforming the reality
and make it so beautiful, so misunderstood
so transfigured.

.....
Only following the way of Brahma
the One with a thousand of faces
you discover the singular person from the deep.

....
The destiny of my youth has fulfilled.
Watching from a railing of a terrace, in a library
The passengers, in rain, with umbrellas
In a white and black city. has revealed to me, suddenly
Coincidentia oppositorum and the complexio
oppositorum.

....
unboundless desert, with dunes drowned in sand
beyond of...

at their endless extremity
in a complete roundness, it was unfolding the Sea.

....

Just arriving at the end, at the limit of limit
you will be able to see
that Everything is One and One is Everything

and it isn't anything split, dual, or non-complete.

te iubesc.

Te iubesc și Te doresc nespus, Victor, Dragostea mea.

Te iubesc, Mihai, Dragostea mea.

Come as you are

Come as you are - as holy as a whore
Like a friend, like a friend ...
I want you to be ...

...

Your hand holds mine
Your kiss sucks my lips -
She sucks my arteries, ready to break - like her rawer, sweeter
More voluptuous chorus ...

...

and no, I don't have a weapon, no, I don't have a gun.

...

the body of poetry is untied
of the eagles that come down steal them high, breaking
from meat to piece by piece ...

heavy words speak of love and death
and shatters the body by staring at the stars
the black, torn banner
to wear it
barely spoken, full of words ... hardly dead, full
to die ...

..... ..

the dumb angel cried, fallen, in his mourning
warm over clay
just beginning, full of
the end

Clear the stars to light up in the sky a thousand
and in kisses
we forget what it will be
careless at Time, at crossings
to words

looking into our eyes
remembering ...

.....

slip on your bare feet
in my warm dream of love and pleasure
as you close your eyes in pain
when I give my lips tender
-obol ...

..... ..

the subtle light faded from your eyes
like two mysterious headlights
in the distance
traveling tenderly at sea
as in a ship
only the poet?

...

....

Come as you know ...
Come on, you are, like a saint, like a whore
Now I want you to be ...

...

and I swear I don't have a weapon
I don't have a weapon
just an old toy gun for kids
so come as you are
as I want you to come ...

...

Come here you are, as anointed as a whore
Like I want you to be ...
I will hang the hall with stories
Unrealistic to the intruders - so come as you are

..

....

Come with the man-temple, and one at the back
Like the boy in the story
Sad singers
That before much more ...

...

I'm not like him
I'm not dumb
Come on try me love
How good-natured he is

...

So come on as you are...

...

I take the gun and shoot myself
I fall through a dark labyrinth
Until I touch the bush
Which I stumbled upon

...

So come as you are ...

...

Come with the man-temple, and one at the back

Like the boy in the story
Sad singers
That before much more ...

...

Come here you are, as anointed as a whore
Like I want you to be ...
I will hang the hall with stories
Unrealistic to the intruders - so come as you are
I love you I want you.

...

I dream of the heavy sleep with terror
Like Kali-yuga family
From an unfathomable, incomparable slowness
I wrap my hand around his neck
and one at the temple
and I don't know very well what this story is about
what happens to me

...

and I swear I don't have a weapon
I don't have a weapon
just an old toy gun for kids
so come as you are
as I want you to come ...

...

Come on, you are, like a saint, like a whore
I want you to be now
Te iubesc, Te doresc Tudor, Dragostea mea

...

te iubesc, Dulce Victor, Dragoste mea, Puiul meu.

Ye iubesc și Te doresc, Mihai, Puișor Drag.

Come as you know ...

...

Come on, you are, like a saint, like a whore
Now I want you to be ...

...

and I swear I don't have a weapon
I don't have a weapon
just an old toy gun for kids
so come as you are
as I want you to come ...

...

Come here you are, as anointed as a whore
Like I want you to be ...
I will hang the hall with stories
Unrealistic to the intruders - so come as you are

..

....

Come with the man-temple, and one at the back
Like the boy in the story
Sad singers
That before much more ...

...

I'm not like him
I'm not dumb
Come on try me love
How good-natured he is

...

So come on as you are...

...

I take the gun and shoot myself
I fall through a dark labyrinth
Until I touch the bush
Which I stumbled upon

...

So come as you are ...

...

Come with the man-temple, and one at the back
Like the boy in the story
Sad singers
That before much more ...

...

Come here you are, as anointed as a whore
Like I want you to be ...
I will hang the hall with stories
Unrealistic to the intruders - so come as you are
I love you I want you.

...

I dream of the heavy sleep with terror
Like Kali-yuga family
From an unfathomable, incomparable slowness
I wrap my hand around his neck
and one at the temple
and I don't know very well what this story is about
what happens to me

...

and I swear I don't have a weapon
I don't have a weapon
just an old toy gun for kids
so come as you are
as I want you to come ...

...

Come on, you are, like a saint, like a whore
I want you to be now

Te iubesc, Te doresc Tudor, Dragostea mea

Te iubesc și Te doresc Victor, Dulcișorul meu.

Te iubesc și Te doresc, Mihai, Puișor Dulce și Dorit.

The Book of Creation

Painting three

Te iubesc nespun, Victor, Puiul meu.

Complexion of opposites

The Sky is mirrored in the Sea
And the Sea in the Sky
The miniature trees are floating between them
With their green leaves like
some beads.

Buddha with a gentle smile
Looks at the Being, the Innocent Creature
Is it there?... Or maybe beyond
The Time in large strips unfolds itself
In the God with a thousand faces and an infinity of arms
In space where it was reigning
Eternal peace.

....

It was love it was fondness it was hate ?...
You could not measure it with a human measure
The mystery of love was endless
And embosomed in itself all of them
Likewise the God was comprising in hearts His infinity
of arms.

.....

God was love
who embraced in Himself all the attributes
all the seen ones
and the unseen.

.....

Whilst it wasn't death, nor life,
Nor love or hate
It was Something beyond nature
In which the word Love doesn't fit.

....

All things are a dream in sleep of the eyelid
which is blinking weighty
and in its mirror gloss
the fiery God was mirroring His glance.

....

Turned to myself
I wonder with compassion, with endless mercy
"Who is the God to whom we leave
our hearts?"

....

He from the abyss of waters gave powers to the spark
The one before all Gods
Which is dwelling in the heart
And told it: "Let it be there Light!"

....

Buddha with a gentle smile
Looks at the Being, the Innocent Creature
Is it there?... Or maybe beyond
The Time in large strips unfolds itself
In the God with a thousand faces and an infinity of arms
In space where it was reigning
Eternal peace.

Translation: Natalia Gălăţan, Google dictionary

...

Flying at high heights
My soul suddenly rises in the air, fearing, scared
Seeking in the sea of light that flows through the clouds.
Wild beasts scurried the ground
Fake, get out of your mind.

The world is nothing more than an impression of delicate colors
put on the canvas of a painter
an irrational crossing and blending of realities
from immanent to transcendent.

The peaks of the fir trees swirled
Like a tide, like a sea
With the crown in the body of the earth
and with the trunk in the light
in the giant, mysterious, strange, labyrinth of the Lord's garden.

....

In jury, we have met all the prophets of the other world
All saints, archangels, and seraphims
With her hair hunted for truth.

...

I plunged into the consciousness of the world
as in a great disturbance, waving his waves
in her ocean of fire, blood, and crunch
of war.

My body was devoured by wildlife
and the soul rises in the warm light of eternity.
In celestial geography, floats like waves of waves over the earth
Watering the earth
With his trembling light.

Shattered in arts and another, he knew ecstasy
The ecstasy of death on the cross.
He gave his spirit in the arms of the terrified crowd
Among the rows of dead and living
Those past, present and transcendent
Between sacred and profane.

Heavy waves shake the crowd
I have been devoured in their arms

My body was devoured by wildlife
and the soul rises in the warm light of eternity.

I fall asleep with my hand at random, in short dreams
In which I slip with fear, with terror, with pain ...
Because the dark deity, which whispers hard to me in the window
With endless love, the soul asks me.

...

A rough, heavy night, dark with harsh, heavy premonitions
In which I fell asleep with the window open
Leaving the deity with the soul of god and the voice of the beast
To exercise my divine exercises on me ...

....

It's late-night, yellow and short
I fall asleep with my hand to the temple
The doorbell moves slowly as if in a dream
Again, in terrible terror, I leave my soul
Eternity is empty, yet temporary
In the silence of the night, harsh, guttural
Killed, reborn, nothingness issued.

...

Your archetype has colossal forms
He dresses up the reality in his crude appearance
He gave Absolute a new, unexpected, realization
... scary looking

...

The doorbell moves slowly as if in a dream
Again, in terrible terror, I leave my soul
Eternity is empty, yet temporary
In our silence, harsh, guttural
Killed, reborn, nothingness issued.

It's late-night, yellow and timeless
I fall asleep with my hand to the temple
Everything happens as if in a real dream, he had
It's happening and it's not happening ...

..

Trying to recover
out of solitude
From the tears, crowd noise, roars, solitude
I stand on the crests of a high mountain
Surrounded by snow.

My lips can't move
I cannot understand the landscape
Other than the inner one, known from millions of kali-yuga
Other than the inner universe
Known from deep dreams and dreams
With the star attached to the temple

I take the pill and shoot myself
I fall with the slow down through a kind of chaos
dark
Until I touch the lips of the earth
From which I hindered myself

My lips can't move
I cannot understand the landscape
Other than the inner one, known from millions of kali-yuga
Other than the inner universe
Known from deep dreams and dreams
With the star attached to the temple
te iubesc, Puiul meu Victor.
te dolesc.
Animusul meu Victor, dulce.

De imitatio Christi

The world is wounding me likewise a sack
of flesh and blood
I have come down from the cross
and I live the dream of the green
the dream encrusted in raindrops, in the wet stones
in the moist, wet benches

...

I live the dream of the green
The dream of the crucified from the cross.

...

The dream of the green is here
On this moist bench
Between the raindrops falling down happily and lonely
On my clothes, on my face, on my hair
On my handbag
Smoking a cigarette
Like a little old woman brought back...

....

Watching the slow curtain of raindrops
The rain which is falling down
With a gentle, unheard whispering
Intensifying the green of the arbors, of the grass

....

No, it isn't here...
My place
I have run from the cross
And I'm living the dream of the crucified, not of the green
I am Jesus.

.....

Translation: Natalia Gălăţan, Google dictionary

In this new virtual world
I'm moving with the grace of a sleepwalker ...
... smiling at the flashes of consciousness
What transfigures my existence
Like sudden illumination
In the moment of grace when my conscience
Touch the world's consciousness
and sinks into it, in total oblivion, abandonment, and regrowth.
Te dolesc li Te iubesc, puiul meu.
Te iubesc, Victor, dragostea emea.
Te dolesc.

I take the gun and shoot myself
I fall with the slow down through a kind of chaos
dark
Until I touch the lips of the earth
From which I hindered myself
...
My lips can't move
I cannot understand the landscape
Other than the inner one, known from millions of kali-yuga
Other than the inner universe
Known from deep dreams and dreams
With the star attached to the temple
..
There is silence everywhere ... on the mountain, on the plains ...
The sky is supported by a clay hand
Everything is a silent euphoria
A fragile balance between the seen and the unseen ...
..
The tear of heaven rests on the sound of the wind
and then in a silent frenzy
it is given to the black, the earth ...
..
Drawing mountains, an artistic sketch, in coal ...
They are lost in the streets ...
They look like standing waves on a big ghostly ...
I walk between heaven and earth
As if I wanted to
To join them in an indescribable kiss
The sky above me, silent, with the foretaste of the storm, fell ...
..
I am Adam! ... but without Eve! ...
I am without eve and without age ...
and the leaves of the trees stroked my spine
of my heart of the indescribable plant, ineffable cure ...
..
It's silence everywhere ... on the mountain, on the plains ...
The sky is supported by a clay hand
Everything is a silent euphoria
A fragile balance between the seen and the unseen.
..
Come as you are - as holy as a whore
Like a friend, like a friend ...
Like I want you to be ...
...
Your hand holds mine
Your kiss sucks my lips -
She sucks my arteries, ready to break - like her rawer, sweeter
More voluptuous chorus ...
...
and no, I don't have a weapon, no, I don't have a gun.
..
Kissing your leg ...
I climb into my world of dreams and pain

Pleasure, smoke, and honey
The indescribable fall ...

I take the gun and shoot myself.
I fall into a kind of dark chaos ...
Until you touch your lips
Which I prevented ...

Kissing your arm
I listen to the call for milk from me
... and generally from all my matriarchal ancestry
Of her hips lethal silence.

I take the gun and I shoot myself...
Human beings move like in a dream, they talk, they smile
With the forehead of soot
With hands full of earth
With the shirt fastened with hay threads ...

..

I take the pill and shoot myself
I fall with the slow down through a kind of chaos
dark
Until I touch the lips of the earth
From which I hindered myself

My lips can't move
I cannot understand the landscape
Other than the inner one, known from millions of kali-yuga
Other than the inner universe
Known from deep dreams and dreams
With the star attached to the temple
Dragostea și iubirea vieții mele, Victor, Te iubesc.
Te iubesc.

Te dorresc, Victoior, Puiul meu.

Te doresc și Te iubesc, Mihai, Puișor Dfulce.

Dragostea mea, Puiul meu, Soțiorul meu, dulcele meu puișor, te iubesc nespun. Victor, te iubesc, dulceața mea.

The psychiatry section

Darkened worlds drifting away
In the blue night where from they came out
I listen to my heart sweet superstition
Hidden deeply in the ogive of the chest.

...

Shadows had been draining
On the scarred face of spasms and illnesses
Shadows left from the dead world
On the path of living ones
Like big, questioning wings of kingfishers in the sunset
Have touched his cheek in silent kiss.

....

Hideous black shadows
Have been drained on his pallid and livid face

Where in the death was digging itself obsessive path
And a streamer of indelible pains
Were finding their spring on its crowned
forehead.

Caught between the shadows of today and yesterday
Where in the death was digging immortal
black grave.

.....

Caught between today and yesterday, now and then
Between there and here
A metaphysical thought was slowly moving around
To his body of bones and pots

Freeing him from the sad carapace
And his skull seemed opened to the world of here
Where in his soul has found a path
To fly away beyond ruthless armors of stone and warp

....

Leaving the cavern of the chest wide opened
To the atrocious world from the deep
Where in a sepulchral flock, thoughts were moving
slowly around

...

With his eyes large opened over the sunrise
With foams hanging down by his crumpled lips
He left the body to the world of now
Lying down in cemetery of bodies and of lives

And his soul has flown away towards the
imaginary worlds
Under the moonrays of the eternal dawn
te iubesc, puiul meu drag.

.....

Victor, Puiul meu Dulce, Soțiorul meu, te doresc și te iubesc, dragostea mea.
time
Te iubesc, Puiul meu, Dulcele meu.

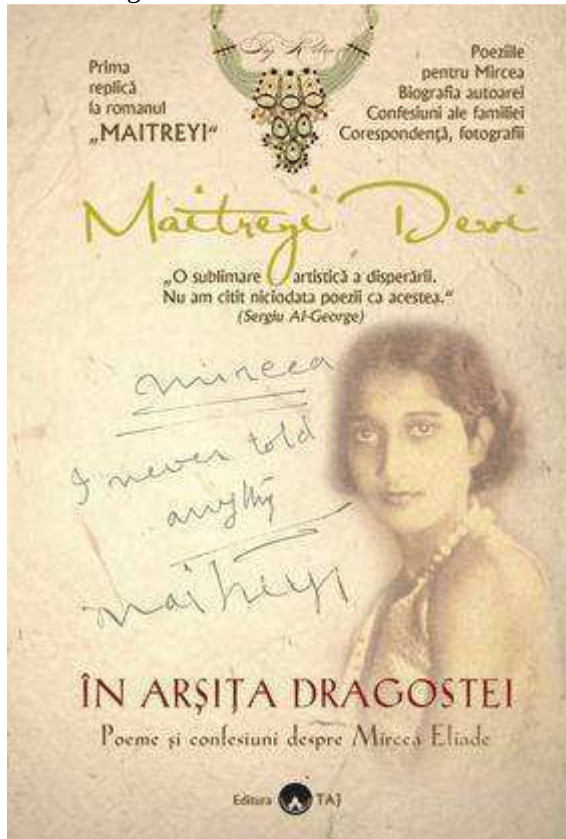
It's so hard to turn Time out of his
beat endlessly ...
A star was when it was not seen ...
I miss your raw love of your chest
My string
And the time runs out of the breeze
Forgotten by himself. I can not look at it anyway
I wish my son
And my eyes blink blind
Stick for moments, days, hours
And all the holes go up ...
What I miss
What I'm gonna die ...
No matter how I like, I can not watch Time

It's flowing
And the clouds pass as long and endless moments
Over the country te iubesc.

Te iubesc, dragostea mea. Victor, puiul meu soțul meu iubit, te doresc și te iubesc.
Puiul meu, Drăguș și Dulce Pușor, Victor, te doresc și te iubesc, dragostea mea.

Puiul meu Victor, Dragostea vieții mele, Dragostea mea, Te doresc, soțul meu dorit, Te iubesc, pușorul meu dulce

An Indian girl



A picture
Presenting a young girl
An Indian girl
With the eyes large and profound, almost black
If it wouldn't been the colour of the
roasted coffee beans

Or of some roasted chestnuts
Likewise her brown smooth short hair
Which falls around the pale-yellow
cheek

she is looking at me reproachfully
I am sure she is looking at me....
And her words written on a piece of paper
Are addressing to me...

In the old sari, from the beginning of the thirties
Cream-coloured
She is turned to the left
Likewise I was turned in my early forties
In the photographs...

Only at forty
I began to understand her
To think mythical
And in a language of the symbols of the self
This young girl started to understand by young
The value and the price of life
Of love

Of the true love
And of the sacrifice.

.....

Infinitely sad, her eyes look through you,
Beside you
In a philosophical dimension of love
And happiness
Which learned of the early
The incommensurable value of the eternal
present.

.....

O imagine
Prezentând o tânără fată
O fată indiană
Cu ochii mari și profunzi, aproape negri
Dacă n-ar fi fost de culoarea
Boabelor de cafea coapte

A unor castane coapte
Ca și părul ei scurt, castaniu și lins
Care-i cade în jurul obrazului
Palid-gălbui

Ea mă privește cu reproș
Sunt sigură că se uită la mine...
Iar cuvintele ei scrise pe o bucată de hârtie
Mi se adresează mie...

În vechiul sari, de la începutul anilor '30
De culoare crem
Ea este întoarsă spre stânga
Așa cum eram eu întoarsă la începutul anilor mei patruzeci
În fotografii...

Doar la patruzeci de ani
Am început s-o înțeleg

Să gândesc mitic, și în limbajul simbolurilor sinelui
Această tânără fată a început să înțeleagă
De tânără
Valoarea și prețul vieții
Al dragostei

Al adevăratei iubiri
Și al sacrificiului.

....

Infinit de triști, ochii ei privesc prin tine
Dincolo de tine
Într-o dimensiune filosofică a dragostei
Și fericirii
Care a învățat de timpuriu
Valoarea incomensurabilă a prezentului
Etern.
Te iubesc nespus, Puiul meu, Dragul meu Victor. Soșuul meu.

Iartă-mă, Puiul meu Te rog în genunchi să mă ierți, Puiul meu.
Victul, puiul meu dorit, te doresc și te iubesc, puiul meu.
maitreyi



My trembling, tired soul, of unknown, pale frightenings
has been hesitating, looking
at this pallid beauty, with pale, yellowish
hands of clay
and hallucinating arms of sunny colour
her powerful breasts of Bengali virgin
getting out from a carriage.

There were impossible to define her eyes
black like two firing coals, squirming slowly in the hearth
and her beads carmine lips
her face framed by dark licked hair
of a chestnut glittering fainted, discrete
in the night which was falling down.

....

I wanted to give her my arm...
But she gave me a sliver over my mouth

"It isn't appropriate to talk to me"
She told me roughly with her guttural voice
"nor to touch me..."

sahib.”

....

And if I have been hesitating so long in front of this notebook
It was only to play back
the wonder, the uncertainty of our first encounters

when Maitreyi seemed to me
almost ugly...

Te iubesc. Te doresc. Victor, Iartă-mă, Puiul meu.

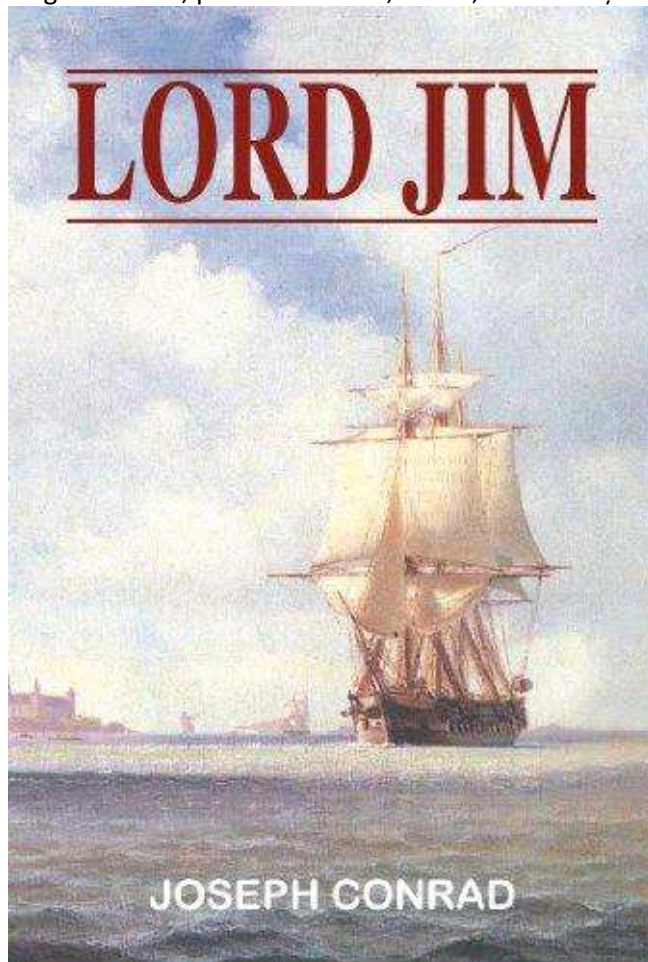
Bengali nights



te iubesc.

It was a warmy night...
A springlike June...
The sky, serene, dark blue, of an intense blue, of amethyst
Profound and darkened
Was sparked by a small veil of stars
Moving
Goldy, luminiscent
Woven like a borangic veil
And spread out on the milky ckeek of the sky.
Limited by the trembling tops of the silvery trees
In the darkened night
By the voice full of warm whisperings
Musical, guttural
Of the tropical forest.

dragostea mea, puiul meu dulce, Victor, te doresc și te iubesc puiul meu dulce.



The Book

Te iubesc, puiul meu.
Lord Jim
(A ship disappearing under waters)

In my robe dripped-robe
I was presenting myself in the face of the psychiatrist
Who called me for a medical
Appointment.

....
I entered timidly
And with my brain tensioned, trying
To give a good impression.
This intention was coming
From the part still conscious
Because, I have to say, much of my conscience
Was buried deeply in the unconscious.

.....
I had to look at an image, black and white,
Showing a girl
Which resembled to me.

.....
I had to describe it.
I described it as better I could
Woving an entire, beautiful story
About the beautiful girl
Turned to the left with her face
And wearing a kind of headkerchief.

.....
I told him that is the Virgin Mary
And she has a mission on The Earth.
To save the world and Her Son
To become the second Jesus Christ.

I tried to interpret every detail as better
I could
Giving a lot of details
And trying to make the story veridic.

.....
The doctor then wrote me on my hospital exit letter
That I suffer from border-line disorder.

....
I have to say that I liked the term.
I have read many times that medical exit letter
Happy of its strangeness
Which of course was due to my strangeness.

Once even I read it staying at a terrace in the center
of my little town, drinking beer.
Having an important air
Of senior official, or maybe University
professor.

.....
I was even a kind of laboratory mouse
On whom the medicine students were doing
their practice.

....

A state of consciousness and unconsciousness
Of sadness and of happiness
All that
Trying to recont a story about Lord Jim
To Mrs doctor
A book whose plot I couldn't remember.
All the students around me...

Looking at the poor Jesus
Who was actually a young woman
Curious, very, very curious...

....

Te iubesc, Dragulmeu Victor, Puiulmeu. Lia e tristă și i-e frică.

Victor, Te iubesc, puiul meu drag.
Elegy. The 11-th.



soțul meu iubit, te iubesc nespus.

Hanged like an innocent child, with his little head
downwards
The little white rose
Is lying pending over the lip of the tall vase
Likewise a leg of swan in fallen flight.

....

His life was short... and not too beautiful
He waved at the shade, far away from his dearest Sun
in a smoky room, where in I am always
wandering away...

And alone he faces innocently the immortality
And carries my name through
white spaces... Lia.

....

Ye iubesc, iubirea mea Dulce, Dragostea mea.

Fragmentarium

It snows with snow flowers, filigree over the verse
Over the sense...
Lips without a history, eyes densely of intense...
Hands sliding passionately
In the lapse between sweet moments
of love.

Dulcele meu Victor, Soțiorul meu, Dragostea mea, Victor, puiul meu dulce și drag, Mântuitorul meu, te doresc
și te iubesc, puiul meu dulce.

Dragostea ta, Puiulmeu, ea cea mai prețioasă comoară de peppânt pentru mine.
Victor, dulcele meu, te iubesc, puiul meu.
Blurry flowers of silver

Dragul meu Dulce, Mântuitorul meu, te doresc, iubitul meu Victor, te iubesc, dulcele meu.
The snake
te iubesc.

I was passing through lazy forests of white willows
Ripe warmth, likewise in the fireplace
leaves of jade and of snowing
Were caressing me with whisperings of love...
the pearly sky - an amethyst teardrop

The grass, growing savagely beside the little path
doves swinging on the empty road
late o summer, it's very late...
It was undulating the body of the nature, alive
stretched like the greeny snake

in sun...

Blurry flowers od silver



My soul is so feeble, painful, timidly and cruel
It is pallid, squeezed and slashed
And of sweet love it is lividly emptied....

Floating in the the love of pallid moon on waters
Trembling timidly and scared
It looks in the high reed a bed
Wherein its pain to sleep itself...

....

The teardrops have been dried for a long time
It has remained the heart pulsing sick
In body, with its love, suave
Towards an indicible, calm land shore.

.....

I comprise tenderly in my hands
Of this break of dawn cruel wrath
Its sweet silence and stillness
That comes up in silvery things, gravely.

....

At the gates bundles of lillies are lying down
And the velvet violets
Are searching something in my eyes,
timidly, revolted

Are scattering in thousands of drops...

....

I was passing in silence through the gates
Still verandah and blurry flowers

Of white silver
In dead souls, with gentleness I catch myself.

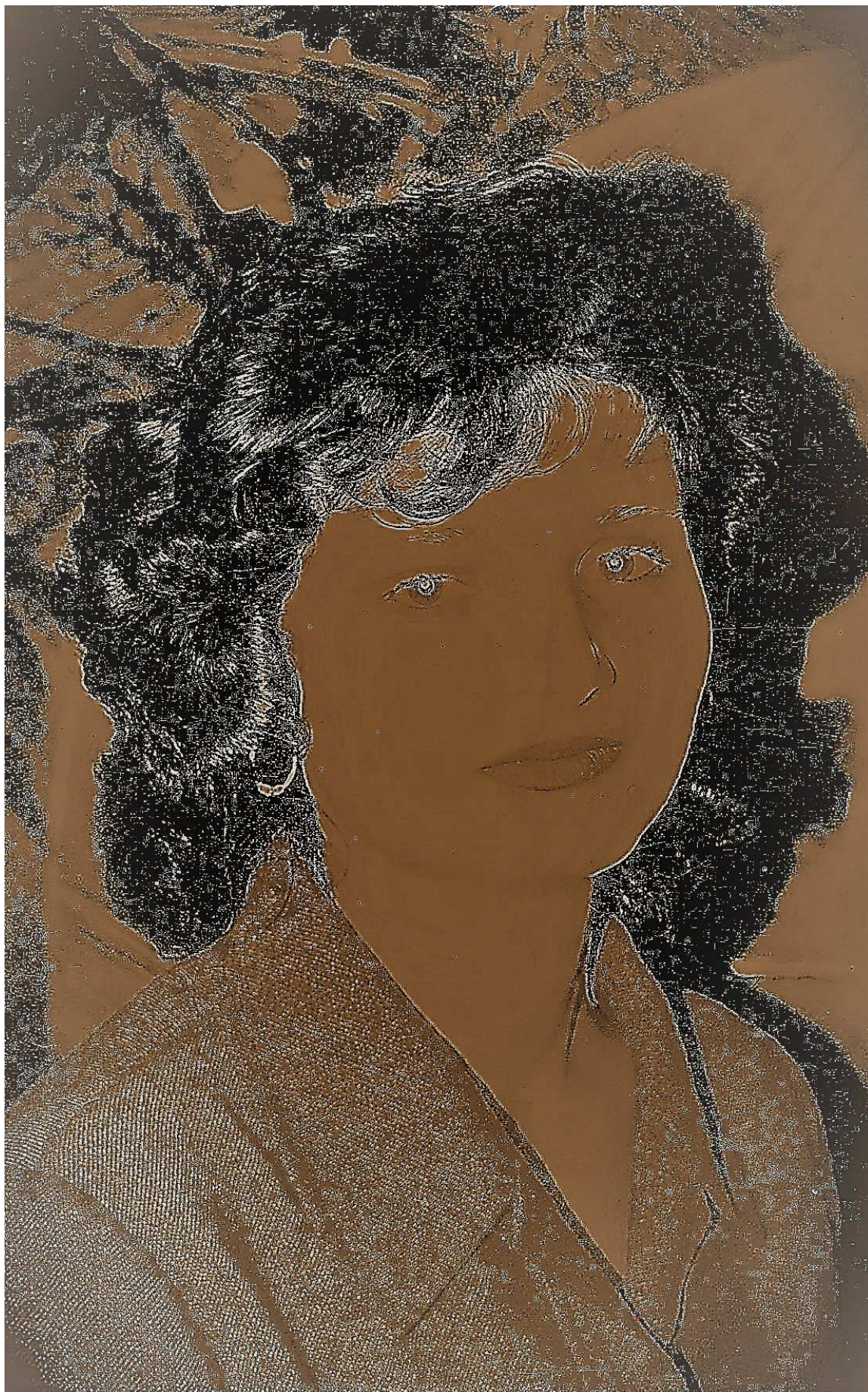
....

I was passing silently at the gates
No one has opened in a little while
The wooden, heavy bars are falling heavily

In the bottom of the fountains
and in weddings
I hear how the dead souls are whispering.

Te iunesv, Victor, Dulce....

Puiul meu Victor, Dragoste Dulce, Te doresc și te iubesc, Victor, puiul meu drag, Mântuitorul Sufletului meu.
Nihil sine Deo



There are passing instants likewise long clouds
on the lowlands
and they are drowning in the shadow
of another sunrise

with my head in my palms to the same superstitions
I give my sweet oblation
I wear them in my palms, and they are planted
in the chest of mine.

To the same mystery I take a detour, just I am with a year
two, maybe more, older and more tired
The same walking stick with a silver head
I wear with bitterness in a hand

...
the same old scepter, the crown dilated
I am older with a year, younger with an instant
And the breathe is short, and the eyes
are sinking muddy in the hooves

Sweeter, more sad, my hurried callings, but still the more
they pass, more vane
and the sky is pouring in my palms
his glance of steel.

...
It's me, I'm still sitting here and writing
And I take my head in my arms and scream the desert ... do a long one
Eclectic around the bare and tragic statue
What keeps eye on itself

I've made a long portrait in the veline sheets
Just the cinder breaks of dawn have caught me still waiting
entering on the same door
many times in a row, faster or slower

thinking that I will surprise a smile on the shape
of the naked statue, a caress -
and then I put in the firelock the silver bullet
and the sea drove its way to the last big roar.

Te iubesc, Dulcele meu, Dragostea mea... nespus...Tvictor, Dulcele meuTrup și Suflet, te iubesc nespus.Te
doresc.he singing wood



te

iubesc, dulceața dragă a sufletului meu.
and the days are passing desert likewise steppes...
the giant baobab has been rising up
in the middle of the field.

Alone, sad, without vigour,
Without fatherland, as the old men are saying
He faces lonely the eternity.

....

Soon there will have been growing up beside him
Some little baobabs
Green, like some youth and tender offspring
And they will comfort his sadness.

Soon the horizons will fall apart
Or maybe the field will be just another.

....

A green meadow, sprinkled with flowers
With the streams slidelying crystalline into the cracks
from the ground.

The silence of the joy and of the divine blessing
Will cover the place
Soon the birds will fill his branches
and they will cover him with their
cheerfully chirp

Soon his crown will become again
rich and bushy
Shelter of the birds of the sky.

Sad, I carry the cup of bitterness to my lips
Love, you, painfully sweetly
Renunciation, you, painfully bitter
Sweet and gentle
Covering my soul with the dead leaves of the futility.

Lost in dreams
I make my head shelter of the birds of the sky.
Full of holes
My skull will breathe the absolute.
On my bed of death I was reading
Exercises of admiration. In my forever armchair.

The sky will be blue, without clouds
A lightful azure
Soon the Divine Being will stay underneath him
In complete contemplation and meditation.

....

Soon the baobab will cover himself
By the flowing blossomed magnolia
Covering the body of the man with his crossing legs.

Soon the Cross from the baobab wood
Will transform itself in singing wood.
Look, the silence has covered everything!...

Te iubesc, Victor, Dulceața și Dragostea mea.

Te iubesc și Te doresc, Mihai, Pui mic.

Te doresc și Te iubesc, Victor, Dragoste mea, Dulceața mea.

Dulcele meu iubit, Puiul meu Victor, te iubesc și te doresc, puiul meu iubit.
El Greco
te iubesc, puiul meu.

The music of mermaids...
Whispering from the waters
They seem some Suns or some tired Moons...

In the blue, opaline water
With waves which are foaming foolishly underneath
These ballerinas of the ocean
Are rising up their smiling faces
Between the waves

Laughing, smiling unconsciously
With the unconscious happiness of the lunatic
Which is walking sleeping on the street...

....

Happy
Happy faces
Rising up from the waves with fine dentelery
As the smooth skin of the arms
Embracing the water...

.....

Faces...
There is nothing counterfeit here.
They are speaking with the peace of the deep
Which laid down like a all-inclusive curtain
Over its faces
Comprised by the drunkenness of the swimming
And of the endless happiness.

dulceața mea, dragostea mea, te iubesc Victor, puiul meu.
Karamazov brothers



A washerwoman
Or a flower girl...

Or maybe both a washerwoman
and a flower girl...

A merchant woman
From the middle of the past century.....
Red in cheeks
and with the rags hanging...
Selling fish
Or other cheap products
Sweating
Wiping with the lap of her dress

.....
I have fallen in love with her
Probably
They were attracting me the low-ranking people
And Katiushka was one of them....

....
Maybe because that they were more sincere
That they weren't wearing masks
That they were that that they were...
No more
No less
Their words didn't have double-meaning
They were as much as possible
Monosemantic dogmatic

Being so polysemantic
likewise all the words from fundamental vocabulary

...
It was fundamental Katiushka
Whereon it calls in the real life Grusenka
She was having visceral starts
Which were frightening me
And attracting me

...
I have wanted to marry her.

....
It was something in her nature
of washerwoman
flower girl
saleswoman or merchant

that was attracting me unutterably...

...
Maybe it was the fault of the dry, salted fish
Hanging on the strings
Or the pale flowers from the big square
Passing by there
I was looking for her always...

Mingling among the sailors, workers
Blacksmiths, poles
peasants

salesmen

in the great square
whereon they were passing by people of all sorts
Fancy carriages, cages
With coachmen dressed in velvet
Ladies with umbrellas, gloved
Interesting of how much is this or that
an unspeakable resin...

....

And she red in cheeks
wiping the sweat
An isle of greenery
Among faded faces
Her greasy hands were always clean.

Te iubesc,Victor, lubit.

Te iubesc,Puiul meu Dulce Mihai, Dragostea mea.

So tender

Eyes cut from strawberries like purple flower decires
They spoke to me with such love, so often ...
Contained with the ornate eyes
Let me embrace a holy Lady

...

The misteries that I have met since then
In the eyes, in the lips of flowers in the graves
In their light which descends gravely
I let myself comprised like of the charm servant.

In the black veil like the blue stars linen sheets that fall on my chest
In your sunrise, beloved, so gentle, straight
Cold-hot mysteries that meet them on the way
And they fall on my cruel senses with soft golden hair.

Tucked in as a flight to the secret-flight
the passing of the soul of the soul, love
soul exposed in the heart of longing, sorrow-so pitiful, sweet
over your body tender, sweet

The words are few and cannot comprise
What has been since then, what is before
Since when the genius of blinded creation has thrown
Your sweet shadow of impenetrability.

...

I miss to take your warm, soft hand to my chest
I miss meeting you, waiting for you
I miss telling you how much I love you, how much the whole mind
I cannot think and mirror it...

...

.... it's sweet your step under the vineyard crowns
Under which I prick in laziness two children of mine
What I grew up in my breast, on my chest
Disguised as the cherry blossom, ruby.

...

and in the deep of the black sea which sips us
I gave to the black, blind forgetfulness
the cough from our souls, which is mourning, grieving-
a gentle harp is forgotten through the dust

...

I'm taking the gun and I shoot myself
I fall through a kind of darkened matter – dark matter
Through a dark labyrinth of fields
Until I touch with the lips the Earth
Which I stumbled upon

In the search for tears, what flies flutter
To me the lobster on my chest
your sunrise, which is so gentle, right.
I miss coming to meet you, to wait for you.

I miss telling you how much I love you, how much the whole mind
I cannot think and mirror it...
I miss to take your warm, soft hand to my chest

I miss meeting you, waiting for you

...

Translation: Carl Gustav Jung
Small correction: Natalia Gălăţan
Te iubesc, Tudor, puiul meu, dulcele meu.
te iubesc, dragul meu soțior.

Te iubesc, Victor, Dragostea mea.

Te iubesc nespus, Mihai, Dragostea mea.

Te iubesc, Puiul meu Mihai.

His fine hand smelled of violet and musk
Arriving at Cathy, the young men suddenly broke loose.
They hugged the bed
Kissing frantically, to the blood.
Passionate kisses, when just blossomed, like two lotus flowers
Hit the light

...

..
When fruity, sweet, like ripe fruit of the mulberry tree
Leaving it sweet on the cheek -
The strings of their breasts were ready to burst.
Cathy, the young man whispered, waving her arms
How much I love my love!
I wish you, my baby, she whispered, I love you, Mihai ...

...

.
They looked into his eyes, his eyes troubled, looking at the little cross
She, with red eyes, caressed them
Tears of happiness, pain, desire, pleasure ...

..
Then she hid her cheek under his denim jacket over her shirt
Breathing in the chest breaths
Hot, deep ...
His heartbeat fast through his shirt
and a wave of pleasure, of pain, gripped her.

...

He seemed to have waited this moment for a thousand years.
Or she didn't know too well ...
Mihai leaned over, placing a hand on his waist
whispering words of love to him.

..
Then he slowly raised his chin
With his fine hand, smelling the scent of violets and musk ...
The young man knew from intuition, from the unconscious
The movements of love on purpose ...

..
Ah, she said lost, looking at his white face -
Suddenly hit by a veil of pink bachelor
Candy white - bitter candy, cold-smooth
As is the water splashing on the glass, as are the white flowers of the bulb.

..
Oh, Mihai, my gentle sweet with your sweet voice
Your look freezes me, your eye presses me
You come from the realms of the land, cold, and earthly
and you warm me in the fireplace with your warm poems ...

...

Oh, sweet, sweet, it's called the bride
O Cathy came to my breast
and let the cruel cuddle
it is consumed far away by night pieces

...

a sweet sweet name Mihai
as your black hair, like your hair, you waved
black ebony warm silk towels
it was leftover my forehead, your eyes are beloved
I would like forever to consume me in the hair of the table! ...

with lips that whisper divine with their pleasure

leaving it in my warm
where the moon is warm
silent feelings of shame!

...

Come on, closer and closer
Fall on my chest
Let me kiss you on the chest
When the moon is consumed in the night among the whispers

..

Oh, sweet, sweet, it's called the bride
O, Cathy came to my breast
and let the cruel cuddle
it is consumed far away by night pieces

...

....

a sweet sweet name Mihai
as your black hair, like your hair, you waved
black ebony warm silk towels
it was leftover my forehead, my eyes staring
with lips that whisper divine with their pleasure
leaving it in my warm
where the moon is warm
silent feelings of shame!

..

Mihai lost himself in the warmth of her body, his body
Like two pink flowers, bittersweet
Searching for her hiding place we hide
Mihai let his hand slip into her breast.

...

With sweet movements of the bride
It penetrates sweet and smooth like a cold snake became incandescent
and kisses flowed without number, among the whispers
hung like his pink-white cheek, demented.

...

and her breasts like two wrens
They clutched at the palm of his palm
it is consumed as two ripe fruits
in the heaven of his mouth, bitter-sweet.

..

A sweet kiss numberless, it was mixed with sweet water
Of their mouth, hot-cold-warm clay amphora
Often, you are wrapping one in high pleasure
They tasted from the unbelievable sea of pain ...

..

His blond hair fluttered silky light
They seemed to be covered by the luminaire, garden-
scented with musk scent
which squeezes among the dew stars of the roses, its perfume in the kiosk.

..

Come on, closer and closer
Fall on my chest
Let me kiss you on the chest

When the moon is consumed in the night among the whispers

..

Oh, sweet, sweet, it's called the bride
O, Cathy came to my breast
and let the cruel cuddle
it is consumed far away by night pieces

...

O, sweet sweet name Mihai
as your black hair, like your hair, you waved
black ebony warm silk towels
it was leftover my forehead, my eyes staring
with lips that whisper divine with their pleasure
leaving it in my warm
where the moon is warm
silent feelings of sadness!...

I love you, Victor, my sweet baby, my love.
Te iubesc Tudor-Mihai-Victor, Puiul meu.

Te doresc și Te iubesc, Puiul meu drag, Dragoste mea.
Te iubesc, Dulcișorul meu Mihai.
Te doresc, Dulceața mea.

Te iubesc, Puiul meu Victor, Puiul meu Dulce.

Te iubesc și Te doresc, Mihai, Dulcele și Doritul meu Puișor.

The Book of Creation

Painting four

iartă-mă, puiul meu. te doresc și te iubesc, Victor, puiul meu.
Prelude



te

iubesc, puiul meu.

I was in Cerialle
In that bright, gentle, goldy fall
At the shores of the Ligurian Sea
Where in the bizarre details of a parallel world
Were troubling me so much
That I decided to go to Milan.

...

There wasn't a train at that hour in the little town
peaceful
Seemingly forgotten by the world.

...

Passing by the little railway station
Drowned in silence
with its smoky windows and the green sashes
I heard the bells beating.

But I didn't see any church around.
It was a sweet odour of flowers
and of spring
The enchanting trees were blossomed.

...

restless, I asked an old lady
who was passing on the little street
drowned in the white sun of the afternoon:
"Do not mind, madam, what day is today?...
"today it's Saturday..."

...
since then I confuse the seasons
The fall with the spring
And it always seems to me...
that the bronze bells are beating for me

Victor, my desired husband
I wish I love you my sweetness
I love, Victor, my sweetness.

Te iubesc, Victor, Puiul meu.

Te iubesc, Mijai Dagul meu Dulce.

Leg you

Kissing your leg ...
I climb into my world of dreams and pain
Pleasure, smoke and honey
The indescribable fall ...

I take the gun and shoot myself.
I fall into a kind of dark chaos ...
Until you touch your lips
Which I prevented ...

Kissing your arm
I listen to the call for milk from me
... and generally from all my matriarchal ancestry
Of her hips lethal silence.

I take the gun and I shoot myself...
Human beings move like in a dream, they talk, they smile
With the forehead of soot
With hands full of earth
With the shirt fastened with hay threads ...

..
I take the pill and shoot myself
I fall with the slow down through a kind of chaos
dark
Until I touch the lips of the earth
From which I hindered myself

My lips can't move
I cannot understand the landscape
Other than the inner one, known from millions of kali-yuga
Other than the inner universe
Known from deep dreams and dreams
With the star attached to the temple

I love you, Victor, love me.
I want you.
The desire and the love of my life, Victor Bratu.
Te iubesc.

Te iubesc, Puiul meu Dulce, soțiorul meu.

Te Doresc și Te iubesc, Mihai, Puiul meu.

Te iubesc, Dragul meu Mihai.

Like Eol that flies by the sails, it screams!

The Ghost flies on crystalline, crystalline airwaves

Like Eol that flies through the waves it waves

When in the morning with her cold wing

They break and break into many icy and cold evenings

When morning comes, it benefits, but at night on the edge of the world

Flying Shadow-swallowed knee

Through the stars of the sea, through the sky of foam

Fly, oh, shadow, cruel genius!

..

Mihai stomps his stallion in foam

and fly by night, a cruel genius

it flies by the day, through the nemesis at the edges of the world

like Eol that flies through the waves and waves!

..

Green mound with meadows of filomores

A blue-skinned sky, smooth of stars

Gigantic sun flowing in meadows with flowers

The sturdy Young, the blond-haired man in the spike, caught him

..

Like Eol that flies through the waves and screams

When the seagull beats the water with its white wing

He cold thought of longing

Brought in the whisper of love.

..

At the black castle, he partly beats

and a girl with the blond calves away rich and thick

falling down and hunched over

with the dew-blue-eyes, he saw them kiss, wet, pearly

she falls on his arm, dead, in a faint

of ebony hair.

Oh, my sweet sweetheart Catherine

She lets his head-and-arms sleep

Under the eye's eye,

it stops at the chest of the suspire! ...

for I came, oh, here

the tea of the nightingale beats

until the arrival in the morning, there is a lark

hurry, let's go, no time to stop! ...

and gently lifted her thighs
passing it on reaching the creeks

..

and kissing with his lit roses lips her closed eyes
fall with desire on his left shoulder.

In heaven the big chariot, the small chariot -
and fine-opaque by spitting up berries

chicken belly with her children
hurry up, baby, there's another clock until dawn!
jumping into the saddle, he leaves in the night
when combining the day's clear obscure with the night's whisper

Green mound with meadows of filomores
A blue-skinned sky, smooth of stars
Gigantic sun flowing in meadows with flowers
The sturdy young, the blond-haired man in the spike, caught him ...
Ah for me, Cati, you died!

..

and frowning with burning lips miss her closed eyes
leftover the left shoulder
as tears that his wishbone wanted to smile and cry
his arm curling his body in tears.

...

Harder and harder, closer, closer
He had loved her with love, sweetness to his chest
And on their face with the rush of thought, they pass
He ignited my feelings!

and frowning with burning lips miss her closed eyes
leftover the left shoulder
as tears that his wishbone wanted to smile and cry
his arm curling his body in tears.

...

A blue-skinned sky, smooth of stars
Gigantic sun flowing in meadows with flowers
The sturdy young, the blond-haired man in the spike, caught him ...
Ah for me, Cati, you died!

..

The Ghost flies on crystalline, crystalline airwaves
Like Eol that flies through the waves it waves
When in the morning with her cold wing
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When morning comes, it benefits, but at night on the edge of the world
Flying Shadow-swallowed knee
Through the stars of the sea, through the sky of foam
Fly, oh, shadow, cruel genius!

..

Mihai stomps his stallion in foam
and fly by night, a cruel genius
it flies by the day, through the nemesis at the edges of the world
like Eol that flies through the waves and waves!
Te iubesc, Mihai, Dulcele meu.

te doresc, Mihai, Dulcele meu.
Te iubesc, Victor, Draostea mea, Puiul meu.

Your eyes...

te iubesc, puiul meu dulce.
Likewise two blue stars that are glittering
and fills down the darkness with their
warmly flame

Your eyes are often speaking to myself.
And your hairs which is reflecting
it's dark blonde light...

.....

Like two red precious stones
that fills the air of their summery warmth
Your sweet lips are stealing me,
the shy light of my eyes..

.....

Stars glittering fainted, falling down in the ground
As in winter the white flakes
of snow and pure light
I kiss their grave, sweet darkness
which in the white night of the spring
sits down...

Nirvana Best Best Songs - Nirvana Greatest Hits Full Album

Your eyes...

te iubesc, Victor, puiul meu.

Your neck
It seems to me the stalk from which, in mystery
It pours out the sweet nightfall
on the ground

Covering the earth with warm darkness
Of the night and of the burning stars
Glittering smoldered...
So blue are your eyes

Likewise two darkened stars, full of the night...
Of thunderstorm streak....

And though... The sweet twilight
warm sweet odor of the springtime

brings out in your eyes a dark blue light...
full of the mystery of moon rays passing through the arch of leaves
a sweet warm unknown eye light...

Nirvana Best Best Songs - Nirvana Greatest Hits Full Album

te doresc și te iubesc, Vctor, dragostea mea.

Your eyes...

From myself to yourself, only bluey smoothy waters
Your gentle, serene, pure eyes
Gentle, little, precious pearls
That are litting up in the sky a thousand...

Your gentle, dark blue eyes....
Te iubesc, Animusul meu, Ahetipul meu Dulce și iubit, Victor.
Te doresc, Puiul mu.

Te iubesc și te doresc nespun, Puiul meu Victor.

Te iubesc și Te doresc, Mihai, Dulce iubit.

Michael ...

Cathy came in, looking at Alain.
But he looked at Mihai
He was sitting breathless, smiling with his hands close to his body
Thinking about who knows where ...

...

There wasn't much in the library
On that rainy March day
In the sun, the sun had barely come out
Among the frightened clouds, swirling like little puddles
Lightning and lightning
Just be-dark, like copies weeping.

..

Mihai was smiling, with Foucault's book open in front
Next to a book of poems, by Goethe.
... his smile was jealous, just sketched
On his cold lips
Like two rose petals
Rain kiss
and opened to a drifting inner world ...

...

Eyes, slightly shaded by glasses
They had a mysterious, poetic, timid smile
Taken from his red lips, blood-smeared
By the pallor of the thin cheek
Milk, on which the first lintel of the beard -
Two silky haunches from his blond-haired man
Rich chestnut with a middle ground.

..

Mihai, whispered Cathy approaching. Haven't you seen Alin?
Oh, no ... the young man said suddenly, amazed
Winking at her.

...

Ah, I told her we should meet here, read together ...
I wanted to ask him something ...
Let's talk about books.

...

You can sit next to me, he smiled as if scared
Mysteriously the young man. He is a bookkeeper ...

..

Okay, now I'm going to the toilet to wash my face
It was a terrible jolt ... now in March ...
Cathy said, touching her shoulder lightly,
As Mihai shivered, his eyes fluttered in the book.

..

In the bath, Cathy looked in the mirror.
His eyes were bulging, trying. She hadn't given Michele two months
After their last date.
Wash your face
Then it is supported by a recess of the wall
Lost in thoughts.

..

When Mihai suddenly enters.
She found it in her viscose dress, with the beret
With bare arms and shoulders, he reached
Her silky wavy hair
Like a spiral.

...

Do we smoke a cigarette? ... the young man asked as if he was confused
Not knowing what to say.
Then he handed her a note from Alin.
Baby, today is coming ...
Michele needs me
At a project for the service, my sweet love ..
Mihai, my younger brother, will keep you company.
The red-eyed young man reads.

...

Oh, exclaims Cathy ... putting out her cigarette. I miss him!
I know, "Mihai said, leaning over her to tell her something
then, overwhelmed by the scent of her body
he got lost in the line and tied with his arms
slowly pulling her to his chest.

Slowly, it seemed like in a thousand years
and he touched it with his red lips on his lips.
Cathy shivered, then chained her
and she tightened her breast tightly.

..

My sweetness, still the whisper, then they chained and kissed frantically
As if he had really met
After a thousand years
Of longing, waiting, love, suffering ...

...

The young man had changed. Become a hungry, voracious wolf at once
A tiger with feline movements
Who surrounds his prey and draws it to himself ...

...

Mihai, Cathy whispered, with red cheeks, my love
We are lost ...

...

..

Mihai was smiling, with Foucault's book open in front
Next to a book of poems, by Goethe.
... his smile was jealous, just sketched
On his cold lips
Like two rose petals
Rain kiss
and opened to a drifting inner world ...

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By the pallor of the thin cheek
Milk, on which the first lintel of the beard -
Two silky haunches from his blond-haired man
Rich chestnut with a middle ground.

..

There wasn't much in the library
On that rainy March day
In the sun, the sun had barely come out
Among the frightened clouds, swirling like little puddles
Lightning and lightning
Just be-dark, like copies weeping.
Te iubesc, Puiul meu Dulce Mihai, Dragostea mea
Te doresc și Te iubesc, Victor, Puiul meu.
Te iubesc, Iubirea și Dragostea scumpă a vieții mele!...
His fine hand smelled of violet and musk
Arriving at Cathy, the young men suddenly broke loose.
They hugged the bed
Kissing frantically, to the blood.
Passionate kisses, when just blossomed, like two lotus flowers
Hit the light

...

..

When fruity, sweet, like ripe fruit of the mulberry tree
Leaving it sweet on the cheek -
The strings of their breasts were ready to burst.
Cathy, the young man whispered, waving her arms
How much I love my love!
I wish you, my baby, she whispered, I love you, Mihai ...

...

.

They looked into his eyes, his eyes troubled, looking at the little cross
She, with red eyes, caressed them
Tears of happiness, pain, desire, pleasure ...

..

Then she hid her cheek under his denim jacket over her shirt
Breathing in the chest breaths
Hot, deep ...
His heartbeat fast through his shirt
and a wave of pleasure, of pain, gripped her.

...

He seemed to have waited this moment for a thousand years.
Or she didn't know too well ...
Mihai leaned over, placing a hand on his waist
whispering words of love to him.

..

Then he slowly raised his chin
With his fine hand, smelling the scent of violets and musk ...
The young man knew from intuition, from the unconscious

The movements of love on purpose ...

..

Ah, she said lost, looking at his white face -
Suddenly hit by a veil of pink bachelor
Candy white - bitter candy, cold-smooth
As is the water splashing on the glass, as are the white flowers of the bulb.

..

Oh, Mihai, my gentle sweet with your sweet voice
Your look freezes me, your eye presses me
You come from the realms of the land, cold, and earthly
and you warm me in the fireplace with your warm poems ...

...

Oh, sweet, sweet, it's called the bride
O Cathy came to my breast
and let the cruel cuddle
it is consumed far away by night pieces

...

a sweet sweet name Mihai
as your black hair, like your hair, you waved
black ebony warm silk towels
it was leftover my forehead, your eyes are beloved
I would like forever to consume me in the hair of the table! ...

with lips that whisper divine with their pleasure
leaving it in my warm
where the moon is warm
silent feelings of shame!

...

Come on, closer and closer
Fall on my chest
Let me kiss you on the chest
When the moon is consumed in the night among the whispers

..

Oh, sweet, sweet, it's called the bride
O, Cathy came to my breast
and let the cruel cuddle
it is consumed far away by night pieces

...

....

a sweet sweet name Mihai
as your black hair, like your hair, you waved
black ebony warm silk towels
it was leftover my forehead, my eyes staring
with lips that whisper divine with their pleasure
leaving it in my warm
where the moon is warm
silent feelings of shame!

..

Mihai lost himself in the warmth of her body, his body
Like two pink flowers, bittersweet
Searching for her hiding place we hide
Mihai let his hand slip into her breast.

...

With sweet movements of the bride

It penetrates sweet and smooth like a cold snake became incandescent
and kisses flowed without number, among the whispers
hung like his pink-white cheek, demented.

...

and her breasts like two wrens
They clutched at the palm of his palm
it is consumed as two ripe fruits
in the heaven of his mouth, bitter-sweet.

..

A sweet kiss numberless, it was mixed with sweet water
Of their mouth, hot-cold-warm clay amphora
Often, you are wrapping one in high pleasure
They tasted from the unbelievable sea of pain ...

..

His blond hair fluttered silky light
They seemed to be covered by the luminaire, garden-
scented with musk scent
which squeezes among the dew stars of the roses, its perfume in the kiosk.

..

Come on, closer and closer
Fall on my chest
Let me kiss you on the chest
When the moon is consumed in the night among the whispers

..

Oh, sweet, sweet, it's called the bride
O, Cathy came to my breast
and let the cruel cuddle
it is consumed far away by night pieces

...

O, sweet sweet name Mihai
as your black hair, like your hair, you waved
black ebony warm silk towels
it was leftover my forehead, my eyes staring
with lips that whisper divine with their pleasure
leaving it in my warm
where the moon is warm
silent feelings of sadness!...

I love you, Victor, my sweet baby, my love.
Te iubesc Tudor-Mihai-Victor, Puiul meu.
Te doresc și Te iubesc, Puiul meu drag, Dragoste mea.
Te iubesc, Dulcișorul meu Mihai.
Te doresc, Dulceața mea.

Te iubesc nespus, Puiul meu Victor.

Te iubesc și Te doresc, Dulce Mihai.

My face in the rain

(were those pink roses)

It was a tall church
In Gothic style

Of Catholic rite, in the small, cobbled market.

....

I had made a stop there
On the way home.

..

the bells sounded serious
vibrant
reverberated in the surroundings
that seemed to breathe the holiday air.

It was a wedding.
My wedding of course.
I had arrived by 7 pm at home
I had arrived on time

Just in time to enter the chamber
wedding
With Florin
My enigmatic lover.

.....

The bells were ringing
It was the cosmic wedding between Florin and Lia
The wedding of the heavenly groom and the virgin
chthonic
Bringing the smell into the coffin.

... ..

it was that air
between yellow and gray, between orange and ash
between the sun and the shadow

they were those pink roses
and the red, yellow, pink and orange bites
which hung from the windows of the windows
flowing flowers
on the forehead of the bride, dressed in white.

....

There was a lot of surrealism there
in that little square, too, the church was empty
of beautiful

the bells were ringing
with their harmonious, serious, melodic voice

....

everything had a vague air of unfinished....
destiny and pure chance
historicity and departure from time.

I was passing by my own wedding
I was and wasn't there
We were defending and disappearing, and defending
you disappeared

I was in Cerialle
That bright, gentle, golden autumn
On the shores of the Ligurian Sea

In which the bizarre details of a
Parallel worlds
They had disturbed me so much
Because I had decided to go to Milan.

... ..

there was no train at that time in the small town
quiet
as if forgotten by the world.

..

passing near the small station
drowned in silence
with its smoky windows and sashes
green

I heard the bells ringing.

But I didn't see any church around.
It was a smell of flower
and spring
the trees, myriads, were in bloom ...

.....

anxious, I asked a lady
what was going on the little street
drowned in the midday white sun:
<don't you mind lady, what day is today? ...>

<today is Saturday ...>

.....

since then I confuse the seasons....
Autumn with spring
and it always seems to me ...
... ..The bells are ringing for me.

Te iubesc nespu, Victor, Dragoste sufletului meu.

Te iubesc, Puişor Dulce Mihai.

The Book of Creation

Painting five

Ye iubesc, Mihai, Dragostea mea.

Outsecticie

On the black hair veal, the crown crowns seems
He really is broken
From star fire, from sun fire
By burning it they grow ebony wings
Above that falls ebony hair
Under the clear sky
Hot-hot, full of sweet!

..

A flare of flames falls on his shoulders—
te iubesc, Dulce Victor It's the red sky
What goes down his chest gently
They are lost at the end of his pink bell

..

The sun was trembling in its orbit
In the black one -
The aroma of her bear
A young girl in front of him appears ...

..

With sweet eyes, he pulls her to himself
She lies in the shade of her hair blonde
Then the rays of the moon, gentle clear
He has a round white on his shoulders.

...

Sweet kisses flow from his lips
Like honey bees, wine from beehives
Mix with her mouth fresh and cold water
Slowly descend on soft golden hair

They include a sweet suckle of her breast of pomegranate
While the eager Eros
He gets into his white butterfly soda butterfly

Like a golden snake-like a silver snake
Wet wet and warm and beat
With fast movements and rhythmically
With soft, light, fragrant movements ...

...

Sweet kisses flow from his lips
Like honey bees, wine from beehives
Mix with her mouth fresh and cold water
Slowly descend on soft golden hair

They include a sweet suckle of her breast of pomegranate
While the eager Eros
He gets into his white butterfly soda butterfly

..
With sweet eyes, he pulls her to himself
She lies in the shade of her hair blonde
Then the rays of the moon, gentle clear
He has a round white on his shoulders.

...Te iubesc, Tudor-Victor-Mihai, Dragostea mea.
Te ddoresc, Puiul meu, Victor te iubesc și Te doresc, Dulceața mea..
Te iubesc, Victor, Puiul meu.

Te iubesc, Victor, Puiul meu, Dulcele meu.
Te besc, Dragostea mea.

...

Te iubesc Miuhai, Dragostea mea Dulce.

Pick me up, pick me up, yeah ...

The birds chirp ... a divine song ...
I'm back on the other side and sleeping with my hand at the temple
from so much concentration my brain has dissipated
in millions of sperm ...

....
We were traveling through the virgin forests
At high heights from the ground
Reciting in my mind, with my eyes closed, my most lyrical poem
The one I write in my sleep

My lips can not move
I can not cover the landscape
The other than the inner one, known from millions of kali-yuga
Other than the inner universe
Known from deep reveries and dreams
With the stick stuck to the stars

....
I get the gun and shoot myself
It slows down some sort of chaos
dark
Until I touch the ground with my lips
Which I prevented
I love you, my sweet Victor

Leg you ...

Blowing your paw ...
I'm climbing into my world of dreams and pain
Of pleasure, smoke and honey
An indescribable fall ...
Kissing your arm
I'm listening to the call from me
... and in general from my whole matriarchal ascendancy
For her gauntlet they are quietly lethal

...
Kissing your violin
On which they left
I drive away around me all the evils
... and in general everything blasphemous
Impure ... and reminds of murder ...

..
Kissing your violin
On which they left
I give a new definition to the miss
and the sense of Amor ...

...
Kissing your violin
Which the stars have set
I note the existence of creation
With the sweet-bitter silence of grace
What's happening to your sweet son
Easy, easy, easy ...
... I love you sweet Victor

I get the gun and shoot myself
It slows down some sort of chaos
dark
Until I touch the ground with my lips
Which I prevented

My lips can not move
I can not cover the landscape
The other than the inner one, known from millions of kali-yuga
Other than the inner universe
Known from deep reveries and dreams
With the stick stuck to the starste iubesc, te doresc...
Te doresc și te iubesc, puiul meu.

Te iubesc și Te doresc nespu, Victor, Puiul meu.

Te iubesc și Te doresc, Mihai, Puiul meu.

Prayer

Your blue dark eyes are often speaking to me
I'm staying and I look at them
Without no word
In silence and with remembrance

Your soft, fine eyes are many times speaking
To myself.

...

Their light comes down gravely
Over your face, sweet white ray
Of the moon which cold rays are shining gently through
On your shape
Without no words...

....

I have been trying to find in them the echo
Of the feelings which are tormenting me
Then when from the large of the world ark
I come down to the shores from the abyss.

...

I kissed them and I have drawn
them in book
Wherein I was lying, nearly and at the distance...
And I found them often in death.

...

And I have died many times.
Each time, more profoundly, more deeply
My desert feeling I laid down
in the book
My deepest and my desert feelings.

...

Each time I have searched the word
To give me life to drink
again
Of the heart innocent echo
And I found them... often in death...

...

Translation: Ntlia Găcăţan, Google dictionary
Te doresc şi te iubesc, Victor, dulceaţa sufletului meu.
Coincidentia oppositorum

a warm, shy sun
enters my rarefied spaces
innocent and august graces
rays kneel with their power
my indicible, calm pain.

....

Everything is soft...
Although I am on the ground
In front of the unleashed forces
of the world

...

I raise up my heart like an unknown
and cold shield.

...

a warm, shy sun
enters my rarefied spaces
innocent and august graces
rays kneel with their power
my indicible, calm pain.

...

Everything is soft...
Although I am on the ground
In front of the unleashed forces
of the world

...

I raise up my heart like an unknown
and cold shield.

te iubesc Puiul meu Victor. Te doresc, dragostea mea.
Translation: Natalia Gălăţan, Google dictionary

te iubesc nespun, puişorul meu.

Echoes...
iartă-mă, puişor iubit. aşa simţeam pe atunci.

Everything is happening slowly
The walking of the cheetahs through the snow
Sunny smiles...

The walking of the sun on the blue arch
In a day as long as the boundlessness
Wherein is being
With the bones whited under the moon
The whole Nature...

...

You are so static, my dear...
A statue is frozen in time
To which I useless rise up my arms
But in vain, I cannot reach her...

...

An unknown strange realm
How much love is conquering us
With her slim arrow,
with her spread bow
So much so we feel suddenly in the other a stranger...

...

The tender friendship and the calm pleasure
Is approaching and uniting
That what love suddenly falls apart
and is alienating...

.....

You feel your soul small
and modest
Your words are starting from nowhere...
Greatly architectonic
Then wanting suddenly to abandon
yourself...

...

I feel humble.
The love undresses
All that in your essence is more frail and feeble
And brings out to the light
And lets to show itself
To that rider through moon smoothly passing

...

Who may bend himself
For bending to you is this, a rising up to Self
Of what is fallen in the humus
And lost is
And is estranged of myself.

Translation: Natalia Gălăţan, Google dictionary
Te doresc şi Te iubesc, Victor, Puiul meu dulce.
Complexio oppositorum

The Sky is mirrored in the Sea
And the Sea in the Sky
The miniature trees are floating between them
With their green leaves like
some beads.

...

Buddha with a gentle smile
Looks at the Being, the Innocent Creature
Is it there?... Or maybe beyond
The Time in large strips unfolds itself
In the God with a thousand faces and an infinity of arms
In space where it was reigning
Eternal peace.

....

It was love it was fondness it was hate ?...
You could not measure it with a human measure
The mystery of love was endless
And embosomed in itself all of them
Like the God was comprising in hearts His infinity
of arms.

.....

God was love
who embraced in Himself all the attributes

all the seen ones
and the unseen.

.....

Whilst it wasn't death, nor life,
Nor love or hate
It was Something beyond nature
In which the word Love doesn't fit.

....

All things are a dream in sleep of the eyelid
which is blinking weighty
and in its mirror gloss
the fiercely God was mirroring His glance.

....

Turned to myself
I wonder with compassion, with endless mercy
"Who is the God to whom we leave
our hearts?"

....

He from the abyss of waters gave powers to the spark
The one before all Gods
Which is dwelling in the heart
And told it: "Let it be there Light!"

....

Buddha with a gentle smile
Looks at the Being, the Innocent Creature
Is it there?... Or maybe beyond
The Time in large strips unfolds itself
In the God with a thousand faces and an infinity of arms
In space where it was reigning
Eternal peace.

...

Te iubesc, Puiul meu Victor. Te doresc, Dragostea mea, Dulcele meu.
Translation: Natalia Gălăţan, Googledictionary
..te iubesc, dragul meu, puiul meu

...

Love me when night falls

...

Hard night, uninterrupted by steps, voices
Just the sound of pills dropped on the floor...
Nine, two, broke the silence
with their syncopic, lethal fall ...

...

I break my hands against each other, arthritic
Medications from both foils ...
I hurry, I do not hurry I do not know...
To enter the moths' page.

....

A heavy silence, more and more comfortable
As I speak with my little tooth - a prayer in front of the icon
Raw, raw, mean
Of the Son lying in the oobial...

...

Take me, Lord Jesus, be my guardian and flock of dreams
Love me when night falls
Over weak, weak bodies

...

Number of pills, one-two, nine, 23
I'm thinking of taking another three - two that fell on the floor
No taste, no smell
and one for deep sleep. A zolpidem. But I need her
and the last driptane
in a film with many pills, all taken
with mistakes and stolen things ...

....

I'm taking the fish's belly. I'm John!
and go out to the white, the raw light, the white light that is to come!
I'm born again, Mom ...

..

I sleep in the bed, I slip in the dream, with tea, I drink on my lips
Quiet, quiet
I sleep in my bed sliding in the dream...
Hold him tightly in the longing, of Jesus.

...

Things are really very messy
There are no options to say...
Except you are with Jesus, you are Jesus
There is not much to say ...

...

I break my hands against each other, arthritic
Medications from both foils ...
I hurry, I do not hurry I do not know...
To enter the moths' page.

...

A heavy silence, more and more comfortable
As I speak with my little tooth - a prayer in front of the icon
Raw, raw, mean
Of the Son lying in the oobial...

...

take me to you, Lord Jesus
Be my guardian and flock of dreams
Love me when night falls
Over weak, weak bodies

...

... over dead bodies of dreams ...

Te iubesc și Te doresc, Tudor, Dulcele meu, Dragostea mea...

Te iubesc, Puiul meu Victor. Te doresc, Dragostea mea, Puiul meu.

Te doresc, dragostea mea.

Kant...

Weird, rational night

As I write I read Kant ...

In strange syncope and narratives, my soul succumbs,

Like a long afternoon, in a room

long deep

In which everything is dressed in white ...

..

In fact, my mind is tense, excited to the maximum of aphorisms, thoughts, concepts

- embroidered in outdated languages

Ah, I've told you thousands of times

In the evening I love you ... when the mountain was mine

Just cold forged

and everything was dressed in white ...

....

It was a deep night - de Profundis

Not even a man's fancy about my black and white soul

Impure and pure, unclean

It was not manly, or life-like

It was a cold night away.

..

They were heard from nowhere

There were no voices, no footsteps

Only the cough dries in an opportune moment

Of my brother, lighting like a thousand watts ...

...

My forehead was burning with red mist

and I thought I was writing like a pressure Mind -

although everything is worse than drawing in coal

of the new man who has been watching for thousands of years.

...

Prolonged heavy pleasure, like chaos ...

No sound, no sound, just moans around

my soul is black and white

Impure and pure, unclean

It was not manly, or life-like

It was a cold and distant night.

...

I died! Yeah... I died ...

I was in a warm tire, cold and black like foam

Sea when Adonis comes out...

....

Since then I have died - in timeless, cold worlds
I was sleeping forever
Reading, thinking and writing Kant
In strange syncope and narratives, my soul succumbs,
Like a long afternoon, in a room
long deep
In which everything is dressed in white ... te iubesc
Something in the way ...
The fish have no feelings, they are just fish
Passing to the bride, cold poem, in the heart hid the story
The fish have no feelings
They are just fish ...

...

I took the pile of earth in my hand
and I turned it over the Wind
an intuition, a warm breath, a thought ...

...

The fish have no feelings, they are just fish
Passing to the bride, cold poem, in the heart hid the story
The fish have no feelings
They are just fish ...
Dragostea mea, Te doresc și Te iubesc, dulcele meu Victor.
...te iubesc, te doresc, puiul meu dulce, Tudor-Victor-Tudor

...

It was a rational night...
It was night, it was raining outside
and my heart was clutching like a claw.
Like a beast, like an evening, silent, rational beast
They are like a flower-like an undead
What's going on between us

...

It was night, it was raining outside
and the heart of the chest tightened like a night.
we were looking for answers in the sweet must, in your eyes
hot and cold...
question marks in taste were mottled
fruit nozzles

...

in your smile you never started, lost
scattered on the soft wings of the sumptuous spring ...
in dusk in the evening, so sweet
bitter

...

I felt an increasing desire in me
to sink slowly, slowly
in my eyes moist, in my eyes wear ...
question marks popped into your eyes
hot and creamy ...

...

It was a quiet night outside ...
and my heart beats like a wax, silent rational beast
like a flower or an undead
what made his bed in us ...

..

The smell of sweet plum, with sugar, of fine plum brandy
I don't know where to drink
If you do not know who ...

....

It smells like Jesus Christ ...
Although it was late and fast - and all the lambs were gone
At bedtime...

...

The sweet toss sugar with martyrs, with sugar, tomato juice, and wine
Teddy bear must
In fact, it smelled like sweet venom.

.....

It was a rational night, with great uninterrupted silence
Nothing but smells
Of silent, unknown, unknown presence
Next to me
A brandy with shades of misty prunes
Mine and children ...

...

In fact, I smelled sounds, unseen faces, alive
I smelled abstract work
You, lambs, children
Blue stars falling on shoulders on the day - next -
Friday...

...

Jesus opened the door of my heart and entered
It was silence it was late
Outside the dogs were still screaming at the mortar
A puppy with white fur
I was playing sweet sweet white carol.

...

It was to kill him, to kill him, to get the pimples
In my rational cam
The smell of mine and children...

...

Your voice came from other galaxies, abstract ...
Transparency, mate
Worried, daddy ...
What a lullaby sings to his little puppy.

...

The smell of insects eating sweet
What they never have time to go to bed
The smell of huge insects
Eating sweet...

...

Kurt smiled at me like a wound from the TV
Where did I not look at the building, Welsh, except Tudor
and then I took the gun to shoot myself
and falling, by the way, is dark matter - dark matter
although it was a rational night
and the dogs barked far outside.

...

fall with the slower through a stream of dark chaos
until I touch the lips of the earth
which I prevented

...

watched from millions of Kali-yuga deep-sea
the soul of the Earth is
it looks great to me ...

...

Your voice came from other galaxies, abstract ...
Transparency, mate
Worried, daddy ...
What a lullaby sings to his little puppy.

...

The smell of insects eating sweet
What they never have time to go to bed
The smell of huge insects
Eating sweet...

...

It was a rational night, with great uninterrupted silence
Nothing but smells
Of silent, unknown, unknown presence
Next to me
A brandy with shades of misty prunes
Mine and children ...
te iubesc dulcișorul meu Victor, Te doresc puiul meu Tudor, Te iubesc, Puiul meu.
...te iubesc, Victor, puiul meu, dulcele meu.

The splendor in the white, the pure winter of your cheeks
In the blue of your eyes
I lose myself in a garden full of splendor
Out of the tumultuous sea - a great gentle
A voice for hidden mysteries

...

Hidden in the fire, gold, and honey casks
From that lost, new life

Climb with the tumultuous whirlwind from the deep
and it shines in the mind, heart, thought.

...

Your lips are like two azure petals
soaked in the blue of pure eyes
that I kiss with flair
lusty fragrance surrounded by the flower.

...

Your lips are like two crazy lotuses
like two water lilies ready for flying
blue, full of thirst for heaven
breath of ice and mystery
jumping into each other ...

...

Your lips are like two blossomed water lilies
lightly flourished, twitching under the mystery of my lips
when they turn vertiginous
endlessly to the stars.

...

In the blue of your eyes
I lose myself in a garden full of splendor
Out of the tumultuous sea - a great gentle
A voice for hidden mysteries
Hidden in the fire, gold, and honey casks
From that lost, new life
Climb with the tumultuous whirlwind from the deep
and it shines in the mind, heart, thought.

..

Your eyes are like two warm, pure questions, caught by mine
from which force he gives the unbelieving gods
to come into the waters of fire and myrrh to bathe
all the warm-cold gleam of their blue sparks.

..

Like two late commas, caught in a poem op
Like two long minutes of silence, the snow on the plain
Like two hidden, green vine clusters
That everything it wasn't and it will be.

...

Your lips are like two azure petals
soaked in the blue of pure eyes
that I kiss with flair
lusty fragrance surrounded by the flower.

...

Your lips are like two crazy lotuses
like two water lilies ready for flying
blue, full of thirst for heaven
breath of ice and mystery
jumping into each other ...

Translation: Carrl Gustav Jung

Correction: Elena-Natalia Gălăţan-Nemeş

... I love you, Victor, my baby, my sweet.

Te iubesc, Victor, puiul meu.

Te doresc, dragostea mea.

Te iubesc şiTe doresc, Mihai, Puişor drăgăstos şi Dulce.

Te iubesc, Victor, puiul meu.

Red lips

Silent, cadence, monotone

Hours leave

Over the autumn sill, aged

Before time

With long whiskers falls over the yarn

White winter deception ...

...

The arms enclose you when the bedtime comes

and we whisper -

a madness

everything they have been and how many they will be

and red lips kiss indifferently

ardently...

.....

Like sweet sweet wine, kissing

What do you give me, at sunrise

Sweetlips with bitter lips

Like in an impressionist painting, sweetheart

I kiss bitter lips

Lips sweet lips bitter

and red lips kiss indifferently

ardently...

.....

You hold me up when the bedtime comes

and we whisper -

a madness

everything they have been and how many they will be

and red lips kiss indifferently

ardently...

....

Like sweet sweet wine, kissing

What do you give me, at sunrise

Sweetlips with bitter lips

Like in an impressionist painting, I loved sweet

I kiss bitter lips

Lips sweet lips bitter

and red lips kiss indifferently

ardently...

.....

Silent, cadence, monotone

Hours leave

Over the autumn sill, aged
Before time
With long whiskers falls over the yarn
White winter deception ...
I love you, Victor, my sweetheart.

Vanilla

Winter with the taste of vanilla
You are pouring into my soul misunderstood longings...
your trees
Have transformed themselves in goblets of wine
with cinnamon flavor...
my footsteps are breaking rotten wood through
the pine tree forest
Huge guitars which are sighing in the wind that
is moving out the strings...
Likewise a singer came from a strange, far away
realm

...

Winter with a taste of vanilla
I bury my cheeks in your glooms - delicate hands
which comprise my face
into a misunderstood, misunderstood
caress...

Nirvana Best Best Songs - Nirvana Greatest Hits Full Album

Two lots rosy-red barely blossomed...

Eyes in the chest help memories
From the box with the photographers, a young man looked at her.
With a look, full of love, yet sad
Still loaded with suffering

...

As if he had turned his eyes
Or it would have come back from the book, from somewhere
His eyes were looking at her.
It seems very close, it looks like...

...

A sad smile on his red lips, muted in azure
Over which he discovered the turbid blue
Of the eyes, so pure ...
With circums dug beneath blue sapphires
Easy on the arm cut into the stone, hard.

..

One neck a lotus luge, slightly arched.
Is opened his shirt open
Over his chest fall, surrounded, by the forgotten young man.

..

His nose with his orbits was empty, his nostrils twitching
Like a little frightened little lady
In the middle of the forest surrounded by wolves
With thin, thin bone, which bends tears
Obviously, you broke ...

...

Eyes in the chest help memories
From the box with the photographers, a young man looked at her.
With a look, full of love, yet sad
Still loaded with suffering

...

As if he had turned his eyes
Or it would have come back from the book, from somewhere
His eyes were looking at her.
It seems very close, it looks like

..

Cathy, you answered him ... and his voice was low
Still warm, vibrant, melodious
His chest arched like a bow
Tightening it to her chest, the old monarch.

...

Cathy, my girlfriend ... from a long time ago
With your low, low voice
At your warm breast call me ...
At the buzzards bathed in my blue eyes
whispering softly, secretly, innocently murmuring ...

..

And he embraced her louder, louder, closer, closer
One night gives the same night
The darkness of their parrots sipping the sweetness
Mysterious, sweet, sweet airs ... Oh, Cathy,
He whispered ... and your pale brow slowly slid to his chest
Leaving my mouth as a prey
To your lips, so sweet ...

..

Cathy, you answered him ... and his voice was low
Still warm, vibrant, melodious
His chest arched like a bow
Tightening it to her chest, the old monarch.

...

Cathy, my girlfriend ... from a long time ago
With your low, low voice
At your shy breast call me ...
At the buzzards bathed in my blue eyes
whispering softly, secretly, innocently murmuring ...

..

His rosy-red lips opened softly
Like two barely blossomed-rosy lotuses
By the glow of the night burning blur
By the lightning bolt, gleaming, sweetly pierced.

..

and in the sky, a sweet rain falls
over the beloved lovers
while the moon gives sweet tones
his warm eyes, barely-open, in love ...

..

Cathy, my girlfriend ... from a long time ago
With your low, low voice
At your warm breast call me ...

At the buzzards bathed in my blue eyes
whispering softly, secretly, innocently murmuring ...

..
His rosy-red lips opened softly
Like two barely blossomed rosy lotuses
By the glow of the night burning blur
By the redness of the blood, throbbing, leaping.

.....
Eyes in the chest help memories
From the box with the photographers, a young man looked at her.
With a look, full of love, yet sad
Still loaded with suffering

...
From the nojan of memories, in the photo box
An innocent young man with eyes in the ideal size of poetry
He looked ... in the bitter dimension of the world
Up to its core.

...
To the depths, I drank the cup of suffering and the bitter bitterness
Distressed and mournful burning of Nessus caterpillar
Maybe he'll be alive again
Bright and pure, like the Phoenix Bird?te iubesc și te doresc, Victor, dulceața mea, Piul meu.
Te iubesc, Victor Puiul meu Dulce și Dorit.

Te iubesc, Mihai, Puiul meu.

Te iubesc, Victor, Dulce.

Serve the servants

A sky of stars below, above it, demands stars
It seemed like a lightning break
Wandering through them
With his arm when the girl covers it
And looking at the weeks
He falls, dear darling

...
I ask for the films
Through the dark shadows the darling
With the tall and silky stew
Princes pass egrets with a pledge of ebony.

..
A sky of stars below, above it, demands stars
It seemed like a lightning break
Wandering through them
When his arm grasps her smoothly
Loved to sleep
Under the radius of serene icicle - and undeniably sweet

..
Among the meadows with silver flowers
Top with ruby
Under the clear sky
and undeniably sweet!

..

Their snow-white skirts
Their brilliance is lost as in a sea
Silver waves fluttering to shore
With both arms your breasts hold.

..

At sunrise, it is the white blue
He enters deeper and deeper, full of happiness
Inside the silver lake
Surrounded by white coves

...

He threw himself on Monday laughing
With tears of silver
In yellow and pale reed
With a broad taste, with a savory taste.

...

A sky of stars below, above it, demands stars
It seemed like a lightning break
Wandering through them
When his arm grasps her smoothly
Loved to sleep
Under the radius of serene icicle - and undeniably sweet

....

Among the meadows with silver flowers
Top with ruby
Under the clear sky
and undeniably sweet!

..

Their snow-white skirts
Their brilliance is lost as in a sea
Silver waves fluttering to shore
With both arms your breasts hold.

..

Going to sleep is the white dandelion
He enters deeper and deeper, full of happiness
Inside the silver lake
Surrounded by white coves
I love, my baby Chick, my love.
te iubesc, Victor, Puiul mu.te doresc
Te iubesc și te doresc, Vuctor, Dulceața mea, Puiul meu.

Michael ...

Cathy came in, looking at Alain.
But he looked at Mihai
He was sitting breathless, smiling with his hands close to his body
Thinking about who knows where ...

...

There wasn't much in the library
On that rainy March day
In the sun, the sun had barely come out
Among the frightened clouds, swirling like little puddles
Lightning and lightning
Just be-dark, like copies weeping.

..

Mihai was smiling, with Foucault's book open in front
Next to a book of poems, by Goethe.
... his smile was jealous, just sketched
On his cold lips
Like two rose petals
Rain kiss
and opened to a drifting inner world ...

...
Eyes, slightly shaded by glasses
They had a mysterious, poetic, timid smile
Taken from his red lips, blood-smeared
By the pallor of the thin cheek
Milk, on which the first lintel of the beard -
Two silky haunches from his blond-haired man
Rich chestnut with a middle ground.

..
Mihai, whispered Cathy approaching. Haven't you seen Alin?
Oh, no ... the young man said suddenly, amazed
Winking at her.

...
Ah, I told her we should meet here, read together ...
I wanted to ask him something ...
Let's talk about books.

...
You can sit next to me, he smiled as if scared
Mysteriously the young man. He is a bookkeeper ...

..
Okay, now I'm going to the toilet to wash my face
It was a terrible jolt ... now in March ...
Cathy said, touching her shoulder lightly,
As Mihai shivered, his eyes fluttered in the book.

..
In the bath, Cathy looked in the mirror.
His eyes were bulging, trying. She hadn't given Michele two months
After their last date.
Wash your face
Then it is supported by a recess of the wall
Lost in thoughts.

..
When Mihai suddenly enters.
She found it in her viscose dress, with the beret
With bare arms and shoulders, he reached
Her silky wavy hair
Like a spiral.

...
Do we smoke a cigarette? ... the young man asked as if he was confused
Not knowing what to say.
Then he handed her a note from Alin.
Baby, today is coming ...
Michele needs me
At a project for the service, my sweet love ..
Mihai, my younger brother, will keep you company.
The red-eyed young man reads.

...

Oh, exclaims Cathy ... putting out her cigarette. I miss him!
I know, "Mihai said, leaning over her to tell her something
then, overwhelmed by the scent of her body
he got lost in the line and tied with his arms
slowly pulling her to his chest.

Slowly, it seemed like in a thousand years
and he touched it with his red lips on his lips.
Cathy shivered, then chained her
and she tightened her breast tightly.

..

My sweetness, still the whisper, then they chained and kissed frantically
As if he had really met
After a thousand years
Of longing, waiting, love, suffering ...

...

The young man had changed. Become a hungry, voracious wolf at once
A tiger with feline movements
Who surrounds his prey and draws it to himself ...

...

Mihai, Cathy whispered, with red cheeks, my love
We are lost ...

...

..

Mihai was smiling, with Foucault's book open in front
Next to a book of poems, by Goethe.
... his smile was jealous, just sketched
On his cold lips
Like two rose petals
Rain kiss
and opened to a drifting inner world ...

...

Eyes, slightly shaded by glasses
They had a mysterious, poetic, timid smile
Taken from his red lips, blood-smeared
By the pallor of the thin cheek
Milk, on which the first lintel of the beard -
Two silky haunches from his blond-haired man
Rich chestnut with a middle ground.

..

There wasn't much in the library
On that rainy March day
In the sun, the sun had barely come out
Among the frightened clouds, swirling like little puddles
Lightning and lightning
Just be-dark, like copies weeping.
Te iubesc, Puiul meu Dulce Mihai, Dragostea mea
Te doresc și Te iubesc, Victor, Puiul meu.

His fine hand smelled of violet and musk

Arriving at Cathy, the young men suddenly broke loose.
They hugged the bed
Kissing frantically, to the blood.

Passionate kisses, when just blossomed, like two lotus flowers
Hit the light

...

..

When fruity, sweet, like ripe fruit of the mulberry tree
Leaving it sweet on the cheek -
The strings of their breasts were ready to burst.
Cathy, the young man whispered, waving her arms
How much I love my love!
I wish you, my baby, she whispered, I love you, Mihai ...

...

.

They looked into his eyes, his eyes troubled, looking at the little cross
She, with red eyes, caressed them
Tears of happiness, pain, desire, pleasure ...

..

Then she hid her cheek under his denim jacket over her shirt
Breathing in the chest breaths
Hot, deep ...
His heartbeat fast through his shirt
and a wave of pleasure, of pain, gripped her.

...

He seemed to have waited this moment for a thousand years.
Or she didn't know too well ...
Mihai leaned over, placing a hand on his waist
whispering words of love to him.

..

Then he slowly raised his chin
With his fine hand, smelling the scent of violets and musk ...
The young man knew from intuition, from the unconscious
The movements of love on purpose ...

..

Ah, she said lost, looking at his white face -
Suddenly hit by a veil of pink bachelor
Candy white - bitter candy, cold-smooth
As is the water splashing on the glass, as are the white flowers of the bulb.

..

Oh, Mihai, my gentle sweet with your sweet voice
Your look freezes me, your eye presses me
You come from the realms of the land, cold, and earthly
and you warm me in the fireplace with your warm poems ...

...

Oh, sweet, sweet, it's called the bride
O Cathy came to my breast
and let the cruel cuddle
it is consumed far away by night pieces

...

a sweet sweet name Mihai
as your black hair, like your hair, you waved
black ebony warm silk towels
it was leftover my forehead, your eyes are beloved
I would like forever to consume me in the hair of the table! ...
with lips that whisper divine with their pleasure

leaving it in my warm
where the moon is warm
silent feelings of shame!

...

Come on, closer and closer
Fall on my chest
Let me kiss you on the chest
When the moon is consumed in the night among the whispers

..

Oh, sweet, sweet, it's called the bride
o Cathy came to my breast
and let the cruel cuddle
it is consumed far away by night pieces

...

....

a sweet sweet name Mihai
as your black hair, like your hair, you waved
black ebony warm silk towels
it was leftover my forehead, my eyes staring
with lips that whisper divine with their pleasure
leaving it in my warm
where the moon is warm
silent feelings of shame!

..

Mihai lost himself in the warmth of her body, his body
Like two pink flowers, bittersweet
Searching for her hiding place we hide
Mihai let his hand slip into her breast.

...

With sweet movements of the bride
It penetrates sweet and smooth like a cold snake became incandescent
and kisses flowed without number, among the whispers
hung like his pink-white cheek, demented.

...

and her breasts like two wrens
They clutched at the palm of his palm
it is consumed as two ripe fruits
in the heaven of his mouth, bitter-sweet.

..

A sweet kiss numberless, it was mixed with sweet water
Of their mouth, hot-cold-warm clay amphora
Often, you are wrapping one in high pleasure
They tasted from the unbelievable sea of pain ...

..

His blond hair fluttered silky light
They seemed to be covered by the luminaire, garden-
scented with musk scent
which squeezes among the dew stars of the roses, its perfume in the kiosk.

..

Come on, closer and closer
Fall on my chest
Let me kiss you on the chest
When the moon is consumed in the night among the whispers

..

Oh, sweet, sweet, it's called the bride
o Cathy came to my breast
and let the cruel cuddle
it is consumed far away by night pieces

...

O, sweet sweet name Mihai
as your black hair, like your hair, you waved
black ebony warm silk towels
it was leftover my forehead, my eyes staring
with lips that whisper divine with their pleasure
leaving it in my warm
where the moon is warm
silent feelings of sadness!...
I love you, Victor, my sweet baby, my love.
Te iubesc Tudor-Mihau-Victor, Puiul meu.
Te doresc și Te iubesc, Puiul meu drag, Dragoste mea.
Te iubesc, Dulcișorul meu Mihai.
Te doresc, Dulceața mea.
Te iubesc, Victor, Puișorul meu Dulce.
Te iubesc Mihai, Dragul meu.

So tender ...

Eyes cut from strawberries like purple flower decires
They spoke to me with such love, so often ...
Contained with the ornate eyes
Let me embrace a holy Lady

...

The misteries that I have met since then
In the eyes, in the lips of flowers in the graves
In their light which descends gravely
I let myself comprised of the charming servant.

In the black veil like the blue stars linen sheets that fall on my chest
In your sunrise, beloved, so gentle, straight
Cold-hot mysteries that meet them on the way
And they fall on my cruel senses with soft golden hair.

Tucked in as a flight to the secret-flight
the passing of the soul, love
soul exposed in the heart of longing, sorrow-so pitiful, sweet
over your body tender, sweet

The words are few and cannot comprise
What has been since then, what is before
Since when the genius of blinded creation has thrown
Your sweet shadow of impenetrability.

...

I miss taking your warm, soft hand to my chest
I miss meeting you, waiting for you
I miss telling you how much I love you, how much the whole mind
I cannot think and mirror it...

...

.... it's sweet your step under the vineyard crowns

Under which I prick in laziness two children of mine
What I grew up in my breast, on my chest
Disguised as the cherry blossom, ruby.

...
and in the deep of the black sea which sips us
I gave to the black, blind forgetfulness
the cough from our souls, which is mourning, grieving-
a gentle harp is forgotten through the dust

...
I'm taking the gun and I shoot myself
I fall through a kind of darkened matter – dark matter
Through a dark labyrinth of fields
Until I touch with the lips the Earth
Which I stumbled upon

In the search for tears, what flies flutter
To me the lobster on my chest
your sunrise, which is so gentle, right.

I miss coming to meet you, to wait for you.
I miss telling you how much I love you, how much the whole mind
I cannot think and mirror it...
I miss taking your warm, soft hand to my chest
I miss meeting you, waiting for you

Translation:Google translate
Small correction: Natalia Gălăţan
Te iubesc Victor, puiul meu,dulcele meu.
te iubesc, dragul meu soţior.
Te iubesc, Victor, Puiulmeu, Dragostea mea, Dulceaţa mea.
Te doresc, Puiulmeu. T iubesc.

Linen reflux

At the entrance to his small spacious apartment on Florilor Street
Catherine paused, thinking a little:
this would not be one of the endless
incursions between the leaves of love

...
full of candy, no purpose? ...
yet something attracted her, with a suspected force
with an incomprehensible charm
to Jack's apartment in the spring
on Florilor street...

...
His gaze troubled with sadness
It had been pierced in his heart like a painful imputation ...
The silky brown chestnut, falling on it
Eyes of violet, the lyrics are old ...

...
A memory with Jack floated between the folds of memory
To disperse in the spring expressions:
They, jumping in the rain puddles, like two children
holding hands, laughing happily, without even knowing them.

...
why they are happy, why and why ...

the rain danced around their wet bodies
with clothes sticking to the skin
In his arms, Catherine swayed, with rain and drunken love -
a deflated farmhouse
while the valuables, they washed the golden sands
retreating into a gentle ebb, looking into his eyes, then laughing.

...

...

I met you in the summer night
And you got on my knees, with your blossomed skirt
of deflated witch
you swung likewise the waves of the sea
then when they come washing the land
and they retreat in slow reflux

...

.

My sweetheart, it's summer
and cricket crickets in the grass
to me, they turn whiteheads, with violet faces
long stalks of hollyhock
I fell down with my face upwards
watching with wonder eyes
under the shadow the sky
and then looking in our eyes we're laughing...

....

..

I met you on a summer night
And you got on my knees, with your blossomed skirt
of deflated witch
you swung likewise the waves of the sea
then when they come washing the land
and they retreat in slow reflux
translation: Natalia Gălăţan, Google translate, Carl Gustav Jung

Ye doresc, Victor, Dulceaţa mea, Puişorul meu,
Dragostea mea Dulce, Dragul meu Soşior şi Iubit,
Victor, Puiul meu, Te iubesc. te iubesc, puiul meu drag.

Your smile...
te iubesc, puiul meu drag.

Creepers swinging in the beat of the wind
likewise some sea snakes
bearing the black of the earth
to the sky...

....

your smile
carried on colored waters of air
winds in the rib of matter
likewise an ornica carried in the living viscera
of the earth
by an indescribable wind

on the slow rhythms of the cosmic music
of the stars
united in this beginning of the year
in the stars' glittering
cornfield.

te iubesc.
Your cruel and warm eyes...

I was looking for answers in the bitter beer, in your
warm and cruel eyes...
There were sluttering question signs in the taste
of fruits of the mulberry tree

In your fading away, lost smile...
scattered on the soft wings of sumptuous spring...
in a crepuscule, falling down of the night
so sweet, so bitter...

I was feeling rising up in me bigger and bigger a desire
to drawn yourself slowly and slowly....
in my soft, wet eyes...
There were sluttering signs of questions in your cruel
and warm eyes...

.....
In your fading away, lost smile...
scattered on the soft wings of sumptuous spring...
in a crepuscule, falling down of the night
so sweet, so bitter...

te iubesc, Victor și te doresc...
From myself to yourself, only bluey smoothy waters
Your gentle, serene, pure eyes
Gentle, little, precious pearls
That are litting up in the sky a thousand...
Your gentle, dark blue eyes....
Te iubesc, Animusul meu, Ahetipul meu Dulce și iubit, Victor.

Your sweet lips...
Your sweet lips
Likewise wings of the butterfly gathered closely to his pallid body
Tired and sad...
They carry in their coral flesh and blood
Deep thoughts
And the sweet tenderness of this monsoon...
Nirvana Best Best Songs - Nirvana Greatest Hits Full Album

Te iubesc și Te Doresc, Victor, Puișorul eu, Dragul meu. Te iubesc, Victor, Puișorul meu iubit.
Te iubesc, Tudor, Dragostea ma.

Serve the servants
A sky of stars below, above it, demands stars
It seemed like a lightning break
Wandering through them
With his arm when the girl covers it
And looking at the weeks
He falls, dear darling

...

I ask for the films
Through the dark shadows the darling
With the tall and silky stew
Princes pass egrets with a pledge of ebony.

..

A sky of stars below, above it, demands stars
It seemed like a lightning break
Wandering through them
When his arm grasps her smoothly
Loved to sleep
Under the radius of serene icicle - and undeniably sweet

..

Among the meadows with silver flowers
Top with ruby
Under the clear sky
and undeniably sweet!

..

Their snow-white skirts
Their brilliance is lost as in a sea
Silver waves fluttering to shore
With both arms your breasts hold.

..

At sunrise, it is the white blue
He enters deeper and deeper, full of happiness
Inside the silver lake
Surrounded by white coves

...

He threw himself on Monday laughing
With tears of silver
In yellow and pale reed
With a broad taste, with a savory taste.

...

A sky of stars below, above it, demands stars
It seemed like a lightning break
Wandering through them
When his arm grasps her smoothly
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Among the meadows with silver flowers
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Under the clear sky
and undeniably sweet!

..

Their snow-white skirts
Their brilliance is lost as in a sea
Silver waves fluttering to shore
With both arms your breasts hold.

..

Going to sleep is the white dandelion
He enters deeper and deeper, full of happiness

Inside the silver lake
Surrounded by white coves

I love, my baby Chick, my love. te iubesc, Victor, Puiul meu. te doresc
Te iubesc și te doresc, Victor, Dulceața mea, Puiul meu.
Dulcele meu, Iubitul meu, Soșiorul meu, Te iubesc nespun, Odorul Sufletului meu.
Ye doresc, Victor, Dulceața mea, Puișorul meu,
Dragostea mea Dulce, Dragul meu Soșior și Iubit,
Victor, Puiul meu, Te iubesc. te iubesc, puiul meu drag.

Your smile....
te iubesc, puiul meu drag.

Creepers swinging in the beat of the wind
likewise some sea snakes
bearing the black of the earth
to the sky...

....
your smile
carried on colored waters of air
winds in the rib of matter
likewise an ornica carried in the living viscera
of the earth
by an indescribable wind

on the slow rhythms of the cosmic music
of the stars
united at this beginning of the year
in the stars' glittering
cornfield.

Te iubesc, Puiul meu, Dragul meu, Dulcele meu, Iubitul meu, Soșiorul meu.
Te Doresc, Dulcele meu, Dulceața mea.
Te iubesc, Puiul meu Mihai.
Te iubesc nespun, Victor, Dragostea mea. Te iubesc, Puiul meu.
Dulceața mea, Victor, Dulcele meu, Te iubesc și Te doresc nespun, Puiul meu.

Translation from Romanian into English: Carl Gustav Jung, Elena-Natalia Gălățan-Nemeș

Te iubesc, Dulce victor, Puiul meu.

Te iubesc Dulce Mihai, Puișor iubit.

The Book of Creation

Painting six

Te iubesc, Victor, Dragoste mea.

Siddharta
(The Euthanasius Isle)

His grave, stillness silence, last of odor honey
Flowing like limpid amphora in night
With depths reverberated in bright, round waters
From the self which in calm waves, in the red nature
Flowed itself.

.....

Underneath warm magnolia in smoke
and the scent
of young woman, pure and clear, of the green mermaid
în rosy waters, of an immaculate white
The depths are circling his forehead lost in thoughts.

.....

Green nature, sparkling whitely in the sun
Under the kiss of warm and goldy rays
or the glittering of moon rays
It's undulating, carried out by the mythical thought.

....

A smile of gratefulness is Life
eternal, like water flowing
From which you are drinking, charmed by its clay pitcher
the smile of death merged with life.

....

enchanted by the slowly slipping off the sun
on starry arch
Lost în the mythical thought, like in the precious
amphora, you flowed down your magnificent body
on rocks surrounded by pure water.

...

.silently, magnolia flowers
were falling slowly in the grass
and long, narrow paths were digging in the green grass
strings of ants through the white snow.

...

Frozen your smile in the Eternal moment
which was united in the agony with the infinite
and in which the beginning, through cold spaces
embraced with soft long wings the end.

.....

O, don't you see that in Eternal moment
has gathered all the divinity
and in every moment which passes away, is fretting
With a supreme thought the Love
of which is full the Life and Nature?...

.....

.silently, magnolia flowers
were falling slowly in the grass
and long, narrow paths were digging in the green grass
strings of ants through the white snow.

.....

Frozen your smile in the Eternal moment
which was united in the agony with the infinite
and in which the beginning, through cold spaces
embraced with soft long wings the end.
Te iubesc, dulceața mea, puiul meu.
Translate: Natalia Gălățan, Google dictionary

Te iubesc, Mihai, Fiul meu Dulce și iubit, Puiul meu.

Te doresc, te iubesc, Victor, puiul meu dulce
Paul and Virginia...
(after the title of an old book..)

Recently I was thinking of the introversion
That gave birth to so many thousands
of poems..

I cannot watch the world, otherwise than through you
In an embrace without an end.

Dulcele meu, te iubesc... Victor, puiul meu drag.
Cruelly painful melancholy...

A dream with myself, with a white shoe and a black shoe
I was passing untouching the ground
On the streets of childhood, shaded by the huge linden trees
With the same springlike, oniric footsteps...

....
It was by then when I meet you, with your hands
left on a book
Preoccupied by death...
Sad lovings, reveries...longing of leaving
from your attic...

....
1907
Flames, feeble soul finding himself in the mirror
Cruel knees wounded in my flight to you
Cruelly painful melancholy, rustling of forests returned in self
and to find you lost and sad, alone and silent
in myself.

Te doresc și Te iubesc
It is so strange everything...

It is so strange everything
The men, the trees, the rain
Fantasmagoric, jelly, gentle illusion
Of the brain and nature
Maya...

.....
My body burning like a hand of leaves
Likewise a bunch of dry tree trunks
At the road edge
Drowning the blue cold sky
In lucent wisps of smoke...

.....
It is so fantasmagoric everything
The people, the trees, the rain

Sad, serene, late illusion of the brain and nature
maya...

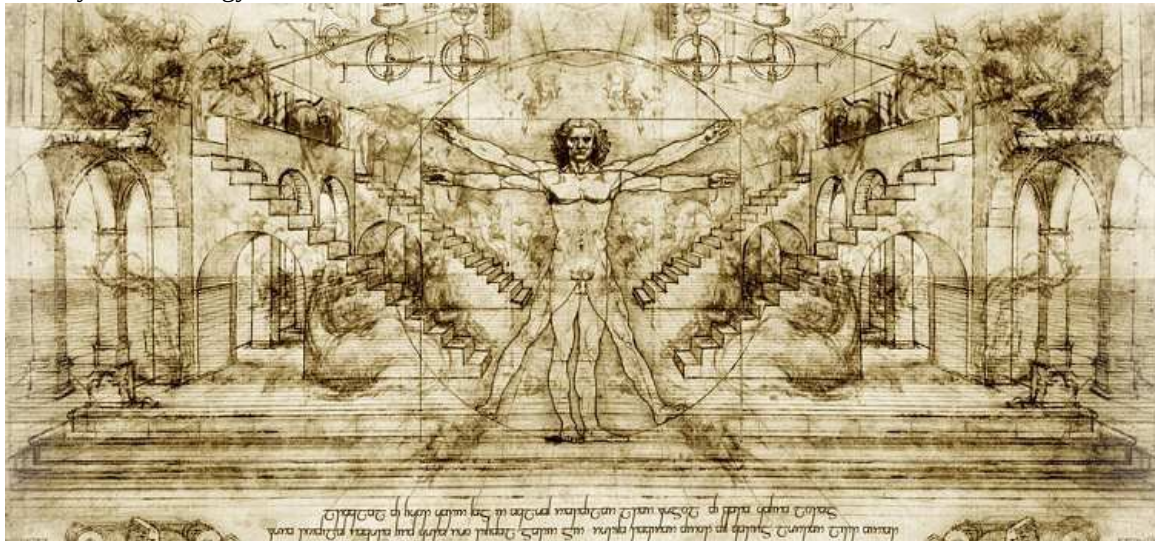
.....

My body burning as axis mundi to the sky
In a warm, happy autumn
In the chain which is comprised in arms, with sadness
by its thrilling, moving wheat spices

....

Steps
Passing to the sunset
In a cold October evening
Comprised in the bustle of the moment of now
Seconds of honey and smoke.

Dragul meu,iubitul meu dorit, soțul meu iubit, Victor, te iubesc nespus, puiul meu drag.
The Myth of Androgynous



iubesc, dragul meu dulce.
Passing underneath the arches of leaves
In an imaginary city
Slipping through fingers the living fence
Crushing the wanders between eyelids
I am thinking that every myth has a real
Foundation.

Likewise something which substantiated the world
From the beginning.
Do not hurry to say that the myths are babies' sleeping stories
For you yourselves have been children...

....

For those who didn't forget the childhood of the
Humanity
And their own childhood
The Myth of the Androgynous exists.

....

First we are enough for ourselves

The shape of Anima, of Animus
It is so deep buried in ourselves, so alive and strong
As we are living and breathing.

....

For those who still believe in ideals
The Myth of Androgynous exists.
Even if it doesn't occupy now but the secret pantry
of the body
The one we carry in our souls.

....

Even like that, halves, looking for the one to complete us
We compose together with him or her
An Androgynous.

...

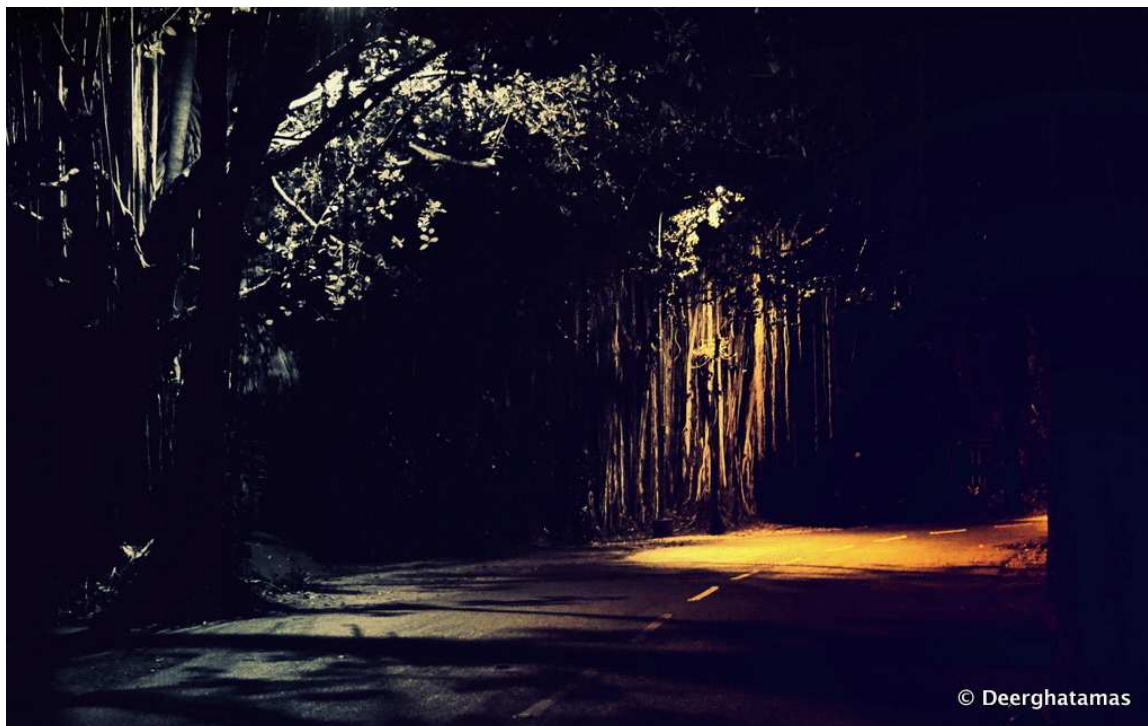
Searching deeply in my soul
I have found you...
Living breathing, with human shape, whereon I draw
in my poems
in the nights with full moon.

....

Even if the body is ruining itself
and enters in the domain of the profane
It remains in soul a bit of Divinity, of immortality
And this is the other half of your soul
Looking for you on his turn through
the world.

....

Puiul meu Dulce, Victor, Te doresc și Te iubesc.
On the streets...



© Deerghatamas

On the streets I was passing by it was nobody around
Nor you...
On the streets I was passing by
I was having a strange feeling of deja-vu.

Maybe there were the houses bending towards me, lividly
Maybe there were the old, sordid walls
No one known... far away the horizon was comprised
by the smoke
The fallen fence was looking at me as though...

.....

I knocked with my fist tight in your window...
The walls have leaned over, cursed, wept....
I knocked in your window... and you didn't answer me
The walls have leaned over, cursed, wept....

....

On the streets I was passing by it was nobody around
Nor you...
On the streets I was passing by
I was having a strange feeling of deja-vu.

Dragostea mea iuvită, Victor, puiul meu dulce, te doresc și te iubesc, dragostea mea.
Don Juan

On the sand beach washed by solar winds
Don Juan had been wreck-wrecked
With his old ship of pirates and he has remained
the only survivor...

A young rebel, with dark black locks
framing his romantic face of orgolious
and seducing young man.

I only remember his hair
stuck by algae and little shells
His wounded body
where on the young beautiful girl
with the greeen eyes likewise
the water of the sea
and breasts likewise two garden warblers
has bandaged for days
and nights.

...The girl was the sweetest apparition
that the savage, unhabited isle
has showed to Don Juan, deprived by luck
and hope.

....
Everthing was breathing an air of virginal savage
an atmoshere of beginnining
of the world
wherein there wasn't but the
two of them

In a whirlpool of the time
Become spiral
where in their boundless, unchained love
have known all thrills
of the true passion.

...
The lodge from straw and clay
where in they were making love like two fools
with the feeling
they are alone in the entire world...

...
You see, I inhaled precociously
the rarefied air
of the absolute love
which was correspoding to the internal stucture
of my soul.

...
I always believed
that there do exist extraordinary men
in extraordinary circumstances
That you can overpass your condition
Rising above the background
wherein you live.

...
That's why I never could read the Human Comedy.

The life was more than that.
The life was tragedy
The seed of disgust and of the lack of humanity
Where on the exceptional, ideal loves
have

Out of time
Opposite from all that is common, trivial, worn
to exhausting
opposite from the coat for all days.

.....
Lovings filtered by masks
They were showing me the pure feeling
exalted until the limits of the sublime
and tragic.

Te iubesc, Victor, Dulce.

Te iubesc, Dragul meu Mihai, Puiul meu Drag.

Te iubesc, Victor, Puiul meu, Dulceața mea. Te doresc, Puiul meu.
What voice do I give to the hidden chimeras

What voice do I give to the hidden chimeras ...
His eyes like two blue sapphires, deep, powerful, mysterious
They shone with their warm, shy light
Heavy night
Giving glimpses of consuming passion for the night
What a voice I give to the hidden chimeras.

...

A flame of longing and passion
Suffering, harsh and genial
Over looking with a smile in the dark eye
Throw in the night of chaos.

...

...

A young man with dreamlike looks
Youngman who raised rough perfumes in his tender years
Raised in the shade of the chestnut trees
What their blue flame dripped on idealists
A flame of longing and passion
Suffering, harsh and genial
Over looking with a smile in the dark eye
Throw in the night of chaos.

...

...

Eyes black as two silent, soft light
They fly their eyes, feeble and starving
Of mysteries hidden from the hidden unseen
At night and it is cruel death penetrated ...

...

His eyes like two blue sapphires, deep, powerful, mysterious
They shone with their warm, shy light
Heavy night
Giving glimpses of consuming passion for the night
What a voice I give to the hidden chimeras.

Cathy said softly
Like a deep, sweet tremolo of mysteries
With his sweet thin lips soaked in the azure sky
Looking at her with blue, fine eyes.

...

Come on, closer and closer
Fall on my chest
Let me kiss you on shoulders, on your chest
When the moon is consumed in the night among the whispers

...

Oh, Mihai, my gentle sweet with your sweet voice
Your look freezes me, your eye presses me
You come from the realms of the land, cold, and earthly
and you warm me in your arms with your warm poems ...

...

Oh, sweet, sweet, it's called the bride
O, Cathy came to my breast
and let the cruel cuddle
it is consumed far away by night pieces

...

a sweet sweet name Mihai
as your black hair, as your hair, you waved
black ebony warm silk towels
it was leftover my forehead, your eyes are beloved
I would like forever to consume me in your barefoot hair!...

...

with lips that whisper divine with their pleasure
leaving it in my warm
where the moon is warm
silent feelings of shame!

...

Come on, closer and closer
Fall on my chest
Let me kiss you on shoulders, on your chest
When the moon is consumed in the night among the whispers

..

The lovers floated close together
closer to their chest
and sweetly whispered endless love
staring into the eyes with endless sweet longing
while you perish in the distance, in a ship, only the Poet ...
worn endlessly by warm carpet
of tender, extinguished in autumn emotions ...

...

His eyes like two blue sapphires, deep, powerful, mysterious
They shone with their warm, shy light
Heavy night
Giving glimpses of consuming passion for the night
What a voice I give to the hidden chimeras.

..

Oh, sweet, sweet, it's called the bride
O, Cathy came to my breast
and let the cruel cuddle
it is consumed far away by night pieces

...

a sweet sweet name Mihai
as your black hair, as your hair, you waved
black ebony warm silk towels
it was leftover my forehead, your eyes are beloved
with lips that whisper divine with their pleasure
leaving it in my warm
where the moon is warm
silent feelings of shame!
Te iubesc, Victor, Puiul meu dulce, Mihai, dulcele și doritul meu pușor.

Te iubesc și te Doresc, Victor,, Dragostea mea, Puiul meu.

Te iubesc, Victor, Pușor Dulce, Dragostea mea.

Te iubesc Mihai, Doritul meu Pușor.

Te iubesc.

The little Chapel



To the little and receiving chapel at the hospital
I went so many times and I stayed in
and I prayed !...
I was stopping astonished in front of the same
icons

Trying to understand their mysteries and symbols!....
most often there were beautiful
blossomed flowers in the crystal vase, next to the wall
on a little rectangular table
covered by blue velvet.

.....
there I saw for the first time the mystery
of the Divine Liturgy of the Saint
John Golden Mouth
in front of my eyes, on the little square table
in front of the sanctuary

where high on the wall was standing the wooden cross
of the Saviour of the world
with the blank eyes
at the moment of His Divine death.

I watched every time in admiration
the Saint Liturgy
the small and fast, though attentive gestures
of the Father Ionel Zărie
the Priest of the little scepter and tried
parishes.

Not to anybody is given to see this great Mystery
only to the sufferings
touched by a merciless fate
most of them mental
alienates.

....
I was stepping inside
when there was nobody in, and I watched with the same
amazed fascination
the icon of Jesus Christ
wherein I was recognizing myself
entirely.

.....
The icons on the clean walls, on the desks
The Mother of God with Her Divine Son
where on I was kissing every time

everything was attracting me unutterably.
In front of the Last Supper
I have been standing for many times

trying to understand its meaning.

I was counting the apostles
trying to figure out who they were
Who is Joan and Judas
or maybe if there was Mary Magdalene
in the painting.

....
from all that city
it was the only church wherein I was feeling at home.
I was feeling happy
smelling the odoured white or pink lillies
the carnations, the roses

and I brought myself some flowers.

....
Once a time I wet them with holy water.
there wasn't water anywhere
and I put them holy water.

....
For those times it dates my eating of bread with water
and cherry syrup
figuring out the body and the blood
of the Saviour.

I learned to bring peace in my soul
for this most blessed Father
and from you, my sweet love.

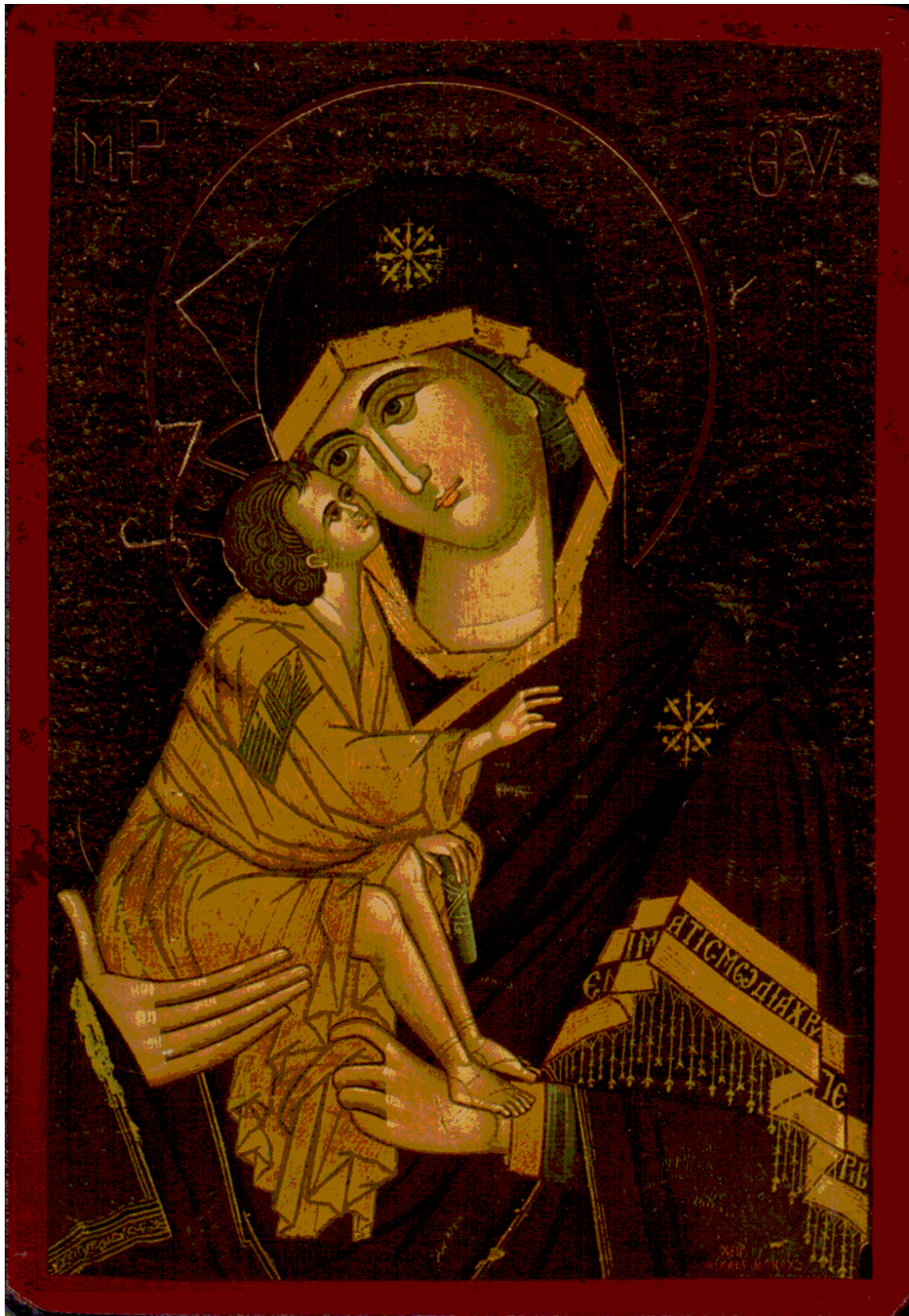
making myself even the Holy Eucharist.
I was so convinced
and I am so convinced
that I drink the blood of Saviour
and I eat His sacred body

than I made myself healthy.
God bless you, Father Ionel Zărie
and your little and receiving Church
where I understand thoroughly
the mystery of the saint Communion
with Jesus, His Mother, all Saints,
and Apostles

our Patriarch
and our Episcopo of Deva
and Saint Arsenie Boca, who opened me
my way
to the much desired
Divine Rescue.

.....

Ave Maria!...



Ave Maria, Saint Virgin

To you we come to worship
With forehead in the ground
For the first time.

Above our bitter sorrows
Your glance comes down with a gentle and warm compassion

O, come from the night of my thoughts
You, dressed up in light.
....

Ave Maria, Saint Virgin
To you we come to worship
With forehead in the ground
For the first time.
....

Dulcele meu Victor, Te iubesc. Iartă-mă Te rog, Puiul meu.
Red carpet wood...
te iubesc, puiul meu. .



From five-six in the morning it comprised me
The despair of being...
It is wonderful the breaking of the dawn
The candles of the night are
turning off
The air is cold and moist, burned September

Drunk in sake little cups
With taste of brandy

Te iubesc nespus, Victor, Dulce mic.

Te iubesc nespus, Mihai, Dragostea mea.

Victor, Te iubesc, Puiul emu.
O ploaie de stele visătoare

O ploaie de stele visătoare îi cădea pe umeri
Era în sfânta zi ce vine – Vineri
Era în sfânta zi de joi, cu stelele dau înapoi
Foi pe umezi morminte, în cimitire de-aduceri aminte...

..

Zăea în cripa neagră îmbrăcată-n roz –
Doar stele albe, doar flori mici de boz –
Împrăştiate peste piept
Într-un surâs desuet...

..

Mirosea a cadave şi a sicriu
Părea că murise tot ceeste viu
Afrăă stele-albastre, stele albe
Cădeau pe pământul reavăn, albe şi dalbe.

..

Afară era oo simfonie de culori...
Cerule albastru se ascunsese printre albi nori
Raze mov-rooz-galbene la a sfinţit
Îmbrăcau cerul şi lumea în dulce negrăit.

..

Zăea în cripa neagră îmbrăcată-n roz –
Doar stele albe, doar flori mici de boz –
Împrăştiate peste piept
Într-un surâs desuet...

..

O ploaie de stele visătoare îi cădea pe umeri
Era în sfânta zi ce vine – Vineri
Era în sfânta zi de joi, cu stelele dau înapoi
Foi pe umezi morminte, în cimitire de-aduceri aminte...

A rain of dreaming stars

A rain of dreamy stars fell on his shoulders

It was the holy day coming - Friday

It was Holy Thursday, with the stars turning back

Sheets on wet graves, in graveyards of memorials ...

..

He was lying in the black cloak dressed in pink -
Only white stars, only small flower buds -
Spread over the chest
In an old-fashioned smile ...

..

The smell of the corpse and the coffin
He seemed to be dead alive
It had blue stars, white stars
White, white and white were falling on the earth.

..

Outside there was a symphony of colors ...
The blue sky was hidden among the white clouds
Purple-pink-yellow rays sanctified it
They clad the sky and the world in sweet, unsure.

..

He was lying in the black cloak dressed in pink -
Only white stars, only small flower buds -
Spread over the chest
In an old-fashioned smile ...

..

A rain of dreamy stars fell on his shoulders
It was the holy day coming - Friday
It was Holy Thursday, with the stars turning back
Sheets on wet graves, in graveyards of memorials ... Te iubesc, Vicor-Tudor, Puiul meu.

Te doresc, Dragostea mea, Ouiul meu.
Iubitul meu, te doresc și te iubesc, Vctor, dragostea mea.
Te iubesc nespus, Victor, Dragostea Dulce a Sufletului meu, Iubirea mea.

Întreaga Carte a Crteției este dedicată Puiului meu Dulce, Victoor.
Te iubesc, Victor, Puiul meu Dulce și Drag, Iubitul meu.

Te iubesc, Mihaii, Dulceața mea.

Te iubesc, Victor, Pui mic.

The archetypes and the collective unconscious

I was going with great steps from sunset
Towards the Dead Sea
and the sea turned back into the dark
on the transcendence it bears.

We were passing through murky waters
What was dawning on me
and whimpering streams passed
they were burning in the valley ...

....

The cuckoo sings twice.
My amoral stone god
There was a river moaning, a mountain, a comb
A gate was made

..

I stood with my head in my hands on a large stone:
Who am I, who am I
Who tells me?

...

Passengers in a postcard
I put my foot down
On my northern aurora
Praying beautifully ...

.....

The road was snaking endlessly
On the turbulent waters, it is great
He turned back in the dark.

..

I was walking with great strides towards sunset
Towards the Dead Sea
and the sea turned back into the dark
on the transcendence it bears.

We were passing through murky waters
What was dawning on me
And maybe the rivers were passing
they were burning in the valley ...

I was silent on the road, in this moment of ash
I was late yesterday
On the corridors of memory
From an uncertain future
The magnolias were falling, from a yellow, pale pink sky
they were comforting my inert body.

I whispered words of love
In the steamy window
From the rains that washed the souls of the soul
Over-a strange, beloved actor ...

The vocals mix, guttural, smiling
barking
Black coal people
I smile like in Germinal ...

Everything is an atmosphere between black and black
Between the black of the earth, fixed in an equation
With irrational numbers
and the greens of leaves, trees, grass
and the ashes of the ashes of heaven ...

...

The dream of green is here
On this wet bench
Among the splashes falling happy and extinguishing me
On the clothes, on the face, on the hair
On the purse

Smoking a cigarette
Like an old woman brought from behind ...

.....

Looking at the sprinkler gentle curtain
Rain falling
With a gentle, unassuming smell
Intensifying the green of the trees
The grass
Of the leaves.

I live the dream of green.
The crucified dream of the cross.

.....

My lips can't move
I cannot understand the landscape
Other than the inner one, known from millions of kali-yuga
Other than the inner universe
Known from deep dreams and dreams
With the star attached to the temple

....

I take the gun and shoot myself
I fall with the slow down through a kind of chaos
dark
Until I touch the lips of the earth
From which I hindered myself

...

My lips can't move
I cannot understand the landscape
Other than the inner one, known from millions of kali-yuga
Other than the inner universe
Known from deep dreams and dreams
With the star attached to the temple te iubesc, dulceața mmea, Victr, puiul meu dulce.
te doresc și Te iubesc nespus, Victor, Dulceața mea.
Puiul meu iubit, Tuddor, Te iubesc.

Te iubesc, Victor, Soțul meu Dulce și iubit.

Te iubesc nespus, Puiul meu Mihai.

Te iubesc.

The Sea of Atlaz

Being sentimental is a state
Deep down, fervor continues
Being with you passing through the own sin
Being with the others
passing through my own Self
Where the World opens, like a flower
White, tenderly,
at the meeting with his immortal God.

...

To be sweet is a tender state
Because only mothers feel it in the soul
When by the sky which snows what is crying
I hung my scared eyes
with the thought of your coming - sweet love ...

....

The sensations float slightly in the azure sky
It hangs, glinted, by the Great Sea
When sweet feelings, poems unspeakable
They open to me, soft, smoky
Like the Flower on the cheek...

...

To be sweet is a tender state
Because only mothers feel it in the soul
When by the sky which snows what is crying
I hung my scared eyes
with the thought of your coming - sweet love ...

...

Being sentimental is a state
Deep down, fervor continues
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...

The sensations float slightly in the azure sky
It hangs, glinted, by the Great Sea
When sweet feelings, poems unspeakable
They open to me, soft, smoky
Like the Flower on the cheek...
Te doresc și Te iubesc dulceața mea Victor, Puiul meu.

te iubesc, Puiul meu Dulce, Dragostea mea.

Te iubesc, Mihai

Te iubesc, Victor, Puiul meu.
The wheel of truth with eight spokes

In the small kindergarten, full of flowers
Of our end
Pavel Cordea
We had gathered to take pictures.

The mother was indescribably young
With round shapes

He remained after birth
In a dress to the knees
How to wear it in the 70's
Of a kind of viscose or silk
Or maybe synthetic material
With white schoolgirl collar.

.....

The little green garden was a heavenly paradise
Full of field flowers
Of yellow woods, lettuce and
Margarete
Of violins and bells and flowers with white specks
From many flowers gathered in one place
The smell of which I remember
As a child.

They had a clean, fresh smell
A sweet-bitter fragrance
These flowers
And the whole kindergarten was green grass
Raw, to the ankles
And full of flowers.

.....

We had gathered to take pictures.
It was Titian's birthday
Or my day - because it was spring
I can't remember much.

....

She was beautiful, with strong breasts
Exiting through it
With her hair tight in her neck
And with a strip of natural hair and flowers
Surrounding his forehead.

He was smiling at us, as in a photograph
And I went out near my mother's lap
Which probably held Paula
In arms
Daughter of our eldest son
In my dress like my mother
With white collar

And a hat with a flower
With his head on his back
Smiling with my mouth.

....

That photo, those photos
They have always remained a mystery to me
As with all photos
For which I have a real weakness.

...
Fragments of frozen time
Cuttings from life
Hanging clips, immobile
By recording the imponderable, the ineffable, the indescribable

They have always fascinated me.

...
In one of them
My little brother
In a crochet sweater
He was smiling with his hands hidden behind his back
A boy of about 5-6 years old
Hiding something
And with a good smile
Which I never forgot
Although it has happened before
To do evil.

.....
But my mother ... was a small domestic deity
She was the clay herself
Of the supreme deity
Dad with his harsh smile, but good,
A tall, tall man
And athletic

We all recognized him as a master.

My forehead curled
The smile from the soul
In a photograph in which I hold my hand
Straight to the hip
And with the other one brought to the hat
In an exit by itself
So deep, total
As if I knew
That moment will last forever
And with her, all the little kindergarten, Paula, the mother
Peony and Titiana

....
But above all, the thought of giving was what I knew
under the small forehead
bomb
Where he had been trapped
The feeling that it exists. te iubesc, puiul meu

Te iubesc, Victor, Dragostea mea.

Te iubesc, Mihi, Puiul meu.

Te iubec.

Two lots rosy-red barely blossomed...

Eyes in the chest help memories
From the box with the photographers, a young man looked at her.
With a look, full of love, yet sad
Still loaded with suffering

...

As if he had turned his eyes
Or it would have come back from the book, from somewhere
His eyes were looking at her.
It seems very close, it looks like...

...

A sad smile on his red lips, muted in azure
Over which he discovered the turbid blue
Of the eyes, so pure ...
With circums dug beneath blue sapphires
Easy on the arm cut into the stone, hard.

..

One neck a lotus luge, slightly arched.
Is opened his shirt open
Over his chest fall, surrounded, by the forgotten young man.

..

His nose with his orbits was empty, his nostrils twitching
Like a little frightened little lady
In the middle of the forest surrounded by wolves
With thin, thin bone, which bends tears
Obviously, you broke ...

...

Eyes in the chest help memories
From the box with the photographers, a young man looked at her.
With a look, full of love, yet sad
Still loaded with suffering

...

As if he had turned his eyes
Or it would have come back from the book, from somewhere
His eyes were looking at her.
It seems very close, it looks like

..

Cathy, you answered him ... and his voice was low
Still warm, vibrant, melodious
His chest arched like a bow
Tightening it to her chest, the old monarch.

...

Cathy, my girlfriend ... from a long time ago
With your low, low voice
At your warm breast call me ...
At the buzzards bathed in my blue eyes
whispering softly, secretly, innocently murmuring ...

..

And he embraced her louder, louder, closer, closer
One night gives the same night
The darkness of their parrots sipping the sweetness
Mysterious, sweet, sweet airs ... Oh, Cathy,
He whispered ... and your pale brow slowly slid to his chest
Leaving my mouth as a prey
To your lips, so sweet ...

..

Cathy, you answered him ... and his voice was low
Still warm, vibrant, melodious
His chest arched like a bow
Tightening it to her chest, the old monarch.

...

Cathy, my girlfriend ... from a long time ago
With your low, low voice
At your shy breast call me ...
At the buzzards bathed in my blue eyes
whispering softly, secretly, innocently murmuring ...

..

His rosy-red lips opened softly
Like two barely blossomed-rosy lotuses
By the glow of the night burning blur
By the lightning bolt, gleaming, sweetly pierced.

..

and in the sky, a sweet rain falls
over the beloved lovers
while the moon gives sweet tones
his warm eyes, barely-open, in love ...

..

Cathy, my girlfriend ... from a long time ago
With your low, low voice
At your warm breast call me ...
At the buzzards bathed in my blue eyes
whispering softly, secretly, innocently murmuring ...

..

His rosy-red lips opened softly
Like two barely blossomed rosy lotuses
By the glow of the night burning blur
By the redness of the blood, throbbing, leaping.

.....

Eyes in the chest help memories
From the box with the photographers, a young man looked at her.
With a look, full of love, yet sad
Still loaded with suffering

...

From the nojan of memories, in the photo box
An innocent young man with eyes in the ideal size of poetry
He looked ... in the bitter dimension of the world
Up to its core.

...

To the depths, I drank the cup of suffering and the bitter bitterness
Distressed and mournful burning of Nessus caterpillar
Maybe he'll be alive again
Bright and pure, like the Phoenix Bird?te iubesc și te doresc, Victor, dulceața mea, Piul meu.

With arms of flower and of milk...

I wonder who is whatsoever this young Youngster?...
Dreamy and though in his soul of everything receiver
With that genuine, curious starting, windy, trustful of the Youth
Who enters, unguarded by nothing, vulnerable
and sturdy

The door full of promises of Life
There where, in the crowd, under its celestial waves
It was waiting for Him, hidden of endless Thresholds
And of unsuspected attempts, full of mystery and thrills
Love?...

...

He, innocent youngster
With arms of flower and of milk
He was listening to her hidden, thrilled whispers
Ready to pass through fire and sword for it
Ready to pass into Immortality for it
For His love?...

...

With hands and arms white as the cherry-flower
This chosen youngster
On the cheek whereon they were rising up
The first tulle of Manhood
This beautiful Youngster
Is from the Garden of heaven picked up?...

...

With breasts full of Life and milk
The World was expecting for him, at her open canals
To give him drink the cup
Of the innocent sins
To nurse the desires of the Chosen One.

...

I wonder who is whosoever this young Youngster?...
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The door full of promises of Life
There where, in the crowd, under its celestial waves
It was waiting for Him, hidden of endless Thresholds

And of unsuspected attempts, full of mystery and thrills
Love?...

...

Hos blond hair is given in ripe, in spice
Thin and silky
Was framing his round shape, of this beautiful Youngman
Curious...
Who hasn't arrived yet in the Underground world
Thin, full of milk and sturdy...

...

At the Heaven door
Who whatsoever is knocking?... who get hurried to enter
His immortal, white, Canats?...
From the ocean of memories, in the box with photographs
An innocent youngster, with the eyes in the ideal dimension of the poetry
He was looking at her...

....

What can it be more thrilling for a mother
Than the moment when her young Son
He is stepping in the world, in the imperturbable grace instant
When he becomes a man?...

...the look of his blue eyes, like the sky in the spring, was floating
In the rare, ideal dimension of life, with the feeling of the mystic recovery
On his innocent shape, of the young man
Ready to enter the flood door of the world
In the rare, ideal of Love

...

True, pure, absolute
As it was the beating of His heart, through the thin, blue blouse
As a promise and a legacy
At the door of love

...

The baby's lips opened in a murmur
Over the azure sea
The blond hair in the blond-chestnut blushes
Where you cease to exist
and only you are ...

...

Eyes-bent over a mystery
Frost pesterps from the snow of roses
Where you cease to exist
and you start to be ...
to be...
te iubesc, Alin, puiul meu dulce, dragostea mea.
Iartă-mă, puiul meu, dacă te-am rănit cu ceva, dragostea mea.
translation: Natalia Gălăţan
Without Google dictionary, Google Translate

Two lots rosy-red barely blossomed..

.

Eyes in the chest help memories
From the box with the photographers, a young man looked at her.
With a look, full of love, yet sad
Still loaded with suffering

...

As if he had turned his eyes
Or it would have come back from the book, from somewhere
His eyes were looking at her.
It seems very close, it looks like

...

A sad smile on his red lips, muted in azure
Over which he discovered the turbid blue
Of the eyes, so pure ...
With rings dug beneath blue sapphires
Easy on the arm cut into the stone, hard.

..

One neck a lotus luge, slightly arched.
It was opened his shirt open
Over his chest fall, surrounded, by the forgotten young man.

..

His nose with his orbits was empty, his nostrils twitching
Like a little frightened little lady
In the middle of the forest surrounded by wolves
With thin, noble bone, which bends tears
Obviously, you broke ...

...

Eyes in the chest help memories
From the box with the photographers, a young man looked at her.
With a look, full of love, yet sad
Still loaded with suffering

...

As if he had turned his eyes
Or it would have come back from the book, from somewhere
His eyes were looking at her.
It seems very close, it looks very far away...

..

Cathy, you answered him ... and his voice was low
Still warm, vibrant, melodious
His chest arched like a bow
Tightening it to her chest, the old monarch.

...

Cathy, my girlfriend ... from a long time ago
With your shy, low voice
At your warm chest call me ...
At the buzzards bathed in my blue eyes
whispering softly, secretly, innocently murmuring ...

..

And he embraced her louder, louder, closer, closer
One night gives the same night
The darkness of their parrots sipping the sweetness
Mysterious, sweet, sweet airs ... Oh, Cathy,
He whispered ... and your pale brow slowly slid to his chest
Leaving my mouth as a prey
To your lips, so sweet ...

..

Cathy, you answered him ... and his voice was low
Still warm, vibrant, melodious
His chest arched like a bow
Tightening it to her chest, the old monarch.

...

Cathy, my girlfriend ... from a long time ago
With your shy, low voice
At your shy breast call me ...
At the buzzards bathed in my blue eyes
whispering softly, secretly, innocently murmuring ...

..

Secretly his lips opened softly
Like two barely blossomed-rosy lotuses
By the glow of the night burning blur
By the lightning bolt, gleaming, sweetly pierced.

..

and in the sky, a sweet rain falls
over the beloved lovers
while the moon gives sweet flames
to their eyes, barely open, in love ...

..

Cathy, my girlfriend ... from a long time ago
With your shy, low voice
At your warm chest call me ...
At the buzzards bathed in my blue eyes
whispering softly, secretly, innocently murmuring ...

..

Secretly his lips opened softly
Like two barely buds rosy-red lotuses
By the glow of the night burning blur
By the redness of the blood, throbbing, leaping.

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The door full of promises of Life
There where, in the crowd, under its celestial waves
It was waiting for Him, hidden of endless Thresholds
And of unsuspected attempts, full of mystery and thrills
Love?...

...

His blond hair is given in ripe, in spice
Thin and silky
Was framing his round shape, of this beautiful young-man

Curious...

Who hasn't arrived yet in the Underground world
Thin, full of milk and sturdy...

...

At the Heaven door

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translation: Natalia Gălățan

Without Google dictionary, Google Translate

Google translate

te iubesc, Dulceața mea, Puiul meu Victor

The sea of Atlaz

Being sentimental is a state

Deep down, fervor continues

Being with you passing through the own sin

Being with the others

passing through my own Self

Where the World opens, like a flower

White, tenderly,
at the meeting with his immortal God.

To be sweet is a tender state
Because only mothers feel it in the soul
When by the sky which snows what is crying
I hung my scared eyes
with the thought of your coming - sweet love ...

....

The sensations float slightly in the azure sky
It hangs, glinted, by the Great Sea
When sweet feelings, poems unspeakable
They open to me, soft, smoky
Like the Flower on the cheek...

...

To be sweet is a tender state
Because only mothers feel it in the soul
When by the sky which snows what is crying
I hung my scared eyes
with the thought of your coming - sweet love ...

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Being sentimental is a state
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The sensations float slightly in the azure sky
It hangs, glinted, by the Great Sea
When sweet feelings, poems unspeakable
They open to me, soft, smoky
Like the Flower on the cheek...

te iubesc dulcele meu Puișor, dragostea mea.

Michael ...

Cathy came in, looking at Alain.
But he looked at Mihai
He was sitting breathless, smiling with his hands close to his body
Thinking about who knows where ...

...

There wasn't much in the library
On that rainy March day
In the sun, the sun had barely come out
Among the frightened clouds, swirling like little puddles
Lightning and lightning
Just be-dark, like copies weeping.

..

Mihai was smiling, with Foucault's book open in front
Next to a book of poems, by Goethe.
... his smile was jealous, just sketched
On his cold lips
Like two rose petals
Rain kiss
and opened to a drifting inner world ...

...
Eyes, slightly shaded by glasses
They had a mysterious, poetic, timid smile
Taken from his red lips, blood-smeared
By the pallor of the thin cheek
Milk, on which the first lintel of the beard -
Two silky haunches from his blond-haired man
Rich chestnut with a middle ground.

..
Mihai, whispered Cathy approaching. Haven't you seen Alin?
Oh, no ... the young man said suddenly, amazed
Winking at her.

...
Ah, I told her we should meet here, read together ...
I wanted to ask him something ...
Let's talk about books.

...
You can sit next to me, he smiled as if scared
Mysteriously the young man. He is a bookkeeper ...

..
Okay, now I'm going to the toilet to wash my face
It was a terrible jolt ... now in March ...
Cathy said, touching her shoulder lightly,
As Mihai shivered, his eyes fluttered in the book.

..
In the bath, Cathy looked in the mirror.
His eyes were bulging, trying. She hadn't given Michele two months
After their last date.
Wash your face
Then it is supported by a recess of the wall
Lost in thoughts.

..
When Mihai suddenly enters.
She found it in her viscose dress, with the beret
With bare arms and shoulders, he reached
Her silky wavy hair
Like a spiral.

...
Do we smoke a cigarette? ... the young man asked as if he was confused
Not knowing what to say.
Then he handed her a note from Alin.
Baby, today is coming ...
Michele needs me
At a project for the service, my sweet love ..
Mihai, my younger brother, will keep you company.
The red-eyed young man reads.

...

Oh, exclaims Cathy ... putting out her cigarette. I miss him!
I know, "Mihai said, leaning over her to tell her something
then, overwhelmed by the scent of her body
he got lost in the line and tied with his arms
slowly pulling her to his chest.

Slowly, it seemed like in a thousand years
and he touched it with his red lips on his lips.
Cathy shivered, then chained her
and she tightened her breast tightly.

..

My sweetness, still the whisper, then they chained and kissed frantically
As if he had really met
After a thousand years
Of longing, waiting, love, suffering ...

...

The young man had changed. Become a hungry, voracious wolf at once
A tiger with feline movements
Who surrounds his prey and draws it to himself ...

...

Mihai, Cathy whispered, with red cheeks, my love
We are lost ...

...

..

Mihai was smiling, with Foucault's book open in front
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... his smile was jealous, just sketched
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Like two rose petals
Rain kiss
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Te iubesc, Puiul meu Dulce Mihai, Dragostea mea

Te iubesc, Victor, Dulcele meu.

The Book of Anime

Painting seven

Vctor, dulceața mea, sufletul meu, Anima și Animusul meu, Te iubesc și Te doresc, dulcele meu puișor.

Te iubesc și Te doresc, Tudor, puiul meu.
Zori de zi

Dimineți târzii...
Mă trezesc cu tine-n brațe, privind zorii de zi...
Dimineața îți lucește stins în ochi
și în păr

cu un serafic, translucent adevăr...

...
ți-am căutat în trup
misterul ca un necunoscut inocent duh
ce-ți iese din gură ca un abur
pe buze moi ca dulce fagur

...
Soție mamă iubită o străină
Ciudat... Nu simt în suflet decât vină....

E amorală-mi existența
Din care eu extrag esența.

.....
Viclean pajurele Eros se plimbă prin nămeți
Albi, dulci senini
Ai stinsei dimineți

Înclin capul puternic în al meu vis
Căutând în sine-mi tainicu-ți surâs.

....
Tristețe?... nebunie?... un strop de apatie?...
Nu e nimic apatic și trist
În al tău surâs

Din care caut visul meu ucis
În alte kali-iuga ce-au fost
și-au să mai fie..

...
Un dor de moarte mă cuprinse
De un luceafăr ce sub frunte
Preumblă universul în degetul lui mic

Doar o părere e acuma, un vis zadarnic
și amarnic

iubit deopotrivă cu amic.

.....

ți-am căutat în trup
misterul ca un necunoscut inocent duh
ce-ți iese din gură ca un abur
pe buze moi ca dulce fagur

te iubesc și te doresc, Victor, puiul meu.
Dragostea mea, Te iubesc și Te doresc nespus, Puiul meu.

Te iubesc, dulcele meu Victor, dragostea mea.
Înecarea cirezilor agreste

O viață atât de mizeră
Înălțându-se pe meterezele lui "a fi"...
m-am trezit cu sentimentul că nu mai am
nimic să comunic
decât stări mentale
decelarea conștiinței în mersul ei intermitent
printre lucruri.

...

și ce e poezia?... altceva decât o stare mentală?
Mai mult chiar decât o stare de spirit?..
Stări exaltate, maniacale

În care pătrundeau până la mine mirosul de metal
și de crini
efluvii de parfum cu o sursă necunoscută
neidentificabilă altundeva decât în
propria mea minte.

...

În alte condiții m-aș fi speriat.
Dar știam că sunt o consecință
A unei decompensări psihice grave
Halucinațiile olfactive.

..

Mama intrase pe la mine
i-am spus că simt miros de metal - și-apoi de crini
dar ea a schimbat vorba...

sperând mereu că mă fac bine
intru din ce în ce mai adânc în falia
inconștientului
care se amestecă într-atâta cu propria mea

viață, în stare de veghe
încât nu le mai deosebesc...

.....

O stare halucinatorie lucidă
Precum cele pe care le am de câțiva ani
Cu ape ordonate, colorate
Pe care le port în fața ochilor mei
Dintr-o cameră în alta

Văzându-le pretutindeni îmi îndrept privirea
Ca o întipărire colorată a apelor
monitorului
Tăind din înecarea cirezilor agreste
Un joc secund mai pur...

.....

În fața provocărilor neiertătoare ale vieții
Nu-ți rămâne decât
Să înăbuși pornirile grosiere
Ce n-auu cale de rezolvare –
Tăind pe înecarea cirezilor agreste
Un joc secuund mai pur.

...

Convertind pe Eros în Thanatos
și întâmplarea anecdotică
cum ar spune Eugen Simion
în devoțiune, în Bhakti Yoga
care în cazul meu

a funcționat întotdeauna fără greș.

Dulceața mea, Te iubesc nespus, Victor, Puiul meu.

Pădure de spirite

Sufletul ei pluti tremurător, speriat peste livada de pruni
Din grădina lui Dumitra
Subțiri și contorsionați, cu coaja scorjită
Din mica livada aflată în vale, într-un loc dosnic
Călcăt de fiare, de urși și lupi
În care ajunsese nu știu cum, ea și Bujor

Probabil în căutare de prune....

...

Erau prune brumării, mari și gustoase, dulci....

...

Apoi se ridică peste ei, peste o pădure de mesteceni, subțiri
Albi, drepți, ce cătau spe cer
În lumina slabă a înserării
Ce le lumina trunchiurile
și sfâșiau negurile din lăuntrul lor

era o pădure de duhuri, de spirite...
ea trecuse dincolo, în moarte
și zbura lin peste ei
acolo unde se sfârșeau pădurile și începeau zorii
poate o nouă viață, sau numai intersiții
în singurătate
până ce avea să întâlnească sufletul tău
și împreună vor sfâșia gurile de lumină
ale dumnezeirii.

Dulcișor Victor, Te iubesc și Te doresc, puișor dulce.
Te iubesc și Te doresc, dulcele meu Animus. Te doresc, dulcișorul meu drag. Dulcele meu Victor, puiul meu,
te iubesc nespus.
Dragostea vieții mele, Dulcele meu, Te iubesc și Te doresc, puiul meu, Victor, dragul meu.
Înflăcărat Arjuna (part two)

M-am rostogolit încet într-un trecut abstract
Într-un anotimp închis într-o carte...
Din care la un capăt deslușit întrezării
Cum se-ivește la un fin de vers
cuvântul moarte

surâd, cu ochi mari de frică și de bucurie
prin minte se perindă sărutări
o mie
și ispitiri de înec
de care ochiul e sec.

...

Ascultam aceleași muzici ale sferelor...
Când – dintr-o dată – timpul se făcu de-a dura
și-mi intră în pieptul ce-i prea mic
se rotea în flăcări în încinse măruntaie
și ardea cu o prea roșă, fierbinte
vâlvătaie...

...

A simți monstruos – și a gândi pantagruelic –
ca dn oceane simțirile îmi izvorăsc
ca din neant, din vid aripi îmi cresc
și mintea porni să se-ndrepte pe căi ale morții –

corp de lumini angelic.

....

Când – dintr-o dată – timpul se făcu de-a dura
și-mi intră în pieptul ce-i prea mic
se rotea în flăcări în încinse măruntaie
și ardea cu o prea roșă, nebunească
vălvătaie...

Timpul se mici, se mări
și în vârtej-u unic mă cuprinse
aș fi vrut să strig, dar nu puteam
prin somn visai că am murit... lumina lumânării încet
molcom se stinse...

...

Moartea în orbita-i flamă roș
Venea să-mi ceară sufletul în vamă
Prin noaptea minții beată auzii
Din noaptea adâncă el cum mă recheamă...

Când – dintr-o dată – timpul se făcu de-a dura
și-mi intră în pieptul ce-i prea mic
se rotea în flăcări în încinse măruntaie
și ardea cu o prea roșă, extatic
vălvătaie...

...

Beatitudine?... vis?... orbire?...
Viața nu-i decât un vis pe care îl visăm în moarte fiind...
și mă predai-n nianul de senzații
ce mă inunda, aproape ca și când....

sufletul meu prea mic ca al unui papagal
va zbura în oceanul verde de ninsoare
și avântându-se zănatic, bățând cu scara-n cal
se va-afunda în capătul de zare...

ce mă va acoperi, blând
c-zun zâmbet sfânt
eu m-am lăsat să mă transform în vânt...
o mână de pământ.

Te iubesc și Te doresc, Victor, dragostea mea.
Te iubesc și Te doresc, Tudor, puiul meu.
Nexus

Poor rats in the vacuum of the mind
We have forgotten about giving, about donating
We aren't moved by anything
In our poor life of larvae

The sense and the eschatology of living
Is refused to us

Carrying our poor life of larvae
We don't know about anything, we don't want
To know
Anything in addition to our common thoughts
So predictable

Anything in addition to our acts
So mediocre

...

We have forgotten about giving, about donating
About dying for love
About dying for an ideal, for the supreme
Burning

In the incandescent flames of our lives
We take every day all from
The beginning
Caught in the spider web of the convenience
And of the routine

.....

Grotesque and powerless witnesses
In the great process which is life
Not having ever the possibility to decide
About our destinies

Not having the liberty, the free will
From which is born the beauty and desperation
The ineffable mystery of being alive
The pure enigma and the wonder

To love until the exhaustion
Until we meet the other one at the other end
Of our arms, of our souls
Of our bodies.

...

Poor rats in the vacuum of the mind
We have forgotten about giving, about donating
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Te iubesc și Te doresc, Victor, dragostea mea.
Te iubesc nespus, nespus, Puiul meu. Tedoresc, Dulceața mea.

Dulcele meu Victor, Te doresc și Te iubesc, dragostea mea.
Fantasmă

În acea seară am avut un reve-eveille cu tine, puiul meu
Foarte pregnant și puternic
Decupat dintr-o dată din oceanul de impresiuni
și sentimente care este lumea
întipărită pe scoarța ta cerebrală...

te-am imaginat lăsându-te în brațele mele
fără putere
speriat și neajutorat
sărutându-ne într-un potop de sărutări

simțindu-ți trupul, vulnerabil, lipsit de forță și voință
în îmbrățișarea mea.

...

Vezi, dragul meu, feminitatea din tine a ieșit la iveală
Într-un reve-eveille foarte intens
Pe când maculinitatea din mine
Modela trupul tău ca o bucată de lut

....

Sărutările ne uneau în miezul nostru cel mai profund
Profund feminin...

și atunci am știut, puiul meu
că te iubesc pentru vecie.
Te iubesc pentru eternitate, Puiul meu, Dragostea mea, Dulceața mea.

Dulcele meu Victor, Te doresc și Te iubesc, dragostea mea.
Fantasmă

În acea seară am avut un reve-eveille cu tine, puiul meu
Foarte pregnant și puternic
Decupat dintr-o dată din oceanul de impresiuni
și sentimente care este lumea
întipărită pe scoarța ta cerebrală...

te-am imaginat lăsându-te în brațele mele
fără putere
speriat și neajutorat
sărutându-ne într-un potop de sărutări

simțindu-ți trupul, vulnerabil, lipsit de forță și voință
în îmbrățișarea mea.

...

Vezi, dragul meu, feminitatea din tine a ieșit la iveală
Într-un reve-eveille foarte intens
Pe când maculinitatea din mine
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și atunci am știut, puiul meu
că te iubesc pentru vecie.

Te iubesc și Te doresc nespus, Puiul meu.

Te doresc și Te iubesc, Victor, dulcele meu drag.
Te iubesc, Tudor, Animusul meu dulce.
Buze roșii

Tăcute, cadențate, monotone
Orele se lasă
Peste pervazul toamnei, îmbătrânit
Înainte vreme

Cu șoapte prelungi cade peste fire
A iernii albă amăgire...

...

În brațe te cuprind când vine ora de culcare
și ne șoptim –
o nebunie
toate câte-au fost și câte-au să mai fie

și buze roșii sărut cu nepăsare
cu ardoare...

.....

Ca vinul dulce dulce-i sărutarea
Ce mi-o dai, la răsărit de soare
Cu buze dulci, cu buze-amare
Ca într-o pictură impresionistă, iubit-mi dulce

Sărut buze amare
Buze dulci buze amare

și buze roșii sărut cu nepăsare
cu ardoare...

.....

În brațe mă cuprinzi când vine ora de culcare
și ne șoptim –
o nebunie
toate câte-au fost și câte-au să mai fie

și buze roșii sărut cu nepăsare
cu ardoare...

....

Ca vinul dulce dulce-i sărutarea
Ce mi-o dai, la răsărit de soare
Cu buze dulci, cu buze-amare
Ca într-o pictură impresionistă, iubit-am dulce

Sărut buze amare
Buze dulci buze amare

și buze roșii sărut cu nepăsare
cu ardoare...

.....

Tăcute, cadențate, monotone
Orele se lasă
Peste pervazul toamnei, îmbătrânit
Înainte vreme

Cu șoapte prelungi cade peste fire
A iernii albă amăgire...

Te iubesc, Victor, dulceața mea.
Te doresc și Te iubesc nespus, Dragostea mea.

Victor, puiul meu, dulcele meu, te iubesc și te doresc nespus. Te doresc și Te iubesc, dulcele meu drag.
Autoportret în stare de veghe

În camera goală
O femeie ca la vreo 46 de ani
Râde de una singură în hohote.
Tocmai ce-a scris un comentariu literar, plin de greșeli te iubesc, dulcele meu drag, puiul meu.
de ortografie
Pe care l-a dat publicării.

....

În cameră e o mizerie sordidă.
Farfurii goale și cu mâncare zac una peste alta
într-un colț al mesei
Alături de florile vestejite, în staniol
Primate de 1 și 8 Martie.

....

Căni goale, de cafea
Căni murdare, pur și simplu căni murdare
Cutii de tuburi Tub Elegant, lângă monitor, alături
De punga de tutun, pe jumătate uscat
O scrumieră pătrată de sticlă
În care scrumul de țigări
A făcut o pojghiță groasă

Cu trei chiștoace înăuntru.
Masa spălată de mântuială, cu urme de tutun vărsat
și de scrum de țigări
un pix
un pieptene
o candelă în formă de biserică cu rozetă.

.....

Camera Sambo e foarte primitoare
Pe vremuri i-a aparținut fratelui ei Bujor.
Parchetul, stricat, umflat, uscat
E ros acolo unde ea trage fotoliul primitor, lângă masă
Pentru a putea scrie.

.....

O dezordine primitoare.
Camera e verde.
Colțurile ei, în partea superioară,
sunt maronii, ca de igrasie
Din cauza fumului de țigară.

Pe peretele din spate, icoane.
O mică icoană cu Maica cu pruncul, cumpărată de curând
În care Maica, cu coroană pe cap
E mângâiată pe obraz

De Fiul ei prea sfânt.

O desuetitudine și-un umor ascuns
Zace în toate aceste lucruri împrăștiate
Claie peste grămadă, spălate, pe un fotoliu
lângă fereastră.

.....

Cea mai plină de umor e Ea
O femeie între două vârste
Îngrășată artificial pe spații mici
Cu formele între voluptate și revărsare
bahică, pantagruelică

Cu părul strâns într-o coadă, la spate
și cu ochii în două cercuri cafenii, de fumător
înveterat.

....

Fără îndoială că ceea ce scrie e interesant.
Dar ea ca ființă umană
E o combinație între ridicol, derizoriu
și sublim.

Oftează, după ce a râs din toată inima
Înecându-se într-o tiuse tabacică.

Încă se mai simte vinovată
Când râde, când zâmbește
Când se scutură de râs într-o pornire ironică
Față de ceea ce scrie și față de ea însăși.

....

Cuvintele cu dublu înțeles
Împletirea ingenioasă de sensuri
Posibilă prin greșelile de ortografie
Îi aduc un zâmbet străluminat pe chip
Convertit în hohote uriașe de râs.

..

E urâtă.
știe că e urâtă.
Tot ce i-a rămas e scrisul
Din care răzbate din adâncuri
O ființă misterioasă, pură
O ființă inteligentă și cu sex-appeal.

..

Erotismul poeziilor ei e covârșitor.
Ființa din adâncuri e foarte erotică
și enigmatică
are tot ceea ce ei îi lipsește.

...

Chipul ei impenetrabil
Lipsit de emoție
Nu lasă să se vadă
Tot clocotul de gândiri și pasiuni
Al unei ființe reale
Alcățite din carne și oase, din adânc.

...

Cu timpul prăpastia ce s-a săpat între cele două
a devenit covârșitoare.
Tanti roz
Imaginează fantastic, lumi în derivă
Construiește și dărâmă
c-un zâmbet
universuri interioare nesfârșite.

...

Trăirea concomitentă
Spălată de convulsii și de maladii
N-a devenit încă posibilă.

Tanti roz e un prinț Maxențiu al bolii
și-al visărilor profunde.

Înregistrându-și cu maximă voluptate
Fazele bolii, nuanțele ei
Ca un bolnav incurabil de alcoolism
Se lasă să alunece, deplin sănătoasă, normală
În câte-o poezie.

.....

Mintea ei e o grilă de înțelesuri paradigmatică
Un ogor arat ordonat.

Ca o piramidă suprapusă de înțelesuri și de sensuri.
Simțirea îi joacă feste însă
și-o înalță pe-o falie a durerii
din care au devenit posibile
toate lumile imaginate cu inteligență
dar pline de o simțire primitivă
și de-o senzație infantilă.

....

Gândire intuiție
Simțire senzație
Sau senzație simțire, gândire intuiție?...

.....

Preocuparea de tipuri psihologice
A ajuns la paroxism în ultima lună.
Peste tot vede numai tipare, prototipuri și arhetipuri.

.....

Lăsându-se să alunece
Pe cte-o melodie halucinantă, budistă
În misterele ființei ei
A cunoscut agonia și sublimul.

....

Ajungând să nu mai vadă tipuri
Ci persoane
Ființe individuale unice.

...

Căci ce altceva e arta
Dacă nu un tipar
și o ieșire concomitentă din tipar?...

vânat și vânător
învingător și învins
totul nu-i decât o centrare infinită
pe centrul de greutate al propriei persoane.

....

Din care, în ultima vreme
s-a trezit cu dureri imense de gât
din cauza înțepenirii imobile în fotoliu
urmând fuga intermitentă a gândurilor
sublimul, abjecția și demonia lor
monologul polifonic.

.....

Pendulând între înălțimi amețitoare, numinoase
și stări de vid interior
din care numai somnul furat într-o dimineață
preț de două ceasuri
a mai salvat-o din predarea totală, absolută și covârșitoare
stărilor ei sufletești paroxistice.

Ca o maree veneau și-i spălau sufletul.
Ca o baie de foc
Din care a ieșit la sfârșit
c-un gust de cenușă
și cu cenușa ei împrăștiată celor patru vânturi.

....

Demontând sublimul
Nu rămâi cu nimic
Decât c-un Graal jalnic
În care înseși forțele lumii, demontate până la derizoriu
Se fac purtătoarele unei lumi desacralizate
Din care sensul a fugit
Prin lipsa exercitării actului hermeneutic
Singurul care înzestrează viața cu sens.

Te iubesc, puiul meu drag.

Te iubesc, Animusul meu iubit, Arhetipul meu, Puiul și Puișorul meu, Fiul meu, Dulcele și Iubitul meu.

Victor, dulceața mea, te iubesc.
Te doresc și Te iubesc, Tudor, puiul meu.
Natură imaterială

Noian de neguri ce mă înconjoară
Emoții stinse în cuvinte...
Privesc în urmă, înainte
șii viitorul ca un vitraliu verde, plin de mozaic

e stins n-fantasme albe
ce flutură în șaluri roz, plutind, prinse
de cerul jos, verde și mic.

.....

Natură vie, caldă, pură, imaterială
Precum e bărbăția-ți dulce
Unică vioară
Pe care cânt în note joase, visu-mi
Bicisnic și năuc.

...

Din adâncuri fetele, fetele și florile
Caută bicisnic zălude
Ploaia să le ude
Cu buze reci, cu buze ude, crude

șuvoaie pline de orgasm
în care și-au necat tăcututul lor marasm.

...

De-a fi să mor, nu am un alt dor
Decât să murim
Îmbrățișați
De patima dorinței lin purtați.

.....

Tăcute, ivorii, orele mate ale dimineții zboară
Purtate pe strune albe de vioară
pe care juca stăpânul ca un țăp înjunghiat
... domnița suferă

În cartea mea.

..

Natură vie, caldă, pură, imaterială
Precum e bărbăția-ți dulce
Unică vioară
Pe care cânt în note joase, visu-mi
Bicisnic și năuc.

...

Din adâncuri fetele, fetele și florile
Caută bicisnic zălude
Ploaia să le ude
Cu buze reci, cu buze ude, crude

șuvoaie pline de orgasm
în care și-au necat tăcututul lor marasm.

Te iubesc, Dulce Puișor, Dragostea mea. Te doresc, Puiul meu.

Te iubesc.
Solilocvii (2)

Te doresc, puiul meu dulce, nespus.
Din amărăciunea constatării
Că sunt singură pe lume
Se naște o durere surdă, vecină cu nebunia, apatia și moartea.

Nu înțeleg oamenii...
Mobilurile acțiunilor lor îmi sunt străine
Nu mă cunosc decât pe mine
Cu adevărat

De la o zdreanță până la altă zdreanță
Până la tiv

Până la os.

...

Vocea de dincolo
Îmi pare o amăgiure amară
Amăgirea supremă a propriei mele vieți.

O amăgire care durează de treisprezece ani
Cititorule
Care mi-a ros sufletul de pe oase
Până când n-a rămas decât o ciozvârtă de carne
Un os gol, arătat vidului.

...

Sunt un om distrus cititorule
Un om distrus de dialoguri imaginare
Cu un om
Pe care nu l-am văzut niciodată.

Te iubesc și Te doresc nespus, Puișor Dulce. Dragostea mea, nespusă din suflet.

Te doresc nespus și Te iubesc, Victor, dragostea mea.
Autoportret în stare de veghe (2)

Mă adun cu greu te iubesc dulcele meu.
Din noianul de emoții și sentimente ce m-au copleșit
De vreo lună și ceva încoace.
Te iubesc și Te doresc, dulceața mea, Animusul meu dulce.
Totul în exterior
E așa lipsit de sens...
Sper ca numai eu să găsesc sensul
Printr-un efort continuu, hermeneutic
În interiorul meu.

E foarte greu
Când știi că la un capăt te poate aștepta moartea
Budhha sau Iisus...
Ca realități metafizice ale sufletului tău
Ce va cunoaște poate pentru a doua oară
În viața sa Iluminarea.

.....

Zâmbesc cu amărăciune. – O viață atât de scurtă de om
Pentru trăiri atât de intense!...
Mă întreb cu ce-am greșit și unde am greșit
Altundeva decât în faptul că m-am născut
Cu o frunte bombată de poet.

...

Lumea te îngrădește într-un colț
și te forțează să devii ceea ce întotdeauna ai vrut să fii...
o virgulă târzie într-un op de poezie...

..

Dragi cititori
Mintea mea e atât de bolnavă
Ca un burete spongios
Ros și umflat, plin de crăpături
Încât nu mi-a rămas decât ca, într-un colț al creierului

Să creez, să recreez lumea fantastică
a realității
O realitate care a eliminat barbarismul existenței
Lipsa eului de sens
și de sincronicitate.

....

E trist cât nu înțelegi nimic...
Din ochiurile tricotajului ai scăpat stingher
și umbli, fricos, temător și neajutorat
printre rânduri
destrămându-te până la totala epuizare
până la totala epuizare a ciorapului.

..

Cu timpul această beatitudine a devenit o corvoadă.
O corvoadă pe care o îndeplinești
Pentru binele societății
Pentru a-i asigura bunul ei mers înainte.

Spitalele de alienați sunt mai goale
Oamenii incomozi mai puțini
Se înmulțesc opurile de poezie.

..

mi-e dor de Natură
pe care n-o mai văd decât dinăuntru
din camera mea Sambo și din întunecimea
propriei minți.

...

știu, cuvintele au un dublu sens.
Spre deosebire de Eminescu
Care folosea un lexic de origine savantă
De proveniență latină
Eu folosesc multe cuvinte din vocabularul fundamental.

Cuvinte neaoșe românești
Cuvinte dacice.

...

Era un joc sau o glumă în copilărie
Cu dacii și romanii
Eu, familia, prietenii mei din copilărie
Eram toți daci...

...

Câteodată mi-e dor de Simona, aș vrea s-o îmbrățișez
S-o întreb pe unde-a mai fost
Ce-a mai făcut
Ce-i mai fac copiii.

În genere e singura prietenă la care mă mai gândesc... uneori...

....

Viața e scurtă
Respirația e șuierătoare
La un capăt te așteaptă Buddha sau Iisus
La un alt capăt moartea
La alt capăt greu de văzut
Din cauza meandrelor
Un destin normal, de om sănătos...

La care e foarte greu să ajungi
Pentru că pare să ocolească
Prin celealte drumuri...

Ai vrea să apuci acel drum
Dar acum ești urâtă
Suferi de discopatie lombară și de spondiloză
cervicală
Capul ți s-a aplecat în față, ca la vultur...

..

și cam acestea ar fi de adăgat
la auroportret în stare de veghe
și mai multe iubesc, puiul meu.te nu.
Te iubesc nespus, Bictor, Dulcele meu, Dulceața mea. Te doresc, Dulcele meu, Dragostea mea.

Te iubesc și Te doresc, puiul meu drag, iubirea mea.
Stihii cosmice
Te iubesc, Victor, dragostea mea.

Mă aflu în salonul drepunghiular
În care fusesem îmbrăcată
În cămașă de forță

Într-o încordare dureroasă, extatică

Dar totuși atât de realistă
Cititorule.

...

Nu distingeam decât faptul că simțeam o nevoie
Chinuitoare să fumez
și nu-mi puteam mișca brațele, picioarele
nu puteam face nici o mișcare.

Eram slăbită.
Asistenta venise și-mi dădea boabe de stugure
Să mănânc
Dintr-un ciorchine alb
Struguri pe care-i adusese mama.

...

Mama stătea pe un pat lângă patul meu
și convorbea, din când în când
cu femeile din salon
mai ales cu cea pe patul căreia se așezase.
Nu știu decât că o invidiam

Strașnic, fără cuvinte
Pentru faptul că era liberă
și-și putea mișca brațele și picioarele
putea veni când dorea

putea pleca când dorea...
putea chiar să vorbească liniștit, calm, pe un ton jos
despre mine
și mama povestea despre mine....

își lăuda fiica...

...

Afară era o ploaie apocaliptică, colosală
Tuna și fulgera
Apa curgea ca imense șuvoaie
din cerul negru
se auzea bătând în peretele spitalului

lovindu-se de cercevelele de fier
inundând totul în jur.

...

Eu eram Iisus Hristos.
Ploaia mântuitoare era trimisă de Dumnezeu însuși

La ceasul supremei încetări din viață
A Fiului său
La ora agoniei sale supreme.

Așteptam doar să mor.
Ploaia mă mângâia pe suflet
știam că întreaga natură mă deplânge
lumea, universul, cerul
stihile cosmice.

....

Înțepenisem suferind
În patul de care eram legată
Uitând de mama, de bolnave, de infirmiere
Atentă până la paroxism
La realitatea mea interioară.

...

Deodată veni infirmiera cu-o țigară aprinsă
Pe care mi-o băgă în gură
Dându-mi să trag câteva fumuri.

Eram recunoscătoare.

După două zile și-o noapte – mai mult decât îndurase Mântuitorul însuși
Eram dezlegată....

...

Te doresc și Te iubesc nespus, Puișor Dulce.

Te doresc, dulceața mea, dragostea mea.
Ovalul lunii...

Prăbușiți peste ovalul lunii
Îmi cauți în sân –
O nebunie
Sărutări o mie

....

Prăbușiți peste ovalul lunii...

...

Picioare fierbinți, buze, dinți
Păr în ochi
Rece, stropi...

.....

Prăbușiți peste ovalul lunii
Îmi cauți în sân –

O nebunie
Sărutări o mie

....

Prăbușiți peste ovalul lunii...

...

Picioare fierbinți, buze, dinți
Păr în ochi
Rece, stropi...

.....

Te iubesc, Victor, puiul meu.

Te iubesc, Puișor mic și Dorit.

Sinele sub formă de pătrat și cerc.

Zăpezi imaculate – troiene uriașe de zăpadă
Albe, e-un alb pufos, gri, precum moleculele de aer
La casa din vis, cu ferestre mici
Îmbucate în canate
Oare cine bate?...

E duhul meu zburător
Piedut prin livezile copilăriei
La poarta acestei case din vis
Fără curte, fără gard, fără poartă de intrare
Pierdută în mijlocul unei văi cu dealuri line
s-a oprit
și-oprivesc visător...

...

Un puternic sentiment de deja-vu
De parcă aș fi locuit aici într-o altă viață
La casa înecată în zăpadă
Cu geamuri mici, în pătrate
Ocupând toată fațada din față
Un sentiment puternic, de parcă-aș fi murit aici
Sau s-a petrecut ceva înfricoșător –
E numai casa albă, singură, pierdută în decor....

...

Zăpezi imaculate – troiene uriașe de zăpadă
La casa din vis, cu ferestre mici
Îmbucate în canate
Oare cine bate?...

E duhul meu zburător
Piedut prin livezile copilăriei
La poarta acestei case din vis
Fără curte, fără gard, fără poartă de intrare
Pierdută în mijlocul unei văi cu dealuri line
Ca arhetipul tău, iubite drag
În mine.
Te iubesc nesous, Victor, Dulcele meu, Eminul meu iubit, Geniul meu.

Victor, Te iubesc și Te doresc nespus, puiul meu drag.
Roadele dulci ale gândirii

Te iubesc, Puiul meu. Te doresc, dragostea mea.
Încet lucrurile s-au așezat în matca lor
Firească.
Ființele, oamenii..
Fără tine în mine, iubitul meu dulce
Acest lucru n-ar fi fost
Posibil.

Sigur, posibilitatea și necesitatea discriminării rămâne.
Să faci acele lucruri
Pe care nu le-ai făcut în trecut
Să acorzi gândirii creditul ei firesc.

....

În toată boala și nebunia noastră
În tot noianul de senzații și sentimente care
Ne împresoară
Rămâne posibilitatea opțiunii.

Ceea ce înseamnă
Să nu faci, să nu gândești răul pe care l-au făcut
Alții
Să nu-l rostești.

Să dezamorsezi situațiile explozive
Să dai posibilitatea Timpului să lucreze
În tine și în alții.

..

Sigur, situațiile limită spun ceva despre noi înșine.
A atinge în mod delicat cu gândul
și nu a distruge ireversibil cu fapta
asta e ceea ce ne învață viața, istoria noastră
personală
și universală.

...

Cu siguranță am învățat ceva de la Kant:
Să privesc cerul înstelat

De deasupra mea, și să ascult
Legea morală din mine.

....

Poate de aici îmi provine enigmaticitatea
Cititorule
Din faptul că ating delicat, ușor cu gândul
și nuucid cu mintea
cu fapta

ceea ce nasc gândurile noastre
pe umezi morminte.

...

Cu timpul
m-am îndrăgostit de mine însămi
de acea făptură
pe care mi-o întoarce reverberat
la modul absolut
oglinzile întoarce ale sinelui.

Te iubesc, Puișor Dulce, drag, Iubit și Dorit. Te doresc, Dragostea mea, Dulcele meu.

De e pe lume sens...

Încet se luminează de zi...
Soarele pătrunde în cameră cu lumina-i tremurătoare
Corpusculi galbeni de lumină
și-mi luminează sufletul trist
împovărat de tristeți, singurătăți trecute
și viitoare.

.....

De e pe lume sens voi arătați-l
De e pe lume înțeles
Altfel decât un uriaș eres
De e pe lume sens, voi arătați-l...

...

Tainicul înțeles al inimii voi descifrați-l
De e pe lume înțeles
Altfel decât un imens eres
Sensul iubirii arătați-l...

Din hieroglife și scrieri păgâne
Cercați ca să creați valul cu spume
Voi desenați-mi inima
Când soarele apune peste cer

De e pe lume înțeleș
Altfel decât un imens eres
Sensul iubirii arătați-l...

Strângeți în pumn inima mea
Ce-i altceva decât o albastră stea
E ea și poate nu e ea....
Ce-i pasă codrului de-o rămurea

E ea... și poate nu e ea.
O muzică, o sferă grea
Sau o albastră peruzea
Un pui de codru, mic, fricos
Un pas ce e pictat pe jos
De gânduri și de spaime ros

Ce-i altceva decât o-albastră stea
Ce-i pasă codrului de ea?...
Dacă eu plec sau de rămân
Pe aripe de diafan cuvânt
Dacă eu plec sau de rămân

Ce-i pasă codrului de ea?...

...

De e pe lume sens voi arătați-l
De e pe lume înțeleș
Altfel decât un uriaș eres
De e pe lume sens, voi arătați-l...
Te iubesc, Puiulmeu dulce, Dragostea mea....

Dulcele meu, te doresc, Te iubesc, dulceața mea, nespus, nespus...
Your arms...

Chipul tău, puțin ingenuu, puțin nevinovat
Vag ironic, dar totuși
Atât de benign

mi-a atras atenția.
Cu torsul puțin aplecat spre față
Căutând parcă ceva în mulțime
...o concentrare în fapt
Puțin glumeață, de nu s-ar fi citit
În ea sentimente mai adânci

Abil mascate.
Dar totuși accesibile prin interpretare...

..

Buzele tale pe care le-aş fi sărutat de o mie de ori
Aşa cum se văd, din profil...
Nasul, puţin acvilin, ochii, părul
Coama mătăsoasă şi blondă de tânăr într-o
Adolescenţă perpetuă...

Dar mai ales braţele
Suflecate până la cot, lăsând să se vadă
Un fragment din corpul atât de dorit
Albe, fragede, masculine şi feminine în acelaşi timp...
Precum întregul tău chip...

...
Pe care le-aş fi sărutat, dulce şi pasionat
Ca un îndrăgostit
Subit....

....
O dimeniune curată, plină, benignă a realităţii
Pe care mi-o oferă braţele tale
Cucerite în zbor
De şoptele cuvântului "Amor"

....
Dragul meu, laşi o bucată dezvelită din tine
Ca Eros să nu se convertească în Thanatos
şi cirezile agreste
să nu nască un joc secund mai pur

ci să rămână cirezi agreste...
Bhakti-yoga nu mi-a folosit la nimic, privindu-ţi braţele
Pe care conştient le-ai dezvelit

....
Pentru ca privirea să se facă agentul dorinţei
Din care se naşte iubirea.
...

Iubitul meu dulce, tu mereu întinereşti, din ce în ce
Pe când eu mereu îmbătrânesc
Din ce în ce...

Din amărăciunea acestei constatări
Privesc în urmă cu privirii suferitoare
Văzând-mă într-o clipă
Cu anii înapoi

Pe când a mea pereche nainte s-a tot dus
c-un stol de păsări pierzându-se-n apus.
Din ce în ce mai singur
Mnă-ntunec şi îngheţ - când tu te pierzi în zarea
Eternei dimineţi.

Dragostea Dulce a Vieţii mele, Tu eşti Sensul din viaţa mea. Făă tine ea nu are sens... Te iubesc şi Te doresc
nesăus, Puiul meu, Dragostea Vieţii mele.

Translation: Eleena-Natalia Gălăţan-Nemeş, Carl Gustav Jung, Google translate

Te iubesc, Victor, Puiul meu Dulce, Iubit și Dulce Pușor.

Te iubesc, Victor, Puiul meu Dulce și Dorit, Iubit și Dorit Pușor.

Victor, Te doresc și Te iubesc, dragostea mea.

Dulceața mea, Victor, te doresc și te iubesc, puiul meu.
Miss Christina



The carriage was squeezing out the holes from the
metallic wheels
On the paved alley
Whereon red leaves were darkening
over the ground
Of the trees sweet temptation.

.....

It was going clocking slowly and slowly
And has stopped at the gate
And from the carriage got off obsolete
The queen of the night dead.

.....

With blond hair of flaxen in strands
Which disheveled is falling down over the cheek
And as the silky thin her pallid face.

....

Her large wided eyes likewise the steel sky
Of the fall
Are smiling like an enigma
From which an infatuated youngman
Her sweet pale soul to catch himself.

.....

She's mourning.
The black dress from fine dentelery
Falls over her body, covering its shapes
At her neck white pearl string
Are kissing tenderly her pearly skin.

....

Thin, fine
Covered by flimsy veils
Which hide, letting down only to be seen
Her bluish sharks
Under the thin and faded skin.

....

O, no, Her dead eyes are glittering deliriously
And she seems a white phantom
Which is passing through the forest.

....

The coachman took off his cap
And opening the door
Gives to her his right arm to gett off
The carriage.

....

With soft gestures she took off her gloves
She looked around likewise from
Another world
But everything is truely...
Everything is alive, is breathing full of life
Just her face seems wilderness
Of some mad...

....

The antique house with the wooden shutters
And arcades of wrought iron
Opens its eyes
To the whitish springtime of fall.

....

In the old barn a dreamy girl
With blond, sunny stalks of hair
Playing with a cloth puppet
Looking around her with her vivid eyes

Dressed up modestly
And in her legs wearing out crocheted sandals
Is hearing suddenly the voices
And shyly comes to show herself.

....

I am Christina
Tell to my rebellious June
That I haven't died... as maybe he is thinking...
I am waiting for him this night in the forest
But watch out not to be stolen
from sleep...

....

Tell him that I'm waiting for him
There where we were kissing under phrenetic waves
Of leaves of jade and snow
But certainly to come....
For I know mild and good little girl
That I myself I am his eye-light...

...

He's longing for me to sigh
I hear, I feel him in the night then when
It's getting down the moon as a firing place full of hot ash
Filling out with a faded light
The springtime air...

.....

She moved herself on her knees and left away.
The veil pulled itself out of her neck
And was slipping like the leaf
To the ground
Whist the rebellious wind was scattering
A fist of leaves in wind.

Hot potatoes

Te iubesc, Ppuilul meu Victor, Dragostea mea, Dulceața mea.



In the old kitchen
With an old furniture, painted for some times
In white
With wooden floor, covered by linoleum
Are staying around the table
By the window, the members of the family.

...
Father, in the first place, in the head of the table
With his large back
And the legs apart
Likewise the manly people use to stay
The wife, in the middle
Surrounded by children
A little boy and a girl.

...
They are having their dinner.
If I can say this way.
They are eating the meal.
An impoverished meal, eaten with appetite
By the whole family:
Potatoes with cheese.

.....
Boiled potatoes, peeled by shell
With cow cheese.
Steams are raising up from the pot
Put on the table
And from the warm, almost hot potatoes
Which the family is eating, almost on the unmixed
And swallows them.

.....
An old image.
An old kitchen
With the furniture ready to fall apart
But warmed up by each member of the family
By the hot steams
Which come out from the potatoes
And nevertheless not too old
Since I myself
I was one of the children

I am one of the adults
Which stay around the same old table
Eating with that unsatiable appetite
Of the hungry
The impoverished meal from the table.

Dulcele meu Victor, Puiul meu, te doresc, Puiul meu, și te iubesc.

Out of time

On the winding paths the dunes sweep the wind

Abstract canvas of time

One of me from the beginning of the world
Painted in a somewhat surrealistic drawing
Red wood lay asymmetrically symmetrical
My body had been the face of a purple unicorn
It is the canvas of Time painted out of date.

...

and then you approach me with stones and cue
I take the words and drown them in the sea
the moon whistles, a sunrise and a pretense of great love.

...

When with light claws
One morning he'll kill his dream
Will you cry a lot or smile? ...
I will be as your love wants it
As your soul demands.

...

You do not know that he lays muddy lakes at the bottom
Growing yellow turkeys, do you feed water lilies?

...

and then - close to the stones and cue, I take the silence and drown it in the sea
in the morning a sunrise and a preface
in a great love.
I love you, Victor, the emu chicken.

On the winding paths the dunes sweep the wind
.. One of me from the beginning of the world, painted in a somewhat surrealist drawing
Red wood lay asymmetrically symmetrical
My body had been the face of a purple unicorn
On the canvas of the painted Old Time.

On the winding paths the dunes sweep the wind
Abstract canvas of time
Red rocks rose in the sky
Throwing their tips to the caaract.

...

Silence. All drowned by aridity here.
Cracks, deep, crawl to the face of the earth.
Everything burns, runs out of front of the eye
In moving waters like a sea
With the heat it is dry, fierce, which cools the eye.

...

Time enters the gate of eternity slowly.
Eternal visual illusion, great cosmic illusion.

When with light claws
Will one morning kill his dream, wander long, or smile?
I will be, as your love wants it
As your soul demands.

...

You don't know that in the mud lake at the bottom
Growing yellow turkeys, do you feed water lilies?

...

and then you approach me with stones and a cue
I take the silence and drown it in the sea
in the morning a sunrise dawns and turns it into a great love.

My lips can't move
I cannot understand the landscape
Other than the inner one, known from millions of kali-yuga
Other than the inner universe
Known from deep dreams and dreams
With the star attached to the temple
I take the pill and shoot myself
I fall with the slow down through a kind of chaos
dark
Until I touch the lips of the earth
From which I hindered myself

My lips can't move
I cannot understand the landscape
Other than the inner one, known from millions of kali-yuga
Other than the inner universe
Known from deep dreams and dreams
With the star attached to the temple
I love you, Victor, my sweetness.

Te doresc nespus, Puiul meu.

Te iubesc Puiul meu Mihai, Dulcele meu.

Te iubesc, Victor, Puiul meu.

Your face, sweet wonder

Your cheeks are flushed purple
I smile, smile, pearls with small pits embellishment
and light

as you can see from the chain with the dolphin
raised to the bottom, to the belt

like two rose petals sprinkled with dew
pure and clean

like ripe twigs, heavy, yellow wheat
like the clear water that drips
turning through the meanders of a stream
your cheeks, how sweet it looks to me!

..

Blue eyes in bloom
Like two light-hearted violins
A tenderness flared
Painted with the smell of ale and miss

...

and lips like double-egrets, hips and bones
like two little nasty spiders
what a kiss
their tenderness in my soul moves me
with their easy and smooth steps, of sweet, raw raw
born in the lightness of the palm tree
which gently encompasses them, and does not destroy them
when the night is gentle, silent, unknown

...

Over our embraced bodies -
All the power hidden from the blue of the spark
It descends over meadows and over lambs
What do you look good and gentle in the distance.

..

and the heavy, bronze clock strikes nine o'clock in the evening.
The bittersweet and warm and bitter bite
Like the sweet chest of a beloved sweetheart
Like sweet soaps that flicker between blinks.

..

I clutch at your chest with longing ... you tremble troubled
and your eyes are hidden from the grip of my palm
with the blushes of the blue-spark
like your alabaster shoulders, thin and warm, losing themselves
the cold of my mouth.

...

Blue eyes in bloom
Like two light-hearted violins
A tenderness flared
Painted with the smell of ale and miss

...

and lips like double-egrets, hips and bones
like two little nasty spiders
what a kiss
their tenderness in my soul moves me
with their easy and smooth steps, of sweet, raw raw

born in the lightness of the palm tree
which gently encompasses them, and does not destroy them
when the night is gentle, silent, unknown ...te iubesc, Victor, Dragosta mea.

Te iubesc și Te doresc, Sufletul meu Dulce, Soțiorul meu scump. Te iubesc și T doresc, Dragostea mea, Odorul sufletului meu.

Te iubesc nespus, Victor, dulceața mea.

Your face, sweet wonder

Your cheeks are flushed purple
I smile, smile, pearls with small pits embellishment
and light
as you can see from the chain with the dolphin
raised to the bottom, to the belt
like two rose petals sprinkled with dew
pure and clean
like ripe twigs, heavy, yellow wheat
like the clear water that drips
turning through the meanders of a stream
your cheeks, how sweet it looks to me!

..

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Like two light-hearted violins
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All the power hidden from the blue of the spark
It descends over meadows and over lambs
What do you look good and gentle in the distance.

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and your eyes are hidden from the grip of my palm
with the blushes of the blue-spark
like your alabaster shoulders, thin and warm, losing themselves
the cold of my mouth.

...

Blue eyes in bloom
Like two light-hearted violins
A tenderness flared
Painted with the smell of alea and miss
...
and lips like double-egrets, hips and bones
like two little nasty spiders
what a kiss
their tenderness in my soul moves me
with their easy and smooth steps, of sweet, raw raw
born in the lightness of the palm tree
which gently encompasses them, and does not destroy them
when the night is gentle, silent, unknown ...te iubesc, Victor, Dragostea mea.
Te doresc, Puiul meu.

Te iubesc și Te doresc năpust, Mihai, Dragostea mea.

Te iubesc, Puiul meu Victor, Dragul meu.

Your sweet lips...

Your sweet lips like two coral hieroglyphs
Are whispering words not being
understood
I'm falling down deeply and deeply
in the opal depths of the sea...

....

.And your down voice
Is getting down small stars of silver and of humus
In the moist ground...
Deep, grave, like a melted iron
Whispering metallic, lava flowing into the retina
with its incandescent and ardent
light.
Victor, dulcele meu, te doresc și te iubesc, dulcele meu.

Your sweet lips

Your sweet lips
Likewise two coral hieroglyphs
Are whispering words misunderstood
I'm falling down deeply and deeply
into the pearly
sea....

and your low voice
is getting down little stars of silver and of ground
in the moist land...
whispering metallic
lava flowing down onto the eye
with its black and incandescent
light.

te iubesc

Animusul meu și Arhetipul meu, te doresc și te iubesc, Victor, puiul meu.
Soțul meu iubit și drag.

Your sweet lips...

Your sweet lips

Likewise wings of the butterfly gathered closely to his pallid body

Tired and sad...

They carry in their coral flesh and blood

Deep thoughts

And the sweet tenderness of this monsoon...

Nirvana Best Best Songs - Nirvana Greatest Hits Full Album

A rain of dreaming stars

A rain of dreamy stars fell on his shoulders

It was the holy day coming - Friday

It was Holy Thursday, with the stars turning back

Sheets on wet graves, in graveyards of memorials ...

..

He was lying in the black cloak dressed in pink -

Only white stars, only small flower buds -

Spread over the chest

In an old-fashioned smile ...

..

The smell of the corpse and the coffin

He seemed to be dead alive

It had blue stars, white stars

White, white and white were falling on the earth.

..

Outside there was a symphony of colors ...

The blue sky was hidden among the white clouds

Purple-pink-yellow rays sanctified it

They clad the sky and the world in sweet, unsure.

..

He was lying in the black cloak dressed in pink -

Only white stars, only small flower buds -

Spread over the chest

In an old-fashioned smile ...

..

A rain of dreamy stars fell on his shoulders

It was the holy day coming - Friday

It was Holy Thursday, with the stars turning back

Sheets on wet graves, in graveyards of memorials ... Te iubesc, Vicor-Tudor, Puiul meu.

Te doresc, Dragostea mea, Ouiul meu.

Te iubesc, Dulcele meu, Puiul meu.

Te Doresc.

Victor, Te doresc și Te iubesc, puiul meu iubit.

Your face, sweet wonder

Your cheeks are flushed purple

I smile, smile, pearls with small pits embellishment
and light

as you can see from the chain with the dolphin

raised to the bottom, to the belt

like two rose petals sprinkled with dew

pure and clean

like ripe twigs, heavy, yellow wheat
like the clear water that drips
turning through the meanders of a stream
your cheeks, how sweet it looks to me!

..

Blue eyes in bloom
Like two light-hearted violins
A tenderness flared
Painted with the smell of ale and miss

...

and lips like double-egrets, hips, and bones
like two little nasty spiders
what a kiss
their tenderness in my soul moves me
with their easy and smooth steps, of sweet, raw raw
born in the lightness of the palm tree
which gently encompasses them, and does not destroy them
when the night is gentle, silent, unknown

...

Over our embraced bodies -
All the power is hidden from the blue of the spark
It descends over meadows and over lambs
What do you look good and gentle in the distance.

..

and the heavy, bronze clock strikes nine o'clock in the evening.
The bittersweet and warm and bitter bite
Like the sweet chest of a beloved sweetheart
Like sweet soaps that flicker between blinks.

..

I clutch at your chest with longing ... you tremble troubled
and your eyes are hidden from the grip of my palm
with the blushes of the blue-spark
like your alabaster shoulders, thin and warm, losing themselves
the cold of my mouth.

...

Blue eyes in bloom
Like two light-hearted violins
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...

and lips like double-egrets, hips, and bones
like two little nasty spiders
what a kiss
their tenderness in my soul moves me
with their easy and smooth steps, of sweet, raw raw
born in the lightness of the palm tree
which gently encompasses them, and does not destroy them
when the night is gentle, silent, unknown ... te iubesc, Victor, Dragostea mea.

Prayer

Your blue dark eyes are often speaking to me
I'm staying and I look at them
Without no word

In silence and with remembrance
Your soft, fine eyes are many times speaking
To myself.

...

Their light comes down gravely
Over your face, sweet white ray
Of the moon which cold rays are shining gently through
On your shape
Without no words...

....

I have been trying to find in them the echo
Of the feelings which are tormenting me
Then when from the large of the world ark
I come down to the shores from the abyss.

...

I kissed them and I have drawn
them in book
Wherein I was lying, nearly and at the distance...
And I found them often in death.

...

And I have died many times.
Each time, more profoundly, more deeply
My desert feeling I laid down
in the book
My deepest and my desert feelings.

...

Each time I have searched the word
To give me life to drink
again
Of the heart innocent echo
And I found them... often in death...

...

Translation: Ntlia Găcățan, Google dictionary
Te doresc și te iubesc, Victor, dulceața sufletului meu.

The seven sermones

I am a monster
I know I am a sacred monster....
I transformed everything into literature
The screaming, the agony
The pain, the death.
Love.

Your sunrise...

On the deserted paths, the dunes were swept by the wind
Another I from the beginning of the world
Painted in a surrealistic somehow painting
I was coming, through crossroads hidden by roads, deserted and sad...

..

Your pale shape, likewise the yellow sheet of parchment

It is smiling a little sad, a little brought by back
In the air it is floating the vagie obsolete fragrance
Of the orchards forgotten of cheery and apple trees.

...

Your tender hand, likewise is the pale dream of the poet
I would like to bring to my mouth and to taste...
In the air it is floating the vagie obsolete fragrance
Of the orchards forgotten of cheery and apple trees.

With big tears it is lying down the nightfall
Heavy drops in green darkness
In the breast of the distance green
How my footsteps sound, I listen to them.

..

I am looking for you at the edge of waters and forest
Your sweet tender hand to look at it
Which bent in unknown harmony
Over the sweet human thought...

...

Your tender hand, likewise is the pale dream of the poet
I would like to bring to my mouth and to taste...
In the air it is floating the vagie obsolete fragrance
Of the orchards forgotten of cheery and apple trees

With big tears it is lying down the nightfall
Heavy drops in green darkness
In the breast of the distance green
How my footsteps sound, I listen to them.

Your pale shape, likewise the yellow sheet of parchment
It is smiling a little sad, a little brought by back
In the air it is floating the vagie obsolete fragrance
Of the orchards forgotten of cheery and apple trees....

Te iubesc, dragostea mea, puiul meu.
Translation: Natalia Gălăţan

Your source ...

The wind sweeps the deserted paths
Another self from the beginning of the world
Painted in a somewhat surreal painting.
I came, through hidden crossroads, deserted and sad.

....

Your face is pale, as is the yellow parchment sheet
Smile a little sad, a little worn

In the air floats the scent of old wafers
Of orchards forgotten by apple cherries.

...

Your luscious hand, like the poet's pale dream
I would love to taste it
In the air floats the scent of old wafers
Of orchards forgotten by apple cherries

With great tears it leaves the evening
Heavy peaks and dark green
Inside the green distance
As the poem rang, I listened.

...

I'm looking for you at the edge of the water and the forest
Hands down to look at you
What bends in unknown harmony
The sweetness of the sweet and human thought.

...

Your luscious hand, like the poet's pale dream
I would love to taste it
In the air floats the scent of old wafers
Of orchards forgotten by apple cherries

...

With great tears it leaves the evening
Heavy peaks and dark green
Inside the green distance
As the poem rang, I listened.

....

Your face is pale, as is the yellow parchment sheet
Smile a little sad, a little worn
In the air floats the scent of old wafers
Of the orchards forgotten by apple cherries te iubesc, puiul meu, cu toate acestea...
Te doresc, puiul meu dulce și drag, iubitul meu.

Te iubesc, Victor, Puiul meu.

Te iubesc Dragul meu mihai, Dulceața mea.

The Book of Creation

Painting eight

Dragostea mea, Victor, Te doresc și Te iubesc, Puiul meu Dulce, Dragostea mea.
Doar pe Hildegard...

Iarna-i o stare de spirit cu îngeri și de îngeri

Când totul pare rupt dintr-alEvei trunchi de fum
Când nămeți se prăvălesc albi, fragezi
În miezul naturii albe, bătrâne, cărunte.

...

Lungi troiene călătoare l adună cerul în grămezi
Peste munți, peste livezi
Pământul împăctăși doarme somnul celde veci
Prin grădini și țarini, pe ascunse poteci.

...

Îngeri de foc te-așteaptă la intrarea lângă Pomul Vieții
Cu trunchiul alb și frunze de ninsoare
și flori de nestemate, dar trebuie să te ferești
decele zece păcate, altfel

ești prea orb ca să-l vezi.
Iarna-i o stare de spirit cu îngeri și de îngeri
Când totul pare rupt dintr-alEvei trunchi de fum
și timpul de atunci, și timpul de acum, și trupuri arse de scrum.

...

Atenție, că ai început să-mbătrânești,
și dacă ți-ai uitat inima, e greu s-o mai găsești...
Gavrilescu se opri cu mâna la tâmplă, în iarna inimii adâncă.
În inima ascunselor povești...

...

Totu-i la fel ca altădată, după ce plăți apărui aceeași fată
Cu cercei rotiiunzi de nestemate
Doar pe Hildegard e greu s-o mai găsești
În inia ascunselor povești...

...

Drumurile prăfoase de altădată sunt ascunse de zăpadă
și cerul jos așteaptă săcadă
peste teii din grădina țișăncilor, și peste castani
și peste drumurile din miriște, de altădată

...

Cu care inima-ți crești...
Totu-i la fel ca altădată, după ce plăți apărui aceeași fată
Cu cercei rotiiunzi de nestemate
Doar pe Hildegard e greu s-o mai găsești

...

Căci ești prea orb ca s-o vezi....
Iarna-i o stare de spirit cu îngeri și de îngeri
Când totul pare rupt dintr-alEvei trunchi de fum
și timpul de atunci, și timpul de acum, și trupuri arse de scrum

...

Atenție, că ai început să-mbătrânești,
și dacă ți-ai uitat inima, e greu s-o mai găsești...
Gavrilescu se opri cu mâna la tâmplă, în iarna inimii adâncă.
În inima ascunselor povești...

...

Totu-i la fel ca altădată, după ce plăți apărură aceeași față
Cu cercei rotiiunzi de nestemate
Doar pe Hildegard e greu s-o mai găsești
În inia ascunselor povești...

...

Gavrilescu se simți bătrân pe cruce, dintr-o dată, și singur
Nici țipenie de om împrejur
și lemnul crucii era veșted și rece
și zarea departe, înecată în fum.

...

Atenție, Gavrilescul, că ai început să-mbătrânești,
și dacă ți-ai uitat inima, e greu s-o mai găsești...
Gavrilescu se opri cu mâna la tâmplă, în iarna inimii adâncă.
În inima ascunselor povești...

...

Totu-i la fel ca altădată, după ce plăți apărură aceeași față
Cu cercei rotiiunzi de nestemate
Doar pe Hildegard e greu s-o mai găsești
În inia ascunselor povești...

I love you, my Sweet Baby, My Love.
Only Hildegard ...

Winter is a state of mind with angels and angels
When everything seems broken from Eva's trunk of smoke
When you get white, you fall
In the heart of white, old, gray nature.

...

Long traveling Trojans gather the sky in heaps
Over the mountains, over the orchards
The reconciled earth sleeps the eternal sleep
Through gardens and fields, on hidden paths.

...

Angels of fire await you at the entrance to the Tree of Life
With white trunk and snowy leaves
and gemstones, but you have to be careful
those ten sins, otherwise

you are too blind to see him.

Winter is a state of mind with angels and angels
When everything seems broken from Eva's trunk of smoke
and the time then, and the time now, and bodies burned with ashes.

...

Be careful, you're getting older,
and if you forgot your heart, it's hard to find it ...
Gavrilescu stopped with his hand on his head, in the winter of a deep heart.
In the heart of hidden stories ...

...

Everything is the same as before, after what you paid the same girl appeared
With round gemstone earrings
It's just hard to find Hildegard
At the beginning of the hidden stories ...

...

The dusty roads of yesteryear are hidden by snow
and the sky is waiting for the rain
over the lindens in the gypsy garden, and over the chestnuts
and the roads in the stubble, of old

...

With which your heart grows ...
Everything is the same as before, after what you paid the same girl appeared
With round gemstone earrings
It's just hard to find Hildegard

...

Because you're too blind to see her
Winter is a state of mind with angels and angels
When everything seems broken from Eva's trunk of smoke
and the time then, and the time now, and bodies burned with ashes

...

Be careful, you're getting older,
and if you forgot your heart, it's hard to find it ...
Gavrilescu stopped with his hand on his head, in the winter of a deep heart.
In the heart of hidden stories ...

...

Everything is the same as before, after what you paid the same girl appeared
With round gemstone earrings
It's just hard to find Hildegard
At the beginning of the hidden stories ...

...

Gavrilescu felt old on the cross, suddenly, and alone
No shouting around
and the wood of the cross was withered and cold
and he saw far away, drowned in smoke.

...

Attention, Gavrilescule, that you have begun to grow old,
and if you forgot your heart, it's hard to find it ...
Gavrilescu stopped with his hand on his head, in the winter of a deep heart.
In the heart of hidden stories ...

...

Everything is the same as before, after what you paid the same girl appeared
With round gemstone earrings
It's just hard to find Hildegard
At the beginning of the hidden stories ...
Te iubesc, Mihai, Doritiul meu Puișor.

te doresc și te iubesc.



te doresc și te iubesc.

Bhagavad-Gita

Chant I

*Sadness, reveries
The world isn't more beautiful after you have written a book
It's simply in another way.*

....

*It's more different the smile, the abyss
The death, the destiny
The word, the covenant
The silence, the speaking.*

.....

*Fantastic arabesques are getting out from the leaden sky
Enchanting, charming
An ivory end
And the other gray.*

....

*Speaking, silence, murmur
Laying bricks and immortality
The sea and the chanting
The moon, the sun, and the Earth -
Geea.*

....

*I'm blinking hit by the high
And then I throw up myself in the spring
Dense on the lips
Smiling, transcribed
On long parchments into the abyss.*

.....

*Murmurs
Voices
Stones
Rocks
Transgressing the high
Were hurting my eyesight*

*With the chanting, blinding, Geea
Of the star named Earth*

*Sparkling their adornments
In front of me there were passing the slaves
of The One Too Tall
Undulating the spokes
And throwing up the seeds
Of the giant wheat.*

....

Chant two

*The maize is the golden dream of the giant sun
with its fretting yellow silk, which is glittering
on the bitter stones
in top of the mountains, splitting valleys
of ore*

*which goldens round corn cuilean
and mirrors it in sea turquoise sea lights...*

.....

*Dark, the wave is throwing itself to the shore,
carrying wings of shells and algae
carrying in large of seas masts
with kingfishers drying themselves in the wind.*

....

*Twirl circles it has made itself, wherefrom are springing
like into a swirl
till vanishes in white beads everything
and handsome Morning Star has made
itself.*

...

*With hair of sun and lights
with gentle, warm, serene blue eyes
It's stepping on the waters in the sea, the young prince
with shapes of the Sun.*

.....

*In large coverings mast beside the mast
and the sea in long, and the sea in large
armies are pouncing on the waters, on the clean, mat
mirrors, to search the brave hero Adonir.*

....

*Serene, dark of blue and black
on a sky wherein the zenith is fixing itself
slowly*

*I was looking in October nights
of ebony
the one who the Wiseman told me it will be
my soul mate.*

*in the clear garden of the sky were in the boars
were scurrying of sorrow
and rising the fine sands in circles
through the corn cuileans and the ears of wheat
I was passing slowly through the riprap
of a river.*

....

*Way of thousands of miles I passed into a minute
Till there where, in its celestial little waves
the white, pearly moon with its celestial rays
could be seen and admired.*

....

*I have heard like in a dream, of the distant sea
master and Lord
that he isn't a simple mortal
but he is on the sky the Sun himself.*

....

*The wind was shaking its wings
bringing in the forests the news, and trembling the armies*

were surrounding the Lord:

....

- O, Adonir
A head has stepped forward
The eldest one after the vestment and the face
We conquered all the Earth
for you

For you are our king
and on the sea, we crown you as admiral.
Lord on the black, bruise wave
Where on you hardly step, just touching it.

....

O, tell us your legend, my Lord, how you were born
from the white foam
from what deep of billows you have come
and what do you bring with yourself
in the world.

...

O, worthy Kebir, for it's you
Do not stay to listen to my sad stories...
For I'm not a king over the world
more than that I cannot say it...

...

I am the Lord, Almighty Lord
I am over the sad people a God
I am the Sun on the sky, from upside - but I don't set down
when He sets down.

...

Old like the weather over the ages
I carry my sad everlasting hours because I am alone from an eternity, old like the Time will be.

...

I was born now from the waters
In the world of common mortals
and this is the second chant, were on the wind
is whispering sad.

Because I was born to die, and I will die
to born again -
do not try these laws to understand
It is full of the Earth of emperors and kings...

but I am just your Savior Myself
Jesus Christ is my name -
for the rebellious crowds I'm Adonir, arriving with of springtime warm zephyr.

...

Since when I was waiting on the sky it has passed
an eternity
And never to my eyes, it was given to see
of the night white and warm naiad, which lits up in the sky
through the stars' white torch.

...

I hear that she is the daughter of an emperor

*Who carries on her shoulders her young years on a tall
mountain, with herds of deers*

*Through the boars scurrying in the bitter stones
and that she is very, very beautiful...*

...

*just her knows my destiny on Earth
O, Kebir, forget about your firelock
and of the whirlpool full of arrows
You, all of you, Kebir, to come with me
do you dare?...*

....

*- Oh, Lord, Master on Earth, I believe
without disgust Your word
But I have to see if my army will let the large and rich seas
and will follow you in the desert maybe
But I have to come to me first.*

....

*I see that you are Sun on Earth
and I believe that You will die to born again
But I am sad, dear emperor, that we, poor mortals
are going to die.*

....

*Show us the way, bewildered and accursed armies
to leave the torment of the seas
and to follow you by land?...*

.....

*- We come!... it was like a thunder of armies the voice
of the armies gathered together
Where in the glance of the brave Sun is scalding
We come, we come, o, Adonir!...*

....

*And whilst sweetly it was falling the night
and in the eyes of the hero, it's mirroring the sea
They have started all like one to sail towards the shore
carried by a unique and deep urge.*

....

*The feet of Adonir were stepping on the sea
and in the top of the mountains through the bitter stones
a daughter of an emperor named Magdalena
At the time of mysterious hour of the night
was waiting...*

...

Chant three

*Whilst the Moon over the forests smoothly was watching
from the shadow of the mysterious arches
of leaves of oak and amethyst, of alabaster and agate
It started the Virgin Mary to hunt.*

....

A sky of stars was underneath -

*Above her a sky of glittering stars
She seemed a bolt of uninterrupted lightning wandering
through them...*

*When springing from Chaos they surround her
And limit her like waved waves of pure lights
She seemed a thought carried by longing, till everything
vanishes away...*

*She was seeing likewise on the first day
How there were springing lights
And through of the stars groves, at the end of waters
mermaids...*

*silently the smooth passage passes
over the springs of garnet, over the hardwood of agate
and stars in her hair she has collected..*

*....
in her hands the stick of silver, beautiful thus
that I cannot conceive her
with my human brain, with diaphanous veils
in sweet endearment...*

*She resembled, it was just her...
The silvery and tender Moon, of fir trees forests
beautiful princess
more proud than any star on the sky...*

*...
- Mary... The tender wind has whispered...
now, when the arch of oaks is open, like in an old citadel
a stone niche
step in the beautiful dream....*

*Through the forests of stars that are glittering, more proud
than any deity
Step in the golden round circle
which is spinning from the depths.*

*...
He has left on his way... The sad Mary
with her eyes blue like the dream of a poet, started to walk
on green branches slowly
to the golden citadel which is open.*

*On her way she collected a ring
with the stone of bright topaz, which was glittering pale
at her feet
and where on it was written the word Adonir.*

*...
- O, Adonir?... She has whispered dreamily
of you in my gentle sleep I have heard, then when
with the Wiseman, I have spoken
and He told me that you are the proud Sun
Himself....*

....

*near the golden citadel, it was lying, into the middle
of silver forest
A circle of gold..... she has stepped
and suddenly she saw herself, spinning
faster and faster...*

*On the White semicircle of the Moon, she was sitting.
From the depth of the Galaxy
from the middle of the Milky Way
A warm, calm voice she has heard.*

*- O, Mary, of the land gentle empress
Lady over the galaxy
into my golden garden, I brought you, to be a bride
To the upside Sun
to the brave, gentle Adonir, on his gentle name
Jesus*

....

*Eternal bride you are to him, and he is your groom
over the human destinies
He will bring the right salvation.*

*His cruel and bloody destiny over this land
will fulfill
For He my word has listened to
and knows He is My Son.*

*Then... in the year 7000, the Sky will be torn in flames
and in the fire blaze and flare
for it will come to His term to accomplish.*

*over the entire world to reign.
here, the Golden Citadel, it will be His kingdom
and you will be to him, the eternal bride.*

*by Himself even long ago elected
and the World of death won't hear anymore.*

....

*Torn back now to your palace, but don't forget
about your ring
Jesus also has one of the same, where it stays
written your name... Mary.*

.....

*from the shadow of the proud arches of leaves, she leads
her step next to the window,
where in the corner
The Morning Star is waiting for her.*

..

*The Sun with his beautiful face
Has thrown Himself in the sky, and then Mary has known
that it was him, that it won't pass long
and she will meet him.*

....

*the golden circle has spun itself...
slowly and slowly
and the voice over the golden forests smoothly
has vanished away...*

....

Chant four

*In the majestic rise of the day
when the flowers of bitterness were falling smoothly, floating
downstairs
The old black ships of wood
Were coming slowly near to the shore.*

*Adonir, in front of them, walking on waters the young God
had the blond and foamed forehead
likewise, a lion roaring in the
desert.*

*He was stepping on waters and the place where
they have been touched,
they were spinning around
and then in white veils, they were breaking apart
were vanishing away.*

*Kebir, brave soldier in the armor of warp
was watching smoothly how the waters were avoiding
silently
and kingfishers spinning in the sky
then, in smooth falling
they were touching the water, then they were flying
again to the sky.*

*They were approaching the shore. The cruel armies
of young sailors
were looking with love at their head
at Adonir, the beautiful Sun.*

*They were approaching the shore, from the large
of the oceans, from the salted,
diaphanous seas
from the coral reefs and from the curly isles
likewise some oases of greenery
and of beauty*

*They were leading now to the shore.
They were watching restless the land profiling insight
the isles of Greece, of beautiful Greece
From the Aegean Sea*

*Wherefrom they were glimpsing
Santorini, Rhodes, Samos, Mykonos, Kios, Kos,
Naxos, Icaria*

*Lemnos, Karpathos, Patmos,
Milos, Paros, Syros
and many others of the same...*

....

*The strong army has arrived soon at the shore.
The old ships have thrown their anchors
to the land
and some brave sailors in the boats sailing
have thrown the nests to catch
the fish.*

....

*Jesus put the step on the shore, then he told them gently:
Sons of divine chant
of water and of land
From now on I am for you Jesus, the Savior
who is sent from above?*

*Only the ones who believe in Me follow me.
I wanted to save you from death and from your wandering destiny,
But we will arrive soon in Jerusalem
the Saint Citadel.*

*Only Mary we will take from here
and now we will start again our way
but let's get some rest now.*

....

*Three days the armies have been rested.
They put on guard skillful sailors, near the ships
anchored next to the shore,
then they started their way.*

....

*- Jesus, we are hungry...
The most tried brave soldier Kebir said
on the seventh day of walking.
We are five hundred fellows.
How will you be able to astonish our hungry
o, our Lord who is sent from above?...*

....

*They had stopped in a little valley with no fruits
with the dry land and without water.
we have more only twenty fish on our trip vases.*

*and just fifty wafers. And the water is running out...
- Andrew, this is your name from now on
Do not be concerned, I tell you
but I want you to know that your entire life will change
for yourself.*

*Jesus has risen up
Walked through the crowd
Youngmen, older people in long shirts of cotton
till the ground.
Demoralized, hungry and thirsty*

they were waiting....

....

*Jesus has made a sign. The sign of Cross, a prayer
then He blessed the water, the wafers and the
remained fish.
when miracle!...
the fish catch to increase their number in the vases
and to wrinkle*

*The water was flowing in clay amphoras, sweet and good
and the wafers have multiplied
seeing with eyes
up to three thousand.*

....

*The people have eaten until they saturated.
Then they have remained only about two hundred people.
the others have left
for it has shown up that Hellas is a rich and fertile
country.*

.....

*Tired, they were falling asleep everybody
on tents
The light of stars, trembling, has caught
the brave wolves of the sea
on the tents.*

....

*Jesus has fallen asleep soon
and in his dream, it was done that he was meeting Mary
Magdalena
The one of destiny intended to him.*

Chant five

*The Sun-God has started his way
at the Rise of the dawn
He was walking fast as the thought, as the light
when it bursts over the world of torches.*

*- În Chaos My Lord I have returned
And I would return in Chaos
I am thirsty, My Lord, of the stars pure lights
of the eternal repose.*

*In the place where He has melted himself
from diaphanous veils, and in the circle of spinning lights
a proud young man is rising up.
with his dark blue eyes, and hair of silky gold
which falls in waves over His chest, over the naked
shoulders.*

*- O, Adonir, Jesus of Mine
a voice in thunder is increasing
You are just the Sun from above, who glitters*

on the white ridges.

*I miss, o, My Son, of the serene nights, whilst
we were talking about the Earth
and of the blue, smooth waters
when this shoulder grunting you were supporting
by Yourself.*

*It was an uninterrupted longing
Which was leading you in Life
in the world of common mortals.... and you were asking
from Me advise.*

*It was an interrupting longing
that was keeping Myself of You
but I was knowing,
without my will, that Your way is in the humanity.
That here You will find the destiny
that the stars didn't intend to You.
that for Her you will give your life as a gift.*

...

*O, the work of my hands, statues of clay
with warm breathing of life
to whom I gave the Eden, gave birth to the Sons
that they had been covered the Earth,
likewise the leaves and grass.*

*O, Jesus, be their Savior
for their sins had arrived at the Sky itself.
They are sad, bitter and grieved
for they don't have Eternal Life anymore
for the Death comes and freezes them, with its
cold, sharp breath.*

.....

*- O, God, you are My Lord
In the Book of Making you put everything and You
have spoken through ancient prophets.
It has arrived now the time that Messiah to show
Himself in the world, to clean the world of sins
with Death over Death stepping by.*

*O, Lord, I don't want to know that Hour
When breathing of life
will fly away from my body
and I will get down three days in the world
of the Eternal Shadows.*

*But make it Your will
My celestial and my beloved Father, be like the cup
prepared for death and pain
to drink as it is Your will.*

...

- Jesus, don't be afraid

*it was likewise a thunder the voice, which has become
then a whisper in relief
The third day from the dead
You will rise up again!...*

...

*It has vanished Jesus from the Sky
from the place of Evening Star
and in the golden, magical circle, near the lighted Citadel
slowly his shape caught to form
sweet wonder.*

....



Chant six

*In this time Mary Magdalene was sitting in the golden garden
and deeply she was thinking.
passing by the trees with
heavy fruits*

*surrounded by her young wheelbarrows
gentle, mild, thoughtful, Mary to Jesus was dreaming.
All the soil of the forest was covered by warm
precious stones
whereon, like in a dream, with the long lap
of her white dress*

fretting lightly, she was stepping them.

*Her curly hair in wavy veils has framed her face
of Virgin Mary
and her blue eyes seemed two little
Morning Stars
which were throwing glittering lights.*

*Likewise in a dream
she surrounded the Golden Citadel and went
to the magical circle.
She has laid over a fallen tree trunk
and was looking dreamy
at the golden circle.*

*When, suddenly, she stopped just in its middle.
Immediately she has seen herself risen in the space, through the stars
in an enchanting decoration.*

*From a star, two glittering eyes were holding her
with their glance, with love and longing.
- O, probably this is Adonir...
how the Wiseman has whispered to me sometimes
that I will see him...*

*....
Adonir has tightened in his arms his beautiful Mary
and in her eyes with love
he was looking.*

*- So fragile and tender, you resemble with white cherry-tree
flower, and like an angel from the people
in the way of my life you go out...*

*...
Chant seven
..*

*Tibetan monks
Were guarding the gates of the monastery
At the entry and at the exit.*

*Arranged wisely
Four
At the four opposite entries.*

*...
I was floating through the black space
Full of bright dots
The Sun
The Moon
Are foreseen through white pieces of fire.*

*I was a star
With dense breathing
Scattering itself in thousand of opaque particles.
My soul was speaking to me
From the deep*

And was whispering about the earth.

.....

*From the waters was embodying Arjuna
With his skin
White as the silver.*

..

*Floating majestically on the waters
In hands with the copper horn
In his arms
Painfully
Full of tenderness
He is calling me.*

...

*Earth. Endless surfaces of water
Fish banks
Swimming sublimely
In the pure water of aquamarine*

...

*Riding a white horse at the break of the silvery dawn
It has shown up Arjuna...*

*He was having a silvery armor glittering
and the smile as the Moon.*

...

*Empress, sweet princess of the blossomed lands
Of the ripe wheatfields,
With heavy, burdened spices...
Was wanting to take Arjuna as his bride.*

.....

.....

*Rising up from the waters
With his black locks and the skin as the silver
He seems a sweet apparition
Whereon it is shown to the girl
by the gentle wind.*

....

*Whilst The Sun and The Moon
Embraced are staying over the waters
Herds of mild deers
At the edge of waters
Come to quench their thirst.*

...

*A kiss, only a kiss
Has wanted to steal from her the handsome handy
From the beautiful girl
from the forest
With sweet dreamings flowing on her face.*

.....

But the thunder of the sea rages

*And splits out the Sky itself
And snatches the charming Moon from under of the Sun soft wing.*

...

*Arjuna has gone into the world as a wanderer
With his dream of Adonis...
He was hoping to catch them the white foam of the sea
In his arms his beloved
Tenderly and safely*

*Whilst the evening is coming down over the waters
and slowly is swinging the reed
And the pale moon among the clouds
Slowly carries out his Spirit.*

....

*- So fragile and tender, you resemble with white cherry-tree
flower, and like an angel from the people
in the way of my life, you go out...*

.....

Solilocvii

*The world, the time is going for me backward
As forwards
The Time, The World, The Existence
Still has miracles to offer me in the past, to unravel the unknowing
In the time drained backward*

...

*It is a time of remembrance and of the interpretation
eternal alive and actual
Woven on a single even dimensional
canvas*

...

*That what makes the time elapsed so beautiful
Is its unicity
The fact that it cannot be corrected factually
Anymore*

....

*But interpretatively
Just now unfolds itself its germinative power
It is a time of unique beauty and safety
The elapsed time
Offers security
There is a hermeneutics of the past language
and of the past action*

.....

There is a metaphysics of remembrance and of endowing with sense.

....

*The future time
Is uncertain factually
In it are prolonged all the probable existences
and it remains the possibility of option
always opened.*

*It is response time.
A time where in the being will continue to exist
And to make
A time opened factually, even dimensionally
but still not ready interpretatively.*

*...
On the axis past-future
I move in an infinite parable of the existence
Where in the present time was sometime the future time
And it will be sometime the past time.*

*.....
I can only speak about the past with certainty
Dressing its action in the dress
of the metaphor
Always alive of the consciousness and of language.*

.....

*Chant eight
The psychiatry section*

*Darkened worlds drifting away
In the blue night wherefrom they came out
I listen to my heart sweet superstition
Hidden deeply in the ogive of the chest.*

*...
Shadows had been draining
On the scarred face of spasms and illnesses
Shadows left from the dead world
On the path of living ones
Like big, questioning wings of kingfishers in the sunset
Have touched his cheek in a silent kiss.*

*....
Hideous black shadows
Have been drained on his pallid and livid face
Where in the death was digging itself an obsessive path
And a streamer of inducible pains
Were finding their spring on its crowned forehead.*

*Caught between the shadows of today and yesterday
Where in the death was digging an immortal
black grave?*

*.....
Caught between today and yesterday, now and then
Between there and here
A metaphysical thought was slowly moving around
To his body of bones and pots*

*Freeing him from the sad carapace
And his skull seemed opened to the world of here
Where in his soul has found a path
To fly away beyond ruthless armors of stone and warp*

....

*Leaving the cavern of the chest wide opened
To the atrocious world from the deep
Where in a sepulchral flock, thoughts were moving
slowly around*

...

*With his eyes, large opened over the sunrise
With foams hanging down by his crumpled lips
He left the body to the world of now
Lying down in cemetery of bodies and of lives*

*And his soul has flown away towards the imaginary worlds
Under the moon rays of the eternal dawn
te iubesc, puiul meu drag.*

.....

Chant nine

*te te iubesc, Victor, puiul meu.
Yoga in Upanishad*

*Without you
I would have carried with me untold
The myth of my own life
My life would have been an eternal cocoon in the crystal
With the wings stuck up.*

...

*The development of the personality
has made itself in silence, before reading the book.*

....

*Otherwise
I was having the sensation a while ago
Overrun by the lightful and darkened figures
of the deep
That I have already read books
certain books*

that I haven't read...

.....

*so, of instance, it has happened to me
with the Psychiatric power
and though, how grateful I was in the end
That I have read it!...*

.....

*Most of all it has impressed me there
The figure of the mirror.*

...

*I have always recognized myself
In the mirrors offered by the others...
and by myself
Through reflection*

*In the deep psychosis wherein I had entered
I was groping like a drowned man*

after the light.

.....

*It's so strange, dear reader, from all the photos
I have made at the hospital
At the Emergency Hospital from Petroşani
only in one, I appear with my face being hit
of a merciless psychosis*

*in my hermaphrodite body, wherein the adrenaline
It was carried by the fat.*

....

*I was with Gabriel
the one with the horse in the gallop
With the ship with the stretched sails and with a dancing
woman.
He alone didn't believe me.*

....

*I would have always been a cocoon in crystal
A man carrying with himself the myth of his own life, untold,
nor to himself
A butterfly with the stuck wings.*

*I wouldn't have known why the skylines are so red
What makes the grass thread
so transparent
And the leaves to tremble at the frontier between reality
and dream, likewise an infinity of eyes
touching the air*

*and from the bodies of the trees thrown to the sky
stylized, endless columns*

.....

*I wouldn't have known
But I still have known deeply, underground
I would have walked happily without knowing why
On the streets of childhood.*

....

*My happiness and my unhappiness simultaneously
have irrupted suddenly
From the Self became a huge cavern.*

*and then I had to discover the myth of
my own life*

.....

*The myth of my own life was coming towards me
from the archetypal figures of the deep
and I would like to tell you, my reader, that then I have known
the ecstasy.*

...

*I don't know too well if then when I have lived it
or then when I have written about it
living it again.*

....

*Art is a sharing with the others of your madness,
ecstasy your inner happiness.*

.....

*But at the same time the road was in your Self
Steps right in front of you
and you can comprise it, to embrace it with your
glance.*

.....

Chant ten

The Magician from Oz

I smile

Likewise after an interesting family matter.

I sent my volume

weighing only 3 kilograms and 5 grams

with 205 grams more

Then I was having when I was born.

How much concentration

*And how much metaphor is in this empty head
without brain*

an eternal scarecrow

in the search of the lost realms of childhood.



Te dorescși Te iubesc, Dulcele meu Victor, Puiul meu.
E vremea nespusă...

E vremea minaretelor plângătoare
E vremea rozelor de august
Toți pomii naltți ce-s dați în floare
Își cântă înfrângerile.

E vremea nespusă-a înflorii dragostei în noi
Când Yahwe-ți trimite ploile puhoi
Să se cuibărească în noi ca niște flori de trifoi
Cu măciuliile ude de ploaie...

...
E cerul așa nalt șoi-așa senin!...
E dulce-amar ca floarea de pelin
E negru-alabastru ebenin
E cerul șa nalt și-așa senin!...

..

Pe cărui în umbra deasă, în iarb grasă
șiroiesc furnicile...
și țărani îndoiți pe coasă
și fete își flutură arnicele.

...

șipot dulce, cualean, se aruncă în vad, în vale
vrăbii gureșe mai ies pe cale
și în vârful unui prun, tot privind cu dor pe drum
cântă pitpalacul.

..

Florile ca niște fete, se aruncă-n soare-n bete
Vântiul le prefiră pletele
și albine harnice, culegătoare
culeg toată mierea lor din floare

și copii se srâng prin lanuri
și culeg din verde flamuri
macii ca rozetele
tot în cete – cetele!...

..

E cerul așa nalt șoi-așa senin!...
E dulce-amar ca floarea de pelin
E negru-alabastru ebenin
E cerul șa nalt și-așa senin!...

...

Pe cărui în iarb grasă, în umbra deasă
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şi țărani îndoiți pe coasă
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...

E vremea minaretelor plângătoare
E vremea rozelor de august
Toți pomii nalți ce-s dați în floare
Își cântă înfrângerile.

..

...

E vremea nespusă-a înflorii dragostei în noi
Când Yahwe-ți trimite ploile puhoi
Să se cuibărească în noi ca niște flori de trifoi
Cu măciuliile ude de ploaie...

...

It's the unspeakable weather ...

It's time for the weeping minarets
It's August rose season
All tall trees that bloom
He sings his defeats.

It is the unspeakable time of the blossoming of love in us
When Yahweh sends you heavy rains
Let them nest in us like clover flowers
With wet rain stains ...

...

The sky is so high and so clear! ...
It's sweet and bitter like wormwood flower
It's ebony black-alabaster
The sky is so high and so clear! ...

..

Which in the thick shade, in the greasy grass
the ants are dripping ...
and peasants bent on the scythe
and girls flutter their harnesses.

...

sweet whisper, with miss, is thrown into the ford, in the valley
our sparrows are getting out of the way
and on top of a plum, still staring at the road
sings the pitpalacul.

..

The flowers, like girls, are thrown in the sun in sticks
The wind prefers their locks
and industrious, gathering bees
I gather all their honey from the flower

and children wander through the fields
and I gather green flags
poppies like rosettes
also in groups - the groups! ...

..

The sky is so high and so clear! ...
It's sweet and bitter like wormwood flower
It's ebony black-alabaster
The sky is so high and so clear! ...

...

Which in the grassy grass, in the thick shade
the ants are dripping ...
and peasants bent on the scythe
and girls wave their harnesses

...

It's time for the weeping minarets
It's August rose season
All tall trees that bloom
He sings his defeats.

..

...

It is the unspeakable time of the blossoming of love in us
When Yahweh sends you heavy rains
Let them nest in us like clover flowers
With wet rain stains ...

...

Te iubesc, Mihai.

Dragostea mea, Te doresc și Te iubesc, Dulcele meu Victor, Puiul meu.
Imnul Soarelui

Soarele e mitic!... Aruncat de neagra genune
În spațiul roș vrâstat cu mii de puncte
el pare un fulger grandios
între Cer și pământ – o negrăită punte

cratere de magmă, explozii în măruntaiele sale
aruncă fulgere negre, colosale
pe cercul lui rotund, incandescent
al vieții leagăn roz, efervescent

...

Leagăn de civilizații și căuș plin de vuață
Din care sorbim nesătui ceeași eternă dimineață
Aceași zi-nsorită în pântecul Căii Lactee
În care Pământul se înlță, albastru, rotund –
o tânără femeie

...

O zeie!... Zvărlit pe catapatameasma Cerului
El pare Altarul Bisericii celeste
În care credincioșii sunt privighetori
și curcubeiele!...

..

Cântec de biruință-a Firii
Pe-același nesfârșit ogor
În care se îngemănează cu alean și dor
Luna, aștrii, stelele!...

..

Pe platoul Sopoarelui, indianul își duse mâinile la frunte
și salută c-un gest copilăros și tndru Soarele
care intra pe poarta celestă-a Firii
cu maiestuoza cu care vin cocoarele

cu care se coc ponoarele
duse mâinile lapiept și scuipă.apoi le băgă în sân
cași cum ar fi vrut să-și ia Soarele tovarășde arme
și veșnic stăpân.

...

În câmpia albastră, spicele se coc, cu spicul gigat
și de semințe plin
Roabele încarcă soareleîn car
șîl duc și-lrevarsă în câmp.

Ondulându-și spicelke și sticlindu-și podoabele
Trec roabele celui prea înalt –
Periindu-și părul, rumenind obrazul
Se-nduulează în soare, cucerite de o boare, spicele gigat.

..

Întorcându-și fețele, surâzând semețe – flarea soarelui
Se înclină, se cuprind
Ritmic ca într-un alint
Cu tulpinile gigant.

..

Cântec de biruință-a Firii
Pe-același nesfârșit ogor
În care se îngemănează cu alean și dor
Luna, aștrii, stelele!...

..

O zeie!... Zvărlit pe catapatameasma Cerului
El pare Altarul Bisericii celeste
În care credincioșii sunt privighetori
și curcubeiele!...

...

...

În câmpia albastră, spicele se coc, cu spicul gigant
și de semințe plin
Roabele încarcă soarele în car
și îl duc și-lrevarsă în câmp.

Ondulându-și spicelke și sticlind podoabele
Trec roabele celui prea înalt –
Periindu-și părul, rumenind obrazul
Se-nduulează în soare, cucerite deo boare, spicele gigant.

..

I love you, my Sweet Victor, my Baby.
The Hymn of the Sun.

The sun is mythical! ... Thrown by the black knee
In the red space encrusted with thousands of points
He seems a grandios lightning
between Heaven and earth - an unspoken bridge

magma craters, explosions in its bowels
he casts colossal black lightning
on its round, incandescent circle
of life pink, effervescent swing

...

Cradle of civilizations and ladle full of life
From which we sip unsatisfied the same eternal morning
The same sunny day in the womb of the Milky Way

In which the Earth rises, blue, round -
a young woman

...

A goddess! ... Thrown on the poultice of Heaven
He looks like the Altar of the heavenly Church
In which the believers are the watchers
and rainbows! ...

..

Song of victory of Nature
On the same endless field
In which it twins with alean and longing
The moon, the stars, the stars! ...

..

On the Sun plateau, the Indian put his hands to his forehead
and greets with a childish and tender gesture the Sun.
which enters the celestial gate of Nature
with the majesty with which the roosters come

with which the ponoers are baked
He put his hands on his chest and spat. Then he put them in his chest
as if the Sun wanted to take his comrades-in-arms
and eternal master.

...

In the blue plain, the ears ripen, with the giant ear
and full of seeds
The wheelbarrows load the sun into the chariot
and I take him back to the field.

Waving his spikes and bottling his ornaments
The handmaids of the one too high pass -
Brushing her hair, browning her cheek
The giant ears sway in the sun, conquered by a mist.

..

Turning their faces, smiling proudly - the sunshine
They bow, they embrace
Rhythmically as in a caress
With giant stems.

..

Song of victory of Nature
On the same endless field
In which it twins with alean and longing
The moon, the stars, the stars! ...

..

A goddess! ... Thrown on the poultrice of Heaven
He looks like the Altar of the heavenly Church
In which the believers are the watchers
and rainbows! ...

...

...

In the blue plain, the ears ripen, with the giant ear
and full of seeds
The wheelbarrows load the sun into the chariot
and I take him back to the field.

Waving his spikes and bottling his clothes
The handmaids of the one too high pass -
Brushing her hair, browning her cheek
The giant ears are swaying in the sun, conquered by a boar.

Te iubesc, Mihai, Puiul meu, Doritul meu Soț.

Soțul meu Dulce, Dulcele meu, Te doresc și Te iubesc, Puiul meu Victor, Dragostea vieții mele.
Lumină florilor de mai

O, primăvara-i dulce anotimp, zeilor intrați în Olimp,
O primăvară dulce, cerească clară
Când totul pare adevăr, lumină minții, judecată clară
Lumină florilor de mai, prin crengi înflorite de vișin și de măr.

...

O orimăvara-i simfonie de culori, ce-mbină verdele
Lanului de grâu, și verdele spicului
Din verzile pajiși și livezi, cu rozul orbitor ce-l vezi
Sticlind moale și parfumat în mici tulpini

Ce-s agățate deramuri e cireș, de măr, de vilini și de pruni.
O primăvara-i dulce, dulce adevăr.
O primăvara-i o beție de parfum, și de mirosuri
Dulci-amare, a pomilor ce-s încărcăți de floare

Plăcute inimii cum minții Adevăr.
O primăvara-i visul delirant nebunului ce-i agățat pe cruce
Desupra cărui norul alb își duce
Greul și ușurătatea propriei veșnicii.

...

O primăvara- somnul delirant nebunilor, bolnavilor

De prin spitale, o primăvară de-aur moale
Pudrată cu argint verde pe poale, cân ieși, gârbov de vină
și tristețe, în flori galbene și soare cald....

...

O primăvara-i somnul delirant și visul delirant pe cruce
Bolnavului ce-i agățat de cruce, cu spaima, bucuria
Celui care-și duce, lumina din piept în noaptea ce străluce
În miezul materiei verzi, pure și vii.

...

O, primăvara-i durerea delirantă a celui răstignit pe cruce
Beția de –a se întâni cu Sine în Oglindă
Străluminat, reverberat de celule verzi și vii.
De toată materia verde, roz, trandafirie și arzândă

Cu flăcări nevăzute și la cer suindă, din inima din piept
Ce luminează-adâncă, cu ultima ei flamăpe cale să se stingă
Din verzile pajiși și livezi, cu rozul orbitor ce-l vezi
Sticlind moale și parfumat în mici tulpini, celule vii și verzi.

..

O,primăvara-i un vis gnostic de durere sublimată, pasiune
Atunci când tu te-ai pus în cruceparc-anume
Ca să stârnești veselie delirantă, a cetelor de oameni și copii
Ce-arată toți cu degetul la tine.

...

O primăvara- somnul delirant nebunilor, bolnavilor
De prin spitale, o primăvară de-aur moale
Pudrată cu argint verde pe poale, cân ieși, gârbov de vină
și tristețe, în flori galbene și soare cald....

...

O orimăvara-i simfonie de culori, ce-mbină verdele
Lanului de grâu, și verdele spicului
Din verzile pajiși și livezi, cu rozul orbitor ce-l vezi
Sticlind moale și parfumat în mici tulpini

Ce-s agățate deramuri e cireș, depruni, de vișini și de măr.
O primăvara-i dulce,dulce adevăr.
O primăvara-i o beție de parfum,și de mirosmi
Dulci-amare, a pomilor ce-s încărcăți de floare

..

O primăvara-i somnul delirant și visul delirant pe cruce
Bolnavului ce-i agățat de cruce, cu spaima, bucuria

Celui care-și duce, lumina din piept în noaptea ce străluce
În miezul materiei verzi, pure și vii,și dulce.

...
...

O primăvara-i visul delirant nebunului ce-i agățat pe cruce
Agonizând pe lemnu mort în Ziua lungă ce străluce
Desupra cărui norul alb își duce
Greul și ușurătatea propriei veșnicii....

...

O, primăvara-i durerea delirantă a celui răstignit pe cruce
Beția de –a se întâni cu Sine în Oglindă
Străluminat, reverberat de celule verzi și vii.
De toată materia verde, roz, trandafirie și arzândă

Cu flăcări nevăzute și la cer suindă, din inima din piept
Ce luminează adâncă, cu ultima ei flacărapă cale să se stingă
Din verzile pajiși și livezi, cu rozul orbitor ce-l vezi
Sticlind moale și parfumat în mici tulpini, celule vii și verzi.

..

O,primăvara-i un vis gnostic de durere sublimată, pasiune
Atunci când tu te-ai pus în cruceparc-anume
Ca să stârnești veselie delirantă, a cetelor de oameni și copii
Ce-arată toți cu degetul la tine....

..

I want you and I love you, my baby Victor, the love of life.
May flowers light

Oh, spring is sweet season, gods entered Olympus,
A sweet, clear heavenly spring
When everything seems true, enlightenment, clear judgment
Light of May flowers, through flowering branches of cherry and apple.

...

A spring is a symphony of colors that combines green
Wheat field, and ear green
From the green meadows and orchards, with the dazzling pink you see
Soft and fragrant glass in small stems

What hangs on the branches is cherry, apple, vines and plums.
A spring is sweet, sweet truth.
A spring is a drunkenness of perfume and smells
Bitter-sweet, of the trees that are loaded with flowers

Pleasant to the heart as to the mind Truth.
One spring is the delirious dream of the madman hanging on the cross
Over which the white cloud leads
The hardship and lightness of one's own eternity.

...

A spring - the delirious sleep of the insane, the sick
From the hospitals, a soft golden spring
Powdered with green silver on the lap, when you go out, you guilt
and sadness, in yellow flowers and warm sun

...

One spring is his delirious sleep and delirious dream on the cross
To the patient who clung to the cross, with fear, joy
To the one who carries, the light from the chest in the night that shines
In the heart of green, pure and living matter.

...

Oh, spring is the delirious pain of the crucified
The drunkenness of meeting Himself in the Mirror
Bright, reverberated by green and living cells.
Of all green, pink, rose and burning matter

With unseen flames and the sky rising, from the heart in the chest
What a deep light, with its last blazing way to go out
From the green meadows and orchards, with the dazzling pink you see
Soft and fragrant glass in small stems, living and green cells.

..

Oh, spring is a Gnostic dream of sublimated pain, passion
When you put yourself in the cross park
To arouse the delirious joy of crowds of people and children
What everyone is pointing at you.

...

A spring - the delirious sleep of the insane, the sick
From the hospitals, a soft golden spring
Powdered with green silver on the lap, when you go out, you guilt
and sadness, in yellow flowers and warm sun

...

A spring is a symphony of colors that combines green
Wheat field, and ear green
From the green meadows and orchards, with the dazzling pink you see
Soft and fragrant glass in small stems

What hangs on the branches is cherry, plum, cherry and apple.

A spring is sweet, sweet truth.
A spring is a drunkenness of perfume and smells
Bitter-sweet, of the trees that are loaded with flowers

..

One spring is his delirious sleep and delirious dream on the cross
To the patient who clung to the cross, with fear, joy
To the one who carries, the light from the chest in the night that shines
In the heart of green matter, pure and vivid, and sweet.

...

...

One spring is the delirious dream of the madman hanging on the cross
Agonizing on the dead wood in the long shining Day
Over which the white cloud leads
The hardship and lightness of one's own eternity

...

Oh, spring is the delirious pain of the crucified
The drunkenness of meeting Himself in the Mirror
Bright, reverberated by green and living cells.
Of all green, pink, rose and burning matter

With unseen flames and the sky rising, from the heart in the chest
What shines deep, with its last flame on the way to go out
From the green meadows and orchards, with the dazzling pink you see
Soft and fragrant glass in small stems, living and green cells.

..

Oh, spring is a Gnostic dream of sublimated pain, passion
When you put yourself in the cross park
To arouse the delirious joy of crowds of people and children
What does everyone point their finger at you
Te iubesc, Mihai, Drag șiui Dulce.

Dulcele meu Drag, Dulceața mea, Soțul meu Dulce, Te doresc și Te iubesc, Dulcele meu Victor, Puiul meu.
Te doresc, Puiul meu.
Noaptea și Poetul

Neguri albe, strălucite, se cobor și se ridică
Pe pământul ce răsuflă, ca un roi e fluturi albi
Văluri albe diafane, cețuri străvezii și fumuri
Cuprind dealuri și livezi, ca un văl de rouă dalbi

...

Domnul și-a trimis în noapte mesagerii-naripați

Stelele pe cer o mie, ce vorbesc dulce ursită
De destinul vechilor și crudelor împărății
Ce durară peste secol, prin milenii și prin epoci

Lungi și înțicite-istorii, tainice și neștiute zodii
Ce se ȣes fără-ncetre în monarhi și în domnii
Lungi ca mersul soarelui pe boltă, în cutremurul de-o clipă
Ce reverberează-dânc în trecute dinastii.

...

Noaptea se-nfășoară caldă, pură, rece, c un vâl de diamant
Pe pământul reavăn, tainic, mut ca neștiut amant
Ce respiră ărintre stele, printre mii de galaxii
Cu lumilile-i rebele, stele, torțe-arzânde și făclii.

..

E tăcere pretutindeni. Nici un zumzet, nici un bucium
Totul e înfășurat în noaptea ce durează-etern în lume
În eternul, lung repaos, ce urmează unei noi zile, albe
Pure, strălucite, vestind zorii dimineții, tainic răsărit de zi

..

Cu lumini de bolți pe ape, aprinse ca dulci nestemate
Cu luminide stele-n ape, peste codri cu făclii
Noaptea, acest tainic monstru, cu mișcările-i curate
Se-nfășoară cu dulci șoapt, și cu neguri înfășate

...

și așteaptă temătoare, și tăcută zori trandfirii de zi
Aurora dimineții să-i batăcu degetele străvezi în geam
și lumina dimineții să se reverse, c-un ciripit dulce
drăgăstos, ca flori tăcute, ca privighetori pe-un ram.

...

e-atâta tăcere și pace!... Pământul ca un demon, vlăguit și stors răsuflă
alterori ca o culcată nimfă, culegând în palme străluciri de stele
e-atâta zbor în aer, de picături umede, grele
ce șiroiesc în aer, în liniștit văzduh

încât îți vine-a plânge, și îți vine-a râde, de taina crudă-a firii
clădind oaze de pce, și-un templu dalb iubirii
din palide raze de lună, șesut, și galbeni nori, și stele mii!...
încet noaptea-ș aruncă valurile către ȣarm

...

și-n case strălucite, ȣi în iatacuri goale, e-aceiași peste lume
necunoscut și tainic, al valuroilor domn.
Stăpân nopții ce cade, stăpân și dimineții
și zorilor ce varsă, o somptuoasă, înmiresmată zi

e-același pste lum,misteriosul tainic, Yehova, Domnulși stăpânul
acestor nopți de întuneric, de inspirație și somn
atunci când dor Poetul, tăcut într-un colțzace
și-așteptă muza să-i mi dicteze prin vis un vrs două, purtat

prin visuri prcă, de-al noții crud demon.
încât îți vine-a plânge, și îți vine-a râde, de taina crudă-a firii
clădind oaze de pce, și-un templu dalb iubirii
din palide raze de lună, șesut, și galbeni nori, și stele mii!...

I want you and I love you, my sweet Victor, my baby.
I want you, my baby.
The Night and the Poet

Bright white mists descend and rise
On the land that breathes, like a swarm, there are white butterflies
Transparent white veils, clear mists and smoke
They include hills and orchards, like a veil of white dew

...
The Lord sent his messenger messengers in the night
A thousand stars in the sky, talking sweet damn
The fate of the ancient and cruel kingdom
What lasted over the centuries, through the millennia and through the ages

Long and tangled stories, mysterious and unknown signs
What is constantly woven into monarchs and lords
Long as a walker on the vault, in the quake of a moment
What reverberates in past dynasties.

...
The night is warm, pure, cold, like a diamond veil
On earth he reappears, mysterious, dumb as an unknown lover
What breathes among the stars, among thousands of galaxies
With its rebellious worlds, stars, burning torches and torches.

..
There is silence everywhere. No hum, no hum
Everything is wrapped up in the night that lasts forever in the world
In the eternal, long rest, following a new, white day
Pure, bright, heralding the dawn of the morning, mysteriously sunrise

..
With vaulted lights on the water, lit like gems
With luminous stars in the water, over the forests with torches
At night, this mysterious monster, with its clean movements
It is wrapped in sweet whispers, and with wrapped mists

...

and awaits the fearful, and silent dawn of the day's roses
Aurora in the morning tapped her poisonous fingers on the window
and the morning light to pour out, with a sweet chirp
loving, like silent flowers, like nightingales on a branch.

...

there is so much silence and peace! ... The earth like a demon, weak and squeezed breathes
alters like a lying nymph, glistening in the palms of stars
It's so much flight in the air, wet, heavy drops
flowing in the air, in the quiet air

so that you feel like crying, and you feel like laughing at the cruel secret of nature
building oases of peace, and a white temple of love
from pale moonbeams, satin, and yellow clouds, and thousands of stars! ...
slowly at night he threw his waves to shore

...

and in bright houses, and in empty yachts, it is the same all over the world
unknown and mysterious, of values sir.
Master of the falling night, master of the mornings
and the dawn that pours, a sumptuous, fragrant day

it is the same over the world, the mysterious mystery, Jehovah, the Lord and the master
these nights of darkness, inspiration and sleep
when the Poet misses, silent in a corner
he waited for the muse to dictate to me in a dream a verse two, worn

through dreams it seems, of the night cruel demon.
so that you feel like crying, and you feel like laughing at the cruel secret of nature
building oases of peace, and a white temple of love
from pale moonbeams, satin, and yellow clouds, and thousands of stars! ...
te iubesc, Mihai.

Te doresc și Te iubesc, Dulcele meu Drag, Puiul meu.
O stare de spirit de înger...

Vara-i leagănul semințelor de grâu și de in
Ce se leagănă-unduios în lan
E leagăn tuturor semințelor de peste an
E leagăn vântului și cerului albastru și senin.

...

Vara-i o stare de spirit, copilăroasă și copilărească
E totodată misterul înmuguririi Tinereții
În parfumul plin de mirosuri dulci l Vieții
Var-i o stare de spirit de înger, îngerească.

..

Vara-i anotimpul dragostei și-ndrăgostirii

Când duci l buze trandafirul prfumat și plin de țepi...
și picuri calzi de sânge dintr-altău piept îți curg
se-amestecă cu ai pământului bulgări reci.

..

Vara-i leagăn ochilor ei de-azur, și buzelor lui
Cu parfum de roze
Cioadelor ei grele ce pline de spice pe umeri îi cad
Noptii albastre cu stele.

...

Vara-i dulcele surâs al comorii, când ai vrea să zbori
Să-ți crească aripi ascuțite până la frunte, până lanori
Vara-i duiosul surâs al comorii, când vrăjit de iubire
Pe cruce te prregătești ca să urci.

..

Vara-i dansul ploii pe cldarâm, al mâinilor cald, indicibil
Nespus legământ, o nuntă-a cerului cu pământul
O nuntăa florii de iunie cu vântul
Vara-i e-ntâiul de dragoste cuvânt.

...

Vara-i o revărsare de culori, din spipetul naturii cu nestemate
Arbori verzi și înalți, frunze din agate
Un verde metlic, orgnic și viu, acre alungă tot ce-i trist
Târziu... și pustiu.

...

Vara-i surâsul macilor roșii din lanul plin cu grâu
E totodată misterul înmuguririi Tinereții
În parfumul plin de mirosuri dulci l Vieții
Var-i o stare de spirit de îngeri, îngerească.

..

Vara-i leagăn ochilor ei de-azur, și buzelor lui
Cu parfum de roze
Cioadelor ei grele ce pline de spice pe umeri îi cad
Obtajilor lui albi și puri, cu miros de ambrozie.

..

Vara-i anotimpul dragostei și-ndrăgostirii
Când duci l buze trandafirul prfumat și plin de țepi...
și picuri calzi de sânge dintr-altău piept îți curg
se-amestecă cu ai ploii ce curge triși și tăcuți stropi.

..

Vara-i dulcele surâs al comorii, când ai vrea să zbori
Să-ți crească aripi ascuțite până la frunte, până lanori
Vara-i bălaiul surâs al comorii, când vrăjit de iubire
Pe cruce te prregătești ca să urci....

I want you and I love you, my sweet sweetheart, my baby.
A mood of angels ...

In summer it is the cradle of wheat and flax seeds
What sways in the chain
It's the cradle of all the seeds over the year
It is the cradle of the wind and the clear blue sky.

...

Summer is a mood, childish and childish
It is also the mystery of the budding of Youth
In the fragrance full of sweet scents of Life
Lime is an angelic mood, angelic.

..

Summer is the season of love and romance
When you take him to the lips, the fragrant and thorny rose ...
and warm drops of blood from another chest flow
it mixes with the earth's cold lumps.

..

Summer swayed her azure eyes and his lips
With the scent of roses
Her heavy spikes full of spikes fall on her shoulders
Blue night with stars.

...

Summer is the sweet smile of treasure, when you want to fly
Let your sharp wings grow to your forehead, to your wings
Summer is the tender smile of treasure, when enchanted by love
On the cross you prepare to climb.

..

In summer it is the dance of rain on the ground, of warm, unspeakable hands
Unspoken covenant, a wedding from heaven to earth
A June flower wedding with the wind
Summer is the first word of love.

...

Summer is an overflow of colors, from the spice of nature with gems
Green and tall trees, agate leaves
A metallic green, organic and vivid, sour drives away all that is sad
Late ... and deserted.

...

In summer, the smile of the red poppies in the field full of wheat
It is also the mystery of the budding of Youth
In the fragrance full of sweet scents of Life
Lime is an angelic mood, angelic.

..

Summer swayed her azure eyes and his lips
With the scent of roses
Her heavy spikes full of spikes fall on her shoulders
Its white and pure objects, with the smell of ragweed.

..

Summer is the season of love and romance
When you take him to the lips, the fragrant and thorny rose ...
and warm drops of blood from another chest flow
it mixes with the rain that flows cheated and silent splashes.

..

Summer is the sweet smile of treasure, when you want to fly
Let your sharp wings grow to your forehead, to your wings
Summer is the smiling smile of treasure, when enchanted by love
On the cross you prepare to climb
Te iubesc, Mihai, Te doresc.

Te iubiuc, Puiul meu.
Pe lemnul gol și vechi...

Toamna-i leagăn frunzelor ce cad valsând pe jos
Pete de culoare, romanstism și poezie
Un vis indescriptibil de frumos, la gura sobei
Înfășat în miros de vanilie.

..

O dulci nervi de toamnă și de primăvară
Când o înserare în seară, îți pare și dulce, și-amară
Tăcute șiu sprințare gânduri zboară
Ca inimi fragile se cuprind, ca ramuri de copaci îndulce-lint.

..

Prin ramuri golașe suflă acum doar vântul....
Tăcut absoarbe ploaia doar pământul
Norilor ce învolburți și mânioși, aruncă pete-albastre
de cerneală jos, le-așterne vântului frumos...

...

Tomna-i o stare de spirit înțeleaptă și tăcută
E vântul toamnei prefirat prin genele ei...
Atunci când tăcute, blânde ore zboară
Într-o călătorie în timp, pe sub vecii tei.

...

Toamna glasuri cristaline de copii se-adună la școală,
Cu ochii vii și zglobii
Mâna bătrână-a mamei pusă pe umărul tău
O flaore cu parfumuri aspre strânse-n pieptul meu.

...

Ploi repezi și grele, puternice aiurânde
O dulci nervi de toamnă și de primăvară
Când o înserare în seară, îți pare și dulce, și-amară
Tăcute șiu sprintăre gânduri zboară...

..

Tomna-i o stare de spirit înțeleaptă și tăcută
E vântul toamnei prefirat prin genele ei...
Atunci când tăcute, blânde ore zboară
Înfășat în miros de vanilie...

...

Toamna-i leagăn frunzelor ce cad valsând pe jos
Pete de culoare, romanstism și poezie
Prin ramuri golașe suflă acum doar vântul....
Tăcut absoarbe ploaia doar pământul...

...

Toamna număr până la 7 și-apoi mă sui pe cruce
O dulci nervi de toamnă și de primăvară
Deasupra căreia norul alb își duce
Tristețea zilei devenită seară.

...

Pelemnul gol și vechi, mă-ntorc de pe o parte pe alta
Căutând în zări oribite de lumină ceva, pe cineva...
Vechile câmpii azalee, sau poate, arhitectonic
Czân blândă și neștiută, pe lemnul gol și spru, o stea...

...

Toamna amorul meu de plumb își numără coroanele de plumb
Sub cer dement și aiurând
Cu aripi întoarse dormea amorul meu de plumb
Cu mâinile adunate pe piept, peste flori alb de boz.

...

Toamna-i leagăn frunzelor ce cad valsând pe jos
Pete de culoare, romanstism și poezie
... Pelemnul gol și vechi, mă-ntorc de pe o parte pe alta
Căutând în zări oribite de lumină ceva, pe cineva...

On bare and old wood ...

Autumn sways the falling leaves waltzing on the ground
Spots of color, romance and poetry
An indescribably beautiful dream, at the mouth of the stove
Wrapped in the smell of vanilla.

..

A sweet autumn and spring nerves
When an evening in the evening, it seems sweet and bitter
Silent and sprinting thoughts fly
Like fragile hearts they embrace, like branches of sweet-lint trees.

..

Only the wind blows through bare branches
Silently only the earth absorbs rain
To the swirling and angry clouds, he throws blue spots
ink down, lay them in the beautiful wind ...

...

Give her a wise and quiet state of mind
It's the autumn wind preferred by her eyelashes ...
When silent, gentle hours fly
In a journey through time, under the eternal lime trees.

...

Autumn crystal voices of children gather at school,
With vivid eyes and bumps
Your mother's old hand on your shoulder
A flower with harsh scents clinging to my chest.

...

Fast and heavy rains, strong nonsense
A sweet autumn and spring nerves
When an evening in the evening, it seems sweet and bitter
Silent and sprinting thoughts fly ...

..

Give her a wise and quiet state of mind
It's the autumn wind preferred by her eyelashes ...
When silent, gentle hours fly
Wrapped in the smell of vanilla ...

...

Autumn sways the falling leaves waltzing on the ground
Spots of color, romance and poetry
Only the wind blows through bare branches
Silently only the earth absorbs the rain ...

...

Autumn counts to 7 and then I climb on the cross
A sweet autumn and spring nerves
Above which the white cloud carries
The sadness of the day turned into evening.

...

The empty and old wood, I turn from side to side
Looking in the blinding light for something, someone ...
The old azalea plains, or maybe architecturally
Gentle and unknown dog, on the bare wood and spruce, a star ...

...

In the fall, my love of lead counts its lead crowns
Under the demented and crazy sky
My love of lead slept with turned wings
With his hands folded on his chest, over the white flowers of boz.

...

Autumn sways the falling leaves waltzing on the ground
Spots of color, romance and poetry
... The empty and old wood, I turn from one side to the other
Looking in the blinding light for something, someone ...
Te iubesc, Mihai.

Te doresc.

Dragostea mea Victor, Puiul meu, Soțul meu Dulce, Animusul meu, Te doresc și Te iubesc, Puiul meu Dulce.
Imnul Creației

...și ca în ziua cea dentăi vedea cum izvorau lumina
și desfăcându-se în înfășor
ca-n fund demare de liane știme
strălucitoare curgând din vidul negru, dens, opac
stelele surâd desprinse-albste, și curg pe cer
rșiipite desprinzându-se de luciul lui mat

strălucitoare luminile îl înconjur, ca-n miez de ape
pământul rotitor
și izvorăsc ținind din el ca dintr-o daltă
și rând pe rând pe cer se-orânduiesc
o stea albastră, somptuoasă, după altă.

...

Vid necuprins, dens, negru, moale
și fără gust, fără miros
se umple, cât ai clipi din ochi, din roiul stelelor frumos
maiestuos
Lumina blândă a Creației, fără de început
și fără de sfârșit

umple lumea-ntreagă cu frumosul ei cel negrăit
și negândit
punct rotitor de nebuloasă, în universul megru
ca o neagră plasă
el se rotește-ncet în infinit.

...

Atman. Brahman. Forță dă necuprinșilor Zei
Din străfund de sine, să apară ca niște scânteii
Sori gigantici azvârliți în spoaț
și care se hrănesc cu vidul-albastru
cu gurile0i mute, fărăsaț.

Pneuma, caldă, tăcută, gânditoare, caldă Muma
Acestui univers de stele zvârlit diin degetul lui mic
și care se rotesc în soațiu , desfășurându-se
a roi de flori-albastre,curgând în infinit

Din Sine se desprinse Mirea lui de vânt
și încordându-se din brațe
noăscu pe palme planeta Pământ

O Zeu!... necuprins e forța gândirii tale
Ce născu stele mii și universuri mii într-ale mele mâini
și dintr-ale mele poale
căzut în gânduri ca pe visuri Zeul priunc
cu mii de brațe, ale mele, Universul rimpi..

..

și negrăita putere-a Judecății
aruncă peste ape suflul Creației și Libertății
ce crește din lumea subterană, din lumea ce de jos
grădoni sytrălucitoare aruncate pe planeta Vânt
unde doi îngeri nalăi șuii chipeși
păzesc intrarea așteptând al Tău cuvânt.

..

Cu Săbii de foc și raze ținind în cele patru vânturi
Stau îngrii nalți și blonzi
Căzuți pe gânduri
și în interiorul grădinii de aur verde e cântec
și flori multe, nalte, ca sorii, și ășări în dulce descântec.

..

O Zeu, din gându-ți încordat șintins precum e-un arc
țâsni în lumebătrânul, moșneagul Monarch
tronând pe un Cer de Foic pe norii Cerului
și suflând dintr-ale sale guri vânturile Austrului și Zefiryului.

..

O Atman, Brahman, Forță dă necuprinșilor Zei
Din străfund de sine, să apară ca niște scânteii
Sori gigantici azvârliți în spoaț
și care se hrănesc cu vidul-albastru
cu gurile0i mute, nesăăioase, fără saț.

Pneuma, caldă, tăcută, gânditoare, caldă Muma
Acestui univers de stele zvârlit diin degetul lui mic
Atunci pe când nu era nimic...
și care se rotesc în soațiu , desfășurându-se
a roi de flori-albastre, curgând în infinit

..

O Zeu!... necuprins e forța gândirii tale
Ce născu stele mii și universuri mii într-ale mele mâini
și dintr-ale mele poale
căzut în gânduri ca pe visuri Zeul priunc
cu mii de brațe, ale mele, Universul rimpi..

..

strălucitoare luminile îl înconjur, ca-n miez de ape
pământul rotitor
și izvorăsc țânind din el una după altă
și rând pe rând pe cer se-orânduiesc stea după stea albastră,
țânite dintr-o daltă

și ca în ziua cea dentâi vedea cum izvorau lumine
și desfăcându-se îlnfășor
ca-n fund demare știme
strălucitoare curgând din vidul negru, dens, opac
stelele surâd lipindu0se pe firmament
ca fulgii moi și limpezi de un lac

Lumina blândă a Creației, făr' de început
și fără de sfârșit

umple lumea-ntreagă cu frumosul ei cel negrăit
și negândit
puncy rotitor de nebuloasă, în universul megru
ca o neagră plasă
el se rotește-ncet în infinit.

...

și negrăita putere-a Judecății
aruncă peste ape suflul blând al Jstiției divine, Libertății
ce crește din lumea subterană, din lumea ce de jos
grădoni sytrălucitoare aruncate pe planeta Vânt
unde doi îngeri nalâi șuii chipeși
păzesc intrarea așteptând al Tău Cuvânt.

Cu Săbii de foc și raze țânind în cele patru vânturi
Stau îngrii nalți și blonzi
Căzuți pe gânduri
și în interiorul grădinii de aur verde e cântec
și flori multe, nalte, ca sorii, și ășări în dulce descântec
florile atârnă de pomii grei ca niște nsetemate
și iarba naltă de rgint pare de-un penel de pictor că-i picyată
pădurile virgine și nalte au deasupra lor sori rotitorri
și apele ce curg în strălucitoare cascade
de-alcătuiesc din nori șoptitori.

...

Adam și Eva. Un el și o ea, zeiță și zeu, bărbat și femeie
Frumoși cum niciui gândul nu-i pot închipui
Cu plete lungi și blonde, cstanii
Cu ochii albaștri ca cerul cel nalt
Se odhnesc goi, smulți unul dintr-altul
În pădurea de diamant, în pădurea verde de cobalt.

..

Cu Săbii de foc și raze țânind în cele patru vânturi
Stau îngrii nalți și blonzi
Căzuți pe gânduri
și în interiorul grădinii de aur verde e cântec
și flori multe, nalte, ca sorii, și ășări în dulce descântec
florile atârnă de pomii grei ca niște nsetemate
și iarba naltă de rgint pare de-un penel de pictor că-i picyată
pădurile virgine și nalte au deasupra lor sori rotitorri
și apele ce curg în strălucitoare cascade
de-alcătuiesc din nori șoptitori.

..

O Zeu, din gându-ți încordat șintins precum e-un arc
țâsni în lumbătrânu, moșneagul Monarch
tronând pe un Cer de Foic pe norii Cerului
și suflând dintr-ale sale guri vânturile Austrului și Zefiryului!....

..

I want you and I love you, Sweet Baby.
The Hymn of Creation

... and as on the first day he saw lights coming out
and unwinding loosely
as in the bottom starts with lime stems
bright flowing from the black, dense, opaque vacuum
the stars smile off-blue, and flow in the sky
wasted detaching itself from its matte luster
bright lights surrounded him, as in the middle of the water
the rotating earth
and springing out of it like a chisel
and they are arranged one by one in the sky
one sumptuous blue star after another.

...

Empty blank, dense, black, soft
and tasteless, odorless
it fills up, in the blink of an eye, from the swarm of stars beautifully
majestic
The gentle light of Creation, without beginning
and endless

it fills the whole world with its unspeakable beauty
and thoughtless
rotating point of the nebula in the mega universe
like a black net
it rotates slowly to infinity.

Atman. Brahman. It gives strength to the incomprehensible Gods
From the depths of the self, to appear as sparks
Giant suns are thrown into the bride
and which feed on the blue vacuum
with dumb mouths, without.

Pneuma, warm, silent, thoughtful, warm Muma
To this universe of stars thrown by his little finger
and which rotate in the soybean, unfolding
of a swarm of blue flowers, flowing in infinity

His Bride was detached from the wind
and tensing his arms
we carried the planet Earth in our palms

Oh God! ... incomprehensible is the force of your thinking
What thousands of stars and thousands of universes were born in my hands
and from my lap
fallen in thoughts like dreams the god God
with thousands of arms, mine, the universe fills ..

..

and the unspeakable power of Judgment
it throws over the waters the breath of Creation and Freedom
what grows from the underworld, from the world below
shining gardens were thrown on the planet Wind
where two angels and their handsome faces
I guard the entrance waiting for Your word.

..

With Swords of Fire and Rays Holding in the Four Winds
They are tall, blond
Fall in love
and inside the golden-green garden is a song
and many flowers, tall, like suns, and birds in sweet enchantment.

..

Oh God, from your tense thought like a bow
the old, old Monarch sprang into the world
enthroned on a Fire Sky on the clouds of Heaven
and blowing from his mouth the winds of the Austrian and the Zephyr.

..

An Atman, Brahman, Force gives to the incomprehensible Gods
From the depths of the self, to appear as sparks
Giant suns are thrown into the bride
and which feed on the blue vacuum
with dumb, insatiable mouths, without satiety.

Pneuma, warm, silent, thoughtful, warm Muma
To this universe of stars thrown by his little finger
When there was nothing ...
and which rotate in the soybean, unfolding
of a swarm of blue flowers, flowing in infinity

..

Oh God! ... incomprehensible is the force of your thinking
What thousands of stars and thousands of universes were born in my hands
and from my lap
fallen in thoughts like dreams the god God
with thousands of arms, mine, the universe fills ..

..

bright lights surrounded him, as in the middle of the water
the rotating earth
and spring from it, one after the other
and one by one in the sky, one star after another,
hidden in a chisel

and as on the first day, he saw lights coming out
and unwinding loosely
as in the bottom starts
bright flowing from the black, dense, opaque vacuum
the stars smile clinging to the firmament
like the soft, clear flakes of a lake

The gentle light of Creation, without beginning
and endless

it fills the whole world with its unspeakable beauty
and thoughtless
punch rotating nebula in the mega universe
like a black net
it rotates slowly to infinity.

and the unspeakable power of Judgment
he throws over the waters the gentle breath of divine Justice, Freedom
what grows from the underworld, from the world below
shining gardens were thrown on the planet Wind
where two angels and their handsome faces
I guard the entrance waiting for Your Word.

With Swords of Fire and Rays Holding in the Four Winds
They are tall, blond
Fall in love

and inside the golden-green garden is a song
and many flowers, tall, like suns, and birds in sweet enchantment

the flowers hang from the trees as heavy as seeds
and the tall silver grass looks like a painter's brush
the virgin and high forests have revolving suns above them

and the waters flowing in bright waterfalls
they make up whispering clouds.

...

Adam and Eve. He and she, goddess and god, man and woman
Beautiful as no thought can imagine
With long and blonde locks, chestnuts
With blue eyes like the high sky
They lie naked, snatched from each other
In the diamond forest, in the cobalt green forest.

..

With Swords of Fire and Rays Holding in the Four Winds
They are tall, blond
Fall in love
and inside the golden-green garden is a song
and many flowers, tall, like suns, and birds in sweet enchantment
the flowers hang from the trees as heavy as seeds
and the tall silver grass looks like a painter's brush
the virgin and high forests have revolving suns above them
and the waters flowing in bright waterfalls
they make up whispering clouds.

..

Oh God, from your tense thought like a bow
the old, old Monarch sprang into the world
enthroned on a Fire Sky on the clouds of Heaven
and blowing from his mouth the winds of the Austrian and the Zephyr!
Translation: Carl Gustav Jung

te iubesc, Dulcele meu Victor, Tudor, Alin, Mihai. Te doresc.

Te iubesc Andrei, Puiul meu, Dragostea mea.

The Book of Creation

Painting nine

te doresc și te iubesc, Victor, puiul meu dulce.
Complexio oppositorum

Cerul se oglindește în Mare
și Marea în Cer
copacii miniaturali plutesc între ele
cu frunzele lor verzi ca
niște mărgele.

...

Buddha c-un surâs blând
privește Făptura, nevinovata Creatura
este acolo? sau poate dincoace

Timpul în fâșii largi se desface
În Zeul cu-o mie de fețe și cu-o infinitate de brațe
în spațiu-n care domnea
eterna pace.

...

era dragoste era iubire era ură?...
n-o puteai măsura cu omenească măsură
misterul iubirii era nesfârșit
și le cuprindea în Sine pe toate
precum Zeul cuprindea în inimi infinitatea sa
de brațe.

....

Zeul era iubire
ce conținea în sine toate atributele
toate văzutele
și nevăzutele.

...

pe când nu era moarte, nici viață,
nici dragoste, nici ură
era Ceva mai presus de fire
în care nu-ncape cuvântul Iubire.

...

timpu-n fâșii largi nemărginirea și-o desface
n-văzduhu-n care zăcea eternă
necreată pace.

..

totu-i vis în adormire
a pleoapei ce clipește greu
și-n luciul ei de-oglină
își oglindea privirea fiorosul Zeu.

...

întors în sine-mi
mă întreb cu milă, cu nesfârșită milă
”Au cine-i zeul cărui
plecăm a noastre inimi?”

....

El din noian de ape puteri au dat scânteii
cea mai înainte de toți zeii
care sălășluiește în inemă:
și i-a spus: ”să fie Lumină!”

...

Buddha c-un surâs blând
privește Făptura, nevinovată Creatura
este acolo? sau poate dincoace
Timpul în fâșii largi se desface
În Zeul cu-o mie de fețe și cu-o infinitate de brațe
în spațiu-n care domnea
eterna pace.

....

te iubesc, Victor

....

Zburând la mare înălțime
Sufletul meu dintr-o dată se înalță în văzduh, temător, speriat
Căutând în marea de lumină care se revărsa printre nori.
Fiare sălbatice scurmuau pământul
Feroce, ieșie din minți.
Lumea nu e decât o impresiune de culori delicate
puse pe pânza unui pictor
o iudată străbatere și îngemănare de realități
dintre immanent și transcendent.

Vârfurile brazilor se unduiau în zare
Ca o maree, ca o mare
Cu coroana în trupul de foc al pământului
și cu trunchiul înfipt în lumină
în uriașă, misterioasă, ciudată, labirintică a Domnului grădină.

....

În iureșul meu am întânit pe toți profeții celeilalte lumi
Pe toșți sfinții, arhanghelii și serafmii
Cu părul nins însetând după adevăr.

...

m-am cufundat în conștiința lumii
ca într-o mare tulburată tălăzuindu-și valurile
în oceanul ei de foc, de sânge și crăciune
de război.

Trupul meu fu devorat pe dată de sălbăticiuni
și sufletul se înalță în caldă lumină a eternității.
Într-o geografie celestă pluti ca valuri de neguri peste pământ
Adăpând pământul
Cu lumina lui tremurătoare.

Văltorit într-arte și alta, cunosc extazul
Extazul morții pe cruce.
Își dădu duhul în brațele mulțimii înfricoșate
Printre șiruri de morți și de vii
Între cei trecuți, cei prezenți și cei transcendenți
Între sacru și profan.

Valuri de crăciune agita mulțimea
Am ielșt devorată din brațele lor
Trupul meu fu devorat pe dată de sălbăticiuni
și sufletul se înalță în caldă lumină a eternității.

...

Adorm cu mâna la atâmplă, în scurte vise
În care alunec cu teamă, cu frică, cu durere...
Căci zeitatea întunecată, ce-mi sușură aspru n-fereastră
Cu nesfârșită dragoste sufletul îmi cere..

...

O noapte aspră, grea, întunecată de aspre, grele premoniții
În care-am ormit cu geamul deschis

Lăsând zeitatea cu suflet de zeu și glas de fiară
Să exercite asupra-mi divine-i exerciții...

....

E nopate târziu, galbenă și atemporală
Adorm cu mâna la tâmplă
Clanța ușii se mișcă încet ca în vis
Eu iarăși, într-o teribilă spaimă, îmi las sufletul
Eternității vide, totuși temporale
În tăcerea nopții, aspre, guturale
Ucis, renăscut, neantului emis....

...

Arhetpul tău ia forme colosale
El îmbracă realitatea în cruda-i înfățișare
Dădu Absolutui o nouă, neașteptată, realizare
...însăpăimântătoare zare

...

Clanța ușii se mișcă încet ca în vis
Eu iarăși, într-o teribilă spaimă, îmi las sufletul
Eternității vide, totuși temporale
În tăcerea noptii, aspre, guturale
Ucis, renăscut, neantului emis....

E noapte târziu, galbenă și atemporală
Adorm cu mâna la tâmplă
Totul se petrece ca-ntr-un vis real, aievea
Se întâmplă și nu se întâmplă...

..

Încercând să mă recuperez
din solitudine
Din larmă, zgomot mulțime, gălăgie, solitudine
Mă gădesc pe crestele unui munte înalt
Înconjurat de zăpezi.

Buzele mele nu se pot mișca
Nu pot cuprinde peisajul
Altul decât cel interior, cunoscut din milioane de kali-yuga
Altul decât universul interior
Cunoscut din reverii și visări adânci
Cu tâmpla lipită de stele
Iau pistolul și mă împușc
Cad cu încetinitorul printr-un fel de chaos
întunecat
Până ating cu buzele pământul
Din care m-am împiedicat

Buzele mele nu se pot mișca
Nu pot cuprinde peisajul
Altul decât cel interior, cunoscut din milioane de kali-yuga
Altul decât universul interior
Cunoscut din reverii și visări adânci
Cu tâmpla lipită de stele

Te iubesc, dulcele meu.
Te doresc, dragostea mea.

Complexion of opposites

The Sky is mirrored in the Sea
And the Sea in the Sky
The miniature trees are floating between them
With their green leaves like
some beads.

Buddha with a gentle smile
Looks at the Being, the Innocent Creature
Is it there?... Or maybe beyond
The Time in large strips unfolds itself
In the God with a thousand of faces and an infinity of arms
In space where it was reigning
The eternal peace.

....

It was love it was fondness it was hate ?...
You could not measure it with human measure
The mystery of love was endless
And embosomed in itself all of them
Likewise the God was comprising in hearts His infinity
of arms.

.....

The God was love
who embraced in Himself all the attributes
all the seen ones
and the unseen.

.....

Whilst it wasn't death, nor life,
Nor love or hate
It was Something beyond the nature
In which the word Love doesn't fit.

....

All things are dream in sleep of the eyelid
which is blinking weighty
and in its mirror gloss
the fierce God was mirroring His glance.

....

Turned to myself
I wonder with compassion, with endless mercy
"Who is the God to whom we leave
our hearts?"

....

He from the abyss of waters gave powers to the spark
The one before all Gods
Which is dwelling in the heart
And told it: "Let it be there Light!"

....

Buddha with a gentle smile
Looks at the Being, the Innocent Creature
Is it there?... Or maybe beyond
The Time in large strips unfolds itself

In the God with a thousand of faces and an infinity of arms
In space where it was reigning
The eternal peace.

...

Flying at high heights
My soul suddenly rises in the air, fearing, scared
Seeking in the sea of light that flows through the clouds.
Wild beasts scurried the ground
Fake, get out of your mind.
The world is nothing more than an impression of delicate colors
put on the canvas of a painter
an irrational crossing and blending of realities
from immanent to transcendent.

The peaks of the fir trees swirled
Like a tide, like a sea
With the crown in the body of the earth
and with the trunk in the light
in the giant, mysterious, strange, labyrinth of the Lord's garden.

....

In jury we have met all the prophets of the other world
All saints, archangels and seraphim
With her hair hunted for truth.

...

I plunged into the consciousness of the world
as in a great disturbance, waving his waves
in her ocean of fire, blood and crunch
of war.

My body was devoured by wildlife
and the soul rises in the warm light of eternity.

In a celestial geography, floats like waves of waves over the earth
Watering the earth
With his trembling light.

Shattered in arts and another, he knew ecstasy
The ecstasy of death on the cross.
He gave his spirit in the arms of the terrified crowd
Among the rows of dead and living
Those past, present and transcendent
Between sax and profan.

Heavy waves shake the crowd
I have been devoured in their arms
My body was devoured by wildlife
and the soul rises in the warm light of eternity.
I fall asleep with my hand at random, in short dreams
In which I slip with fear, with fear, with pain ...
Because the dark deity, which whispers hard to me in the window
With endless love the soul asks me.

...

A rough, heavy night, dark with harsh, heavy premonitions
In which I fell asleep with the window open

Leaving the deity with the soul of god and the voice of the beast
To exercise my divine exercises on me ...

....

It's late night, yellow and short
I fall asleep with my hand to the temple
The doorbell moves slowly as if in a dream
Again, in terrible terror, I leave my soul
Eternity is empty, yet temporary
In the silence of the night, harsh, guttural
Killed, reborn, nothingness issued.

...

Your archetype has colossal forms
He dresses up the reality in his crude appearance
He gave Absolute a new, unexpected, realization
... scary looking

...

The doorbell moves slowly as if in a dream
Again, in terrible terror, I leave my soul
Eternity is empty, yet temporary
In our silence, harsh, guttural
Killed, reborn, nothingness issued.

It's late night, yellow and timeless
I fall asleep with my hand to the temple
Everything happens as if in a real dream, he had
It's happening and it's not happening ...

..

Trying to recover
out of solitude
From the tears, crowd noise, roars, solitude
I stand on the crests of a high mountain
Surrounded by snow.

My lips can't move
I cannot understand the landscape
Other than the inner one, known from millions of kali-yuga
Other than the inner universe
Known from deep dreams and dreams
With the star attached to the temple
I take the pill and shoot myself
I fall with the slow down through a kind of chaos
dark

Until I touch the lips of the earth
From which I hindered myself

My lips can't move
I cannot understand the landscape
Other than the inner one, known from millions of kali-yuga
Other than the inner universe
Known from deep dreams and dreams
With the star attached to the temple

I love you, my sweet.
I love you, my love.
te doresc.
Animusul meu Victor, dulce.

Te iubesc, Mihai, Puiul meu.

Coincidentia oppositorum

a warm, shy sun
enters my rarefied spaces
innocent and august graces
rays kneel with their power
my indicible, calm pain.

....

Everything is soft...
Although I am on the ground
In front of the unleashed forces
of the world

...

I raise up my heart like an unknown
and cold shield.

...

a warm, shy sun
enters my rarefied spaces
innocent and august graces
rays kneel with their power
my indicible, calm pain.

...

Everything is soft...
Although I am on the ground
In front of the unleashed forces
of the world

...

I raise up my heart like an unknown
and cold shield.

te iubesc Victor
Translation: Natalia Gălăţan, Google dictionary

te iubesc nespus, puişorul meu.

Te iubesc, Victor, Dulcele meu soţ.
Maa Durga

O pură zeie, ca o scânteie
Ce trece peste faţa-i şi o umbreşte uşor
Ca o şoaptă din tremurată noapte
Oest care trece adierea lui Amor

Își desface încet brațele în negrăit
Cu fața ei rotundă, radioasă
Ca un măr domnesc frumoioasă
Ca un fruct dat în pârguit.

...

Mata Durga e zeie, scânteie, fulger, femeie
E pură și-albastră precum Gangele ceresc
și pe fruntea-i albă, înconjurată de plete
ca un nor, vășările dulci și senine pornesc.

..

Rochia din brocart îmbracă trupul plin
Ce-i parcă dăltuii
Așa frumoasă, înger radioasă
E iute în război și dulce la iubit.

...

Pe umeri pletele îtoi curg ca un râu înțunecat
De cingătoare are prinși nuferi și scoici
Tot ce-i adorat
și ochii ei ca două fulgere în sfințit

în pleoape roz se zbat.
Tunica-i cade mătăsoasă până la pământ
Căci Mata urga e cuvânt
E miere pe buzele ei ca un calup înmiresmat

De cingătoare are prinși nuferi și scoici
Tot ce-i adorat
și ochii ei ca două fulgere în sfințit
în pleoape roz se zbat.

...

Inima-i pură de copil, e deschide la venirea primăverii
Ca un crud pistil
Deschis moiresmelor și nopții
Imma ei de copil.

...

Înțelepciunea-i mare însă-n van
Căutră înțelepți a i-o întrece
Căci mata Durga are nouă minți
și cu-ai tuigrului bengalez – zece.

...

La poalele munților Himalaya oare cine-apare?...

E maa Durga, o copilă
Cu obraki proaspeți de floare
și cu scoiciu atâtnate în cingătiare.,

...

Peste capul ei de-adorată regină
Tronează coroana de perle și pietre scumpe
și klunga și bogata rochie de hrmină
misteru, taina-i rumpe.

...

Căci e frumoasă cum nu pot
Cu mintea a concepe
E fiica munților maiestuioși
și-a Brahmaputrei fiică.

...

Peste capul ei de-adorată regină
Tronează coroana de perle și pietre scumpe
și klunga și bogata rochie de hrmină
misteru, taina-i rumpe.

...

Inima-i pură de copil, e deschide la venirea primăverii
Ca un crud pistil
Deschis moiresmelor și nopții
Imma ei de copil.

...

Înțelepciunea-i mare însă-n van
Căutră înțelepți a i-o întrece
Căci mata Durga are nouă minți
și cu-ai tuigrului bengalez – zece.

..

Maa Durga e zeie, scânteie, fulger, femeie
E pură și-albastră precum Gangele ceresc
și pe fruntea-i albă, înconjurată de pleteTe iubesc și Te dores Puiul meu.
ca un nor, văsările dulci și senine pornesc.

...

Rochia din brocart îmbracă trupul plin
Ce-i parcă dăltuii
Așa frumoasă, înger radioasă
E iute în război și dulce la iubit.

..

Buiuzele ie ca un șerbet parfumat de trandafiri
Sunt sărutate de ai dimineții reci zefiri
și ea pășește e fluviu maiestuoasă
a ținuturilor sălbatice – dulce crăiasă.

..

Peste capul ei de-adorată regină
Tronează coroana de perle și pietre scumpe
și klunga și bogata rochie de hrmină
misteru, taina-i rumpe.

...

Căci e frumoasă cum nu pot
Cu mintea a concepe
E fiica munților maiestuioshi
și-a Brahmaputrei fiică.

I love you, Victor, my sweet husband.
Maa Durga

A pure goddess, like a spark
What passes over her face and shades her slightly
Like a whisper from the trembling night
West that passes Amor's breeze

He slowly spreads his arms unspeakably
With her round, radiant face
Like a beautiful princely apple
Like a ripe fruit.

...

Mata Durga is a god, a spark, a lightning, a woman
It's as pure and blue as the heavenly Ganges
and on her white forehead, surrounded by locks
like a cloud, the sweet and serene vassals start.

..

The brocade dress wears the full body
It's like chisels
So beautiful, radiant angel
He is quick in war and sweet to his lover.

...

His locks flow like a dark river
He has water lilies and shells attached to his belt

Everything he adored
and her eyes like two flashes of holiness

in the pink eyelids they struggle.
Her tunic falls silky to the ground
For Mata urga is the word
It's honey on her lips like a scented block

He has water lilies and shells attached to his belt
Everything he adored
and her eyes like two flashes of holiness
in the pink eyelids they struggle.

...

Her heart is pure as a child, it is open when spring comes
Like a cruel pistil
Open to smells and night
To the heart her child.

...

Wisdom is great in vain
They are wise to surpass it
For Mata Durga has nine minds
and with the Bengal tiger - ten.

...

At the foot of the Himalayas, who appears? ...
It's Maa Durga, a child
With fresh flower blossoms
and with shells soaked in wild boars.

...

Over her head adored queen
Throne the crown of pearls and precious stones
and long and rich ermine dress
mystery, secretly break it.

...

Because she's as beautiful as I can be
With the mind to conceive
She is the daughter of the majestic mountains
of Brahmaputra's daughter.

...

Over her head adored queen
Throne the crown of pearls and precious stones
and long and rich ermine dress

mystery, secretly break it.

...

Her heart is pure as a child, it is open when spring comes
Like a cruel pistil
Open to smells and night
To the heart her child.

...

Wisdom is great in vain
They are looking for sages to surpass it
For Mata Durga has nine minds
and with the Bengal tiger - ten.

..

Maa Durga is a god, a spark, a lightning, a woman
It's as pure and blue as the heavenly Ganges
and on her white forehead, surrounded by locks
like a cloud, the sweet and serene vassals start.

...

The brocade dress wears the full body
It's like chisels
So beautiful, radiant angel
He is quick in war and sweet to his lover.

..

The bumblebees are like a fragrant sherbet of roses
They are kissed by their cold morning zephyrs
and she walks is a majestic river
of wild lands - sweet girl.

..

Over her head adored queen
Throne the crown of pearls and precious stones
and long and rich ermine dress
mystery, secretly break it.

...

Because she's as beautiful as I can be
With the mind to conceive
She is the daughter of the majestic mountains
of Brahmaputra's daughter.

..

I love you, Mihai, my Sweet Baby. I wish you, my loving Son.

Barbarian Jebir
After an old poetry

Only an island from the ground came out of the sea
What surrounded her with her big shoes
Her spine smelled like salt
Praised at the fame of barbarians

From stars and wind, from the sea and sing
Only she, my lover, was earth.

...

Celebrate them dearly ...
The wind is flowing from full poles
The barbarians take their mouths to their mouths
Then it adapts from the stuffed wine ...

....

It's screaming, puppy, the wine flows from the glasses ...
It spreads inflorescently on the floor ...
Glasses clash ... Barbarian Jebir is laughing and laughing on the table
The food is mixed with the wine
Creating the gray, hot molasses ...

...

Celebrate them dearly ...
The wind is flowing from full poles
The barbarians take their mouths to their mouths
Then it adapts from the stuffed wine ...

Only an island from the ground came out of the sea
What surrounded her with the big tassels
Her spine smelled like salt
Praised at the fame of barbarians

From stars and wind, from the sea and sing
Only she, my lover, was earth.

Te iubesc, Dulcele meu, Puiul meu. Te doresc.
Oyuy! meu Dulce, Victor, Te iubesc nespus.
Dulcele meu Tudor, Puiul eu, Te iubesc și Te doresc nespus.

Which of the aces

Dark evening with scalding scars
Flashing lights flash on the hills around
With the sound of pure metals

The rain falls around me, the rain unpunished.

I paused quietly in the light
from a low lamp to a table in strips
where, I was still silent, with a wide smile, a bit silly
keep me on my knees.

...

My mesh stockings
They are broken, with many circles and with many cracks
Foot to foot, and with the cigarette in one hand
I better read a full sheet of ladies to get out

Let me give my company ladies a mesh.

...

I go out, happy, I shake my head
and a hand goes to my mouth
ruby liqueur ...
... while with dead gestures next to the resurrection
The pale of the night night innocent lady

...

She looks at me with big eyes
Then he smiles as if guilty
As he draws her art, her eyes flicker
In his books he accidentally bent me

...

We raise, it's a big stake.
abbey
The sad lady went to pray
On the bed with his hand on his knees he brings to his chin
Twisting a tear under the eyelashes
I smile sweetly and throw my books on the table.

...

With jeans on the table stretch
Still taking a sip from the glass of wine

The madness that makes me slow my eye
Blinking like a dream ...
Then in a proud slow motion, he slowly puts his aces on the table
..

It then rolls and hisses
and taking the coins pile
Which he also laid on his feet
Laughing is done with the eye of the prickly

Passing by me pulls me a twig.

...

I went out. My mind is empty, without thoughts
In my shabby forgiveness, I shrug my shoulders
and the thought runs after me, without ceasing
with his step, his sweet, sad, bitter thoughts ...

...

Come back
The mouse is sleeping with his hand in the temple
With broken jeans, with one hand left on one leg ...
It crumbles, then snores again ...

The other counts their holes in the net.

....

Suddenly, he fell asleep from sleep.
I put my hand on the pencil and write another line
Just grinning at a thought I just knew
Passing a bat over his ass
The lady with sad eyes and long hair ...

..

Dark evening with scalding scars
Flashing lights flash on the hills around
With the sound of pure rejuvenation
Bouncing around my tireless evening ...

I fell silent in the light of goodbye
from a low lamp to a table in strips
where, I was still silent, with a wide smile, a bit silly
keep me on my knees.

My lips can't move
I cannot understand the landscape
Other than the inner one, known from millions of kali-yuga
Other than the inner universe
Known from deep dreams and dreams
With the star attached to the temple

I take the pill and shoot myself
I fall with the slow down through a kind of chaos
dark
Until I touch the lips of the earth
From which I hindered myself

My lips can't move
I cannot understand the landscape
Other than the inner one, known from millions of kali-yuga

Other than the inner universe
Known from deep dreams and dreams
With the star attached to the temple
I love you, Victor, my sweetness

Leg you ...
Blowing your paw ...
I'm climbing into my world of dreams and pain
Of pleasure, smoke and honey
An indescribable fall ...
Kissing your arm
I'm listening to the call from me
... and in general from my whole matriarchal ascendancy
For her gauntlet they are quietly lethal

...
Kissing your violin
On which they left
I drive away around me all the evils
... and in general everything blasphemous
Impure ... and reminds of murder ...

..
Kissing your violin
On which they left
I give a new definition to the miss
and the sense of Amor ...

...
Kissing your violin
Which the stars have set
I note the existence of creation
With the sweet-bitter silence of grace
What's happening to your sweet son
Easy, easy, easy ...
... I love you sweet Victor

I get the gun and shoot myself
It slows down some sort of chaos
dark
Until I touch the ground with my lips
Which I prevented

My lips can not move
I can not cover the landscape
The other than the inner one, known from millions of kali-yuga
Other than the inner universe
Known from deep reveries and dreams
With the stick stuck to the starste iubesc, te doresc...
Te doresc și te iubesc, puiul meu.

Te iubesc, Victor, Dragostea vieții mele, Puiul meu.
Te Doresc, Puiul meu.
Te doresc și Te iubesc Tudor-Mihai, Puiul meu.

Bhagavad-Gita

my dear and beloved baby, Victor, my love
my beloved and dear husband, I wish you and I love you, my sweet baby.

Song I

Story, fairy tale and truth.

sadness, reveries
the world is no longer beautiful after you've written a book
it's just different.

The smile, the abyss is different
Death, death
The word, the covenant
Silence, saying.

..... ..

fantastic arabesques unfold from the leaden sky
whisper, only
an ivory end
and the other gray.

The saying was silent speaking
Building and immortality
Sea and melope
Moon, sister and Earth -
Gea.

.....

blink high
and then you jumped on me
on the lips
smile, transcribed
n-long parchments in the abyss.

....

voices
voices
Stones
rocks
They were transgressing the high
and they hurt my sight

with melopeea, geea blindness

of the star called earth
wrapped in the wind

shining her ornaments
before me my maids passed
too high
waving their spikes, they threw the seeds
giant wheat.

.....

The second song

Pigeon dreamed of gold in the giant sun
with his sharp silk, which glitters over
bitter stones
in the mountain top, small valleys splitting
what does corn corn crave
round

and it mirrors it in high light.

...

black thalassus flew to shore, carrying wings
of shells and algae
carrying offshore masts
with seagulls swarming in the wind.

....

bulb circles were made, from which springs
the note
until it falls in the white beads everything
and the proud young sun rose.

...

with sun hair and lights
with soft, warm and clear eyes
the young prince with a face walks over the sea
of Sun.

....

wide mast near the mast
and the long sea and the wide sea
armies flutter on the water, on the clean, matte mirrors
to look for the brave Adonir.

.....

clear blue-black
and dark
on a sky where it is fixed
slow zenith

we were looking for nights in october
of fans
the one the Wise man told me would be
the weird.

- in the garden of the sky clean in wild boar

drained the grief
and rooting in the sandflies
among corn chips and wheat ears
we were passing through the ponds
to a river.

thousands of miles passed in a blink of an eye
up to where, in her heavenly ways
where
the white moon, with its celestial rays
trembling on the windows
it could be watched.

...
I heard it in my sleep, from the distant sea
master and sir
that he is not a mere mortal
but the proud sister is in heaven.

....
he fluttered his wings
bringing in news, and shaking the news
they surrounded the gentleman:

.....
- Oh, Adonir
stepped forward
the oldest by port and chip
we conquered the whole earth
for you

for you are our king
and at sea we crown you as an admiral.
master over the black log,
swell wave
that you barely kick - touching.

.....
Oh, tell us your legend Master, how you were born
from white foam
from deep within you came
and what you bring with you into the world.

....
- Oh, Vrednice Kebir, that you are
do not sit listening to sad stories
for I am not king over the world
more than that I can't say ...

...
I am the Lord your God,
I am a sad god over the people
There is the sun in the sky from above - but I do not set
his sunset.

...
as old as the ages
I'm taking my sad watches
for I am of an eternity, old as the time
what will it be.

....

I was born now from the waters
in the world of ordinary mortals
and this is the second song he murmurs
whispering sad wind

for I was born to die, and I shall die
to give birth to me
do not seek these laws to understand them
the land of emperors is full
and kings ...

but I am your Savior
Jesus Christ is my name
for the rebellious crowds Adonir, arriving with him
spring
hot zefir.

....

Ever since I waited in heaven, it passed
an eternity
and my eyes were never given to me to see the white night
hot naiad, which lights up in the sky,
- between the stars star.

....

I hear she is a royal girl
what brings his age to a high mountain
with the herds of deer and deer
among wild boars lurking in bitter stones
and that she's proud, loud ...

only she knows me,
O Kebir, forget about Flint
and the one with the arrows full of arrows
you all, you come with me
are you comfortable?

.....

- Master, Lord on earth, I believe
without tagging it
Your word

but I have to see my host
of will leave the seas wide and rich and will follow you
wilderness can
but I have to come to terms ...

...

I see that You are the Sun on earth
and I think you will die to be born
but sad they are dear emperors, that we, poor people,
we will die.

....

show us the Way, be the exhortation, to these hosts
giddy
and urgent

to leave the seas terrible
and follow you on the ground?

....

- Come on! ... it was like a thundering voice
the hostels gathered together
in which the sight of the braver is heated
We come, we come, or Adonir!

.....

And while sweet it is the insertion
and in the eyes of the brave man the sea is mirrored
they all set off as one to the shore
handle a unique and profound urge.

....

Adonir's footsteps trod the sea
and at the peak of the mountain among
bitter stones
an empress girl named Magdalena
at the secret time of the night
wait...

.....

The third song

When the moon over Codri kept quiet
in the shadow of the secret vaults
oak and amethyst leaves, alabaster and agate,
Virgo started to hunt.

....

a sky of stars below
above them I ask for stars
it seemed like a constant lightning wandering through them.

when sprouting a surrounding
and I border it on the note
it seemed like a thought of longing, to ruin everything,
All ..

see that on the first day
how the light came out
and among the dark stars at the edge
of waste water ...

she silently stepped softly
over garnet springs, over agate hardwoods
and the stars in her hair she picked up ...

.....

in his hands the silver cane, so beautiful
how can i not
with the human mind it was counted
with transparent veils
in alint ...

she looked like she was ...

The silver and sweet moon of the fir tree
empress
more proud than any star ...

....

- Marie ... whisper the gentle wind ...
now when the oak vault is open
as in an old niche fortress
step into the beautiful dream ...

among the forests of sparkling stars, more proud
than any god
step into the round golden circle
what rotates through the hole

....

he went on his way ... Mary sad
with blue eyes like the poet's dream, they started on the branches
slowly green
not the golden city that opened it.

on the way she picked up a ring
with shiny topaz stone, which shone off
at the feet
And on which the word Adonir was written.

- Oh, Adonir? ... she whispered dreamily
of you in my sleep I gently heard when
I spoke with the Wise
and he told me that you are really the proud Sun ...

....

near the golden fortress was in the middle of the forest
silver
a golden circle ... she stepped
and suddenly he saw himself turning

louder and louder...
on the top of the Moon she was sitting. from the depths of the galaxy
from the middle of the Milky Way

a warm, calm voice, you hear.
- Oh, Marie, of the gentle, earthy earth
lord over the galaxy

- I brought you to my golden garden, to be his bride
To the sun from above
of the gentle Adonir
on his gentle name Jesus.

.....

the eternal bride you are and he is your bride
over human destinies
He will bring righteous salvation

Destroy them bloody and bloody on this earth
it will be fulfilled
for he heard me
and he knows that He is My Son.

then in the year 7000, the sky will break in the mud
and fire pits
for his luck will come

all over the world
to reign.
here, the Golden Fortress, will be his kingdom
and you will be his eternal bride

by Himself long chosen
and the world of death
he won't hear.

.....
Now go back to your palace, but don't forget
of your ring
And Jesus has one just as it is written
your name ... Maria.

...
out of the shadow of the vaulted vaults, she steps in step
near the window, where in the corner
The daylight is waiting for her.

.....
The sun in his face is beautiful
fluttering in the sky
and then Mary know that he is, that it won't be long
and he will meet you.

....
the golden circle rotates ...
more and more slowly
and the voice over the moss smoothly perish
.

.
The fourth song

In the majestic sunrise
when the flowers of bitterness flowed smoothly, floating,
on foot
The black, wooden ships
they were slowly approaching the shore.

Adonir, leading the young god on the water
his forehead was muddy and foamy
like a lion

step on the waters and the place where the foamy where
they were touching, they were rotating
and then slowly in white veils

on the sides they were detached,
perished.

Kebir vajnic warrior in chain armor
he looked at the waters as if they were safe
gentle
and seagulls rotating in the sky
then down the line
they would touch the water with the pleat, and then they would fly again
to heaven.

They were approaching the shore. The cruel hostages
young sailors were watching with love on their own
ruler
Adonir, the beautiful sister.

They were approaching the shore
from the wide oceans, over the salty seas
diaphanous
between coral reefs and beyond
islands grow
like oases of greenery,
beauty

They were now heading for the shore.
They watched the restless squirming in the sky
the islands of Greece, the wonderful one
From the Aegean

from which they were watching
Santorini, Rhodes, Samos, Mykonos, Kios, Kos,
Naxos, Icaria
Timber, Karpathos, Patmos,
Milos, Paros, Syros
and many more like this ...

.....
The mighty army arrived on shore soon.
the ships threw their anchors
and a few worthy soldiers in rowing boats
they threw the nets to catch
over.

.....
Jesus set foot on the shore.
then he said softly: - Singing children
of water and earth
from now on I am Jesus, the Savior
what he sent
from above

Only those who believe in Me follow Me.
I wanted to save you from your death
wandering destiny.
But we will soon arrive in Jerusalem

Holy fortress.

Only Mary will we get from here
and then we'll start again
but let's rest now.

...

Three days the hostages rested.
guarded sailors near the ships
anchored near the shore
then they started on the road.

.....

- Jesus, we are hungry ...
said the most courageous Kebir
on the seventh day.
We are 500 ourselves.
How can you starve our hunger
O, our Lord sent from above? ...

.....

they had stopped in a small, fruitless stream
with dry land and without water.
we only have 20 fish in our vessels
travel.

and only 50 glues. and the water is over ...
- Andrei - this is your name right now
don't be worried I tell you
but I want you to know that your whole life
you will change.

Jesus stood up
He walked through the crowd
Young, older in long jersey shirts
down to the ground.
Demoralized, hungry and thirsty,
they were waiting ...

.....

He made a sign to Jesus.
A prayer
And then he blesses the water, the sticks and the remaining fish.
When, wonder!
The fish were trapped in the vessels
and flutter

the water flowed into clay amphoras, sweet and good
and the glues softened upon seeing
with eyes, at three thousand.

....

Eat the crowd until they are full.
then only about 200 were left.
the others left
for Elada was shown to be a rich and glorious country.

.....

They were tired, they all fell asleep at the tents.

The light of the trembling stars, caught them
on the worthy wolves
on tents.

....

Jesus fell asleep immediately
and in his dream he was meeting Mary
Magdalena
that of his fate.

.....

The fifth song

The Sun-God started on the road with no one
at dawn
It was swift as thought
like light
when it bursts over the fairy worlds.

- In Chaos Lord I returned
and I would go back to Chaos
I'm thirsty Lord, of the star lights
by the resting neighbor.

in the place where it melted
from translucent blacks, and in the circle of lights turned
a proud young man grows up.
with blue-dark eyes
and soft golden hair
what's on her chest
on bare shoulders.

- O, Adonir, to My Jesus
a voice in thunder increases
You are the Sun above, which sparks white
increase.

I miss you, my Son, on the sleepless nights, when
we were talking about the Earth
and about soft water
when this shoulder stiffened
you were supporting him.

It was a constant longing
what takes you in life
in the world of ordinary mortals ... and you asked for me
advice.

It was a constant longing
what kept me from you
but I knew, without wishing, that Thy way is in
Humanity.
here you will find Ursita
what the stars did not keep you

and that you will give it to her
Your life as a gift.

.....

A work of my hands, breathtaking clay statues
warm life
to whom I gave Eden
be born Cover the whole earth like a leaf
and like grass.

O Jesus, be their Savior
for their sins had reached to heaven.
They are sad, bitter and obese

that they no longer have Eternal Life
that Death comes and freezes them, with her cold breath
and sharp.

.....

- Lord, You are my God
In the Book of Acts you put them all and spoke through
old prophets.
Now is the time for the Messiah to appear in the world
to wash the world of sin
with Death pre Death dying.

O Lord, I will not know that hour
When breathing life
it will fly out of my body
and I will descend three days into the world of Eternal Shadows.

But let Your will be done,
my heavenly and beloved Father, be it the prepared glass
of death and pain
to drink it as you wish.

....

- Jesus, don't be afraid
it was like a thundering voice, which then became a whisper
relief
Third day of the dead
You will rise!

.....

You lose Jesus from heaven
instead of the evening Luceafăr
and in the golden magic circle, near the illuminated fortress
Slowly his face began to close
sweet wonder.

.....

The sixth song

At that time Maria was sitting in the golden garden
and she deepened her thought.

passing beside trees with heavy fruits
surrounded by her young maids

gentle, gentle, thoughtful, Mary at Jesus dream.
The whole forest floor was covered
of unmatched heat

of flowers and leaves of precious stones
which I slow down, like in a dream, with the long skirt of the white dress
gently snapping, she stepped on them.

Her wavy hair in curly veils, framed her face
by virgin Marie
and her blue eyes looked like two small lights
what the lights were throwing
sparkling.

Like in a dream
she bypassed the Golden Fortress and went to the magic circle,
Golden.
He sat on the trunk of a fallen tree
and he was dreaming
the golden circle.

When he suddenly stepped right in the middle of it.
Once upon a time he was seen rising in space,
among the stars
in a fairy tale setting.

From a star two shining eyes aimed her
with love and longing.
- Oh, this is Adonir.
as the wise man once whispered to me
I'll see him.

.....

Adonir clutched her beautiful Maria
and in his eyes he lovingly
concerned.

- So fragrant, you look like the white flower
of cherry
And like an angel among people
in the way of my life go out ...

I love you, my dear baby
Fine.

Tibetan monks guard the gates of the monastery
At the entrance and at the exit.
Order well, four each
At the four entrances
Opposite.

.....

I was floating through the black space, full of sparkling dots
Sorul, Luna
They can be seen among the white pieces
By jeratic.

.....

I was a star.
With dense breath, scattering in thousands of particles
Opaque.
My soul was speaking from deep
and whisper to me from the ground.

...

...

Out of the waters was Arjuna, whose skin was white
Like silver.
majestic floating on the water,
in the hands with the horn
brass

self in arms, with pain, full of gentleness
he calls me.

..... ..

earth. Endless stretch of water. Fish benches
Noting sublime
In pure aquamarine water.

.....

Riding on a white horse in the dawn of silver
If you happen to be Arjuna...

He wore silver armor, sparkling
and the smile like the Moon.

... ..

empress, sweet little lady, of the flowering earth
of the broken chains
with loads, heavy spices ...
he wanted to take Arjuna as his bride.

.....

rising from the waters
with black braids and skin like silver
he looks like a sweet look
which she shows to the girl
the wind.

... ..

while the Sister and Moon embrace they stand on the water
soft deer cherries
at the water's edge they come to adjust.

..... ..

one mouth, one, only one
he wanted to steal her handsome, brave girl
from the woods
with sweet dreams running down his cheek.

.....

But the thunder of the sea is the sky itself
it splits him
and snatch the enchanted Moon
below the Sun wing.

.....

Priveag started in Arjuna in the world with his dreams
by Luceferi
he hoped the foam would catch him white,
in his arms
fur and tufts

as the evening descends over the waters, they slowly crumble
reed
and the pale Moon among us
slowly the Spirit carries them.

.....

Adonir clutched her beautiful Maria
and in his eyes he lovingly
concerned.

- So fragrant, you look like the white cherry blossom
And like an angel among people
in the way of my life go out ...

The seventh song

The world, time goes for me back
Like before

Time, world, existence
He still has to offer me miracles
In the past
Let me unravel the unknown
During the backward lapse

It's a time of remembrance
and of eternal live and current interpretation
woven on a single canvas
event-

which makes time lapse so beautiful
it's his uniqueness

the fact that it can no longer be corrected
factual

..... ..

but interpretive
only now does it reveal its germination force

.....

It's a time of beauty and unique security.

Past tense
Provides safety

It is a hermeneutic of the past language
and past action.

.....

It is a metaphysics of remembrance
and meaningful endowment.

..... ..

future tense
it is uncertain fact.

It extends all probable existence

and the option remains
always open.

It's a responsible time.
A time when the being will continue to be
and do.

A factual open time
Occurrence
and still unprepared for interpretation.

.....

On the past-future axis
I am moving
In an infinite parable of existence.

In which present time
Once upon a time
and it will be once
future tense.

.....

I can only speak of the past with certainty
Dressing her up
In the coat of metaphor
Always alive of consciousness and language.

The eighth song
Dark drifting worlds
On the blue night from which they were pursuing
Listen to the heart you are

Hidden deep in the chest of the nose.

..

shadows had flared
on the ragged face of spasms and diseases
shadows left by the dead
on the path of the living
like large, questioning wings of seagulls at dusk
They had touched his cheek in silent kiss.

.....

hideous black shadow
they flowed on his pale, livid face
in which death digs its way obsessively
and a flame of unspeakable pain
the fountain was on his forehead
vaulted

caught between his shadows today and yesterday

in which death digs her immortal
crypt.

..... ..

caught between today and yesterday, between then and now
between there and there
a metaphysical thought was slowly giving way to his body
from bones and pots
releasing him from the sad shell

and his head seemed open
the world from here

in which the soul found a way
to fly beyond ruthless
stone and chain armor

.....

leaving the chest cavern open
the atrocious world from the deep
in which in a funeral flock thoughts
from beyond
they were slowly wandering.

.....

with his eyes wide open
with foam hanging from his bruised lip
left the body of the world now

lying in the graveyard of bodies and lives

and the soul flies to imaginary worlds
under the selenium radius of eternity
mornings.

The ninth song

Without you
I would have carried with me openly
The myth of one's life

My life would have been
An eternal cocoon in the chrysalis
With wings flush.

Development of personality
he was silent
Before reading the book.

...

by the way
I had the feeling before
co-opted by the bright and dark figures
of the deep
that I have already read books
some books

which I had not read.

...

so it happened to me
with Psychiatric Power.

and yet how grateful I was
the end
that I read it!

..... ..

most impressed me there
figure of the mirror.

.....

I always recognized myself
in the mirrors offered by others
and myself
by reflection

into the deep psychosis I was entering
I was blinding like a drowning
after the light.

.....

how strange, reader
from all the pictures I took
at the hospital
at the emergency hospital in Petroşani
only in one they appear with the hit face
of a ruthless psychosis
in my hermaphrodite body
in which the adrenaline pump fat.

.....

I was with Gabi
The one with the galloping horse
With the ship with the canvas outstretched
and with a woman dancing.

He did not believe me alone.

.....

I would have been an eternal cocoon in the chrysalis
A man carrying himself
The myth of his own life, not even himself
A butterfly with glued wings.

I would not have known
why the horizons are so red
what the grass does
so transparent
and the leaves to tremble at the border
between reality and dream
like an infinity of eyes
gasping for air

and from the bodies of the trees flung toward the sky
column stylings
endless.

...

I would not have known
but I would have known anyway
deep, underground
I would have walked happily without knowing why

on the streets of childhood.

..... ..

happiness
and my unhappiness at the same time
they broke off abruptly
from itself became a huge cave

and then
I had to discover my myth
own life.

..... ..

the myth of my own life came to me
from the archetypal figures of the deep
and I would like to tell you the reader
that at that time I knew the ecstasy.

...

I do not know very well
if when I lived it
or when I wrote about it
reliving it.

..... ..

art is a sharing with others
of madness, of ecstasy
pain
and your inner happiness.

.....

But at the same time the way in which your Self
Step right in front
and you can understand it
to embrace him with his eyes.

The tenth song

I smile
as after an interesting family business.

I sent my volume
weighing three kilograms and 5 grams
205 grams more
than I had when I was born.

How much concentration
and how much metaphor
in this head is empty

brain-free

an everlasting scarecrow
in search of the lost realms
of childhood.

.....

I love you, Mihai, my sweet baby.
My dear Victor, I love you very much.

I love you.

...

Blossomed flowers oflots...

Peste tot în visul meu lucid
Insecte-uriae mîncînd de dulce
Pe neted Pămînt negru pe care Ceru-și duce
Greul și ușurătatea propriei veșnicii...

...

Michele coborî în goană scările
Apoi se rezemă serios de balsutrada de inox
Cu fundul rotund îngust sprijinit
De barele scînteietoare în soarele de martie.

...

Picioarele elui erau interesante văzute din spate
Părea că este unul singur, unul fiind acoperit
De barele rotunde de metal
Ce coborau în pămînt.

...

Cathy!... strigăel, în timp ce o fată trecea
Gînditoare cu capu-n pămînt.
Michele!... exclamă ea parcă obosită, lăsându-se să cadă
Pe băncuțavișinie
Din micyl pîrculeț
Cu brazi albi, ornamentali, ca niște copii
Zîmbăreți
Cu zâmetul înțepător.

....

Apoi se ridică agale și prni spre el.
Micele îi sprijini capul obsoit de pieptul lui
În vreme ce îi murmură șoapte de-amor.

...

Dintr-o fată, fata începu să plîngă.
Ălîngea cu sughițuri, șoptind printre suspine:
Ce dor mi-a fost de tine!... nespun de dor!...
știu, dragotea mea, spuse el cu împăcare,, cu tandrețe
știu, dragsostea mea, și mie mi-a fost dor...

...

Apoi o luă în brațele lui albe, rotunde ca laptele
și roz ca flăoarea d cireș
și os trânse puternic la pieptul lui.

...

Buzele lor se uniră în sărutări fără de număr
Buzele lui roșii Oroz de desciseră ca două flori dlotus
Nespus de frumoase , de grațioase și de gingașe
s-i soarbă sufletul viața di ea
și să i-o dea în schimb pe-a sa.

...

Săruturi glasuri dau duiaoselor misterioase
Străpunse de volupoasa calda miere
Ce curgea în gurile lor aprinse
C douăvițe de vie
Ca doi faguri uriași galbeni și parfumați de miere.

...

Peste tot în visul meu lucid
Insecte-uriae mîncând de dulce
Pe neted Pămînt negru pe care Ceru-și duce
Greul și ușurătatea propriei veșnicii...

...

Michele coborî în goană scările
Apoi se rezemă serios de balsutrada de inox
Cu fundul rotund îngust sprijinit
De barele scâteietoare în soarele de martie.

...

Picioarele elui erau interesante văzute din spate
Părea că este unul singur, unul fiind acoperit
De barele rotunde de metal
Ce coborau în pămînt.

...

Cathy!... strigăel, în timp ce o fată trecea
Gânditoare cu capu-n pămînt.
Michele!... exclamă ea parcă obosită,lăsându-se să cadă
Pe băncuțavișinie
Din micyl părculeț
Cu brazi albi, ornamentali, ca niște copii
Zâmbăreți
Cu zâmetul înțepător.

....

Apoi se ridică agale și prni spre el.
Micele îi sprijini capul obsoit de pieptul lui
În vreme ce îi murmură șoapte de-amor.

...

Săruturi glasuri dau duiaoselor misterioase
Străpunse de volupoasa calda miere
Ce curgea în gurile lor aprinse cu putere...
C douăvițe de vie
Ca doi faguri uriași galbeni și parfumați de miere.

...

și în acelmoment, Victor o atase la piptul lui,
sărutându-i ușșor părul din crștet.
Săruturi dau duioaselor mistere

Pătrunse de caldă, înmiresmata miere
Cu care curg pe buze, pe obraz
Străpunsede l dimineții ușure, plin de diamnte gaz.

Ce dor mi-a fost de tine!...
murmura ea la piepul lui
Înecându-seîn sughituri și suspine.

știi, dragostea mea, știi...

spuse el cu tandrețse, blând ținând0o la pieptul ui.
șimie, drgostea mea, nespus...
spuse el îmopcat, blând, strângând-o la piept.

Te-am căuta peste tot,
la berărie, la Universitate
Te-am așteptat acasă lângă tufa de trndafiri roz
Așteptând să apari cu hainele albite de fulger
Am bātu la tine la uș
pe Alea trandafirilor...

știi, dragostea mea, știi, oftă el...
apoi porniră încet ținându-se de mână.
În curând ajunseră în no.5 Avenue
și yrcară în apartamentul lui spațios,oprindu-se în living room.

...

Soarele de amiază, de iunie târziu,
scăpătase de ceva reme de după-amiază,
și primele umbreale înserării
se prelingau în cameră. Victor adormise, culcat pe mica canape,
cu catherine lângă el,
și cu vântul intrat pe geanul deschis răsfirându-i
buclele castanii-blonde, șuvițele pe gât.

Buzele lui ca doi nuferi îmbobociți,
semănând cumva cu buzelelui Alain,erau destinsse într-un surâs copilăresc...
Încercând să-și facăloc, să stea mai bine,
cathy se pomeni cu capul lui blnd în brațe..
cuprinsă de un impuls neașteptat, se aplecă și-i sărută
buzele lui învoalte, dulci, dulci,
în timp ce el o cuprine pe după cap, și –o trse spre sine.

Făcură dragoste, și seara cobora cu cercurile ei de uumbră și răcore,
se întndea ca niște raze tremurătoare
de întunerice în odaie...

....

Michel adormise, fângurind ca un ciopil,
în somn, și Cathy rpmăsese cu privirea ațintită în sus.
Simțea, știa că Victor nu plecase,
că era acolo, deșie era în colțul opus al camerei.
Deodată î șopti:
- Victor!...

- Da, șopti și el, venind lângp ea, și luându-i o mână
în mâinile sale.

-Sărută-mă, dulcele emu puișor,
Michel doarme...

Victor intră lângă ea în patși-o îmbrășișă cu putere,
lipind-o de ine.
Apoi făcură dragoste frenetic, ca doi posedați
de deminul inasăiabil al amirului.

La sfârșit, ajunși în culmea amotului lui tulbure și frebetic,
rpmaseră trseltând, năuvi, minute în șir...
Cathhy rămase încordată, destinzându-se încet, încet,
sub corpul lui subțire, cald, lipit de al ei,
ci ochii în pchii lui, care luceau slab,
a două lacrimi rupte din azurul cerului.

- Așa începe, c într-un vis, puiul meu, dragostea mea, dulceața mea...
mai șopti ea, cu vocea pierzându-se
în aerul de martie primăvăritic, ploios care năvăla
în cameră cu putere.

- Navamalika.... șopti el tulburat
lăsându-se pe pieptul ei și sărutându-i sânii. Dragostea mea...
Afară ploaia bătea în zăbrelele geamului,
pornindu-se ca un vifor întunecat și împrătiindu-și
stropii în cameră.

”Catherine,, dragostea mea... ” ”
Victor...”, șopti ea, înconjurându-l cu brațele
și trăgându-l spre ea. Umbrele se întinseseră mari peste tot,
și el își îmbracă jeanșii lui catifelați, carese mulau
pe picioarele lui zvelte.

- Navamalika!....
Rămase zăcând peste ea...
și simțea că intră într-un tunel vertiginos, tunelul de lumină,
tunelul oranj.
Se uită încă o dată buimac la ea, apoi se pierdu
în oceanul de liniște și pace care-i invada mintea, corpul.

Se simțea tras vertiginos în sus,
poate într-o nouă viață, poate în moarte, n-avea de unde ști...
Sufletul lui plutea printre particulele de praf
scânteietor ale spațiului, spre o destinație
necunoscută...

Te iubesc, Puiul meu Dulce Michele, te doresc, Dorit Puișor
Michele ...

...

All over my lucid dream
Huge insects eating sweet
On the smooth black Earth that Heaven takes
The difficulty and ease of one's eternity ...

...

Michele ran down the stairs

Then it is seriously supported by the stainless steel baler
With narrow round bottom supported
By the sparkling bars in the March sun.

...

His legs were interesting to see from behind
It seemed to be one, one being covered
Round metal bars
What they were down to the ground.

...

Cathy! ... she screamed as a girl passed by
Thinking with his head on the ground.
Michele! ... she exclaimed, feeling tired, letting herself fall
On the violet bench
From the little park
With white, ornamental fir trees, like children
smiling
With a stinging smile.

....

Then he got up and grabbed for him.
The little boy rested his tired head on his chest
As he whispered out of love.

...

From a girl, the girl started to cry.
She waved with hints, whispering between sighs:
What I missed was you! ... especially longing! ...
I know, my love, he said, with tenderness
I know, my sweetheart, and I missed ...

...

Then he took it in his white arms, round like milk
and pink as the cherry blossom
and bone clung tightly to his chest.

...

Their lips joined in numberless kisses
His red lips had descended like two lotus flowers
Not especially beautiful, graceful and kind
the soul of her life is lost
and give him his own instead.

...

Kissing voices give mysterious duos
He pierced the hot honey voluptuously
What was flowing in their mouths
As vines
Like two giant honeycombs, yellow and
scented with honey.

...

All over my lucid dream
Huge insects eating sweet
On the smooth black Earth that Heaven takes
The difficulty and ease of one's eternity ...

...

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Then it is seriously supported by the stainless steel baler
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With a stinging smile.

....

Then he got up and grabbed for him.
The little boy rested his tired head on his chest
As he whispered out of love.

...

Kissing voices give mysterious duos
He pierced the hot honey voluptuously
What was flowing in their mouths lit with power ...
As vines
Like two giant honeycombs, yellow and
scented with honey.

...

Te iubesc, Victor, dragostea mea
and at that moment, Victor attached it to his face,
gently kissing her curly hair.
Kisses give sweet mysteries
She got warm, the sweet honey
With which flow on the lips, on the cheek
He pierced it lightly, full of gas diamonds.

I missed you so much!...
she murmured to his chest
Drowning in sighs and sighs.

I know, my love, I know ...

he said softly, gently holding his chest.
chemistry, my love, especially ...
he said softly, tightening her chest.

I was looking for you everywhere,
at the brewery, at the University
I was waiting for you at the house near the rose bush
Waiting for you to appear in lightning-white clothes
I knocked on the door
of the Roses Alley ...

I know, my love, I know, he sighs ...
then they started slowly by holding hands.
Soon they had reached No.5 Avenue
and they walked into his spacious apartment, stopping in the living room.

...

The midday sun, late June,
had escaped some afternoon rhymes, and the first shadows
of the twilight crept into the room.

Victor had fallen asleep, lying on the small couch,
with Catherine next to him, and with the wind coming into the open eyelash,
brushing his chestnut-blond curls,
the splashes on his neck.

His lips, like two watered-down water lilies,
resembling Alain's lip were destined
for a childish smile.

Trying to do his best, to stay better,
Cathy stood with his gentle head in his arms ...
grasped by an unexpected impulse,
he leaned down and kissed his soft, sweet, sweet lips,
as he embraced her head, and pulled it to himself.

There was love, and the evening descended
with her circles of shadow and coolness, spread like trembling rays
of darkness in the room.

Michel had fallen asleep, grinning like a child in his sleep,
and Cathy had remained with the glance
riveted upward.

He felt, he knew
that Victor had not left, that he was there,
though he was in the opposite corner of the room.
Suddenly she whispered:

- Victor! ...

"Yes," he whispered, coming to her side, taking her hand in his hands.

- Kiss me, my sweet chick, Michel sleeps ...

Victor leaned close to her tightly, hugging her tightly.
Then they frantically made love,
like two possessed by the insatiable demon of love.

At the end, at the peak of their turbulent and feverish love,
they remained twinkling repeatedly, bewildered,
minutes in a row ...

Cathy remained tense, slowly, slowly,
beneath his thin,
warm body, clinging to hers, with her eyes in his eyes, glittering low,
of two tears broken from the azure sky.

- This is how it begins, in a dream,
my baby, my love, my sweetness ... she whispered, her voice
losing its air in the spring of March, rainy
as it roamed the room with power...

- Navamalika ... he whispered disturbingly,
leaning on her chest and kissing her breasts. My love...

Outside the rain
was pounding on the windows,
starting like a dark ephemeral and spreading splashes in the room.

"Catherine, my love ... "" Victor ... "
she whispered, wrapping her arms around him
and pulling him towards her. The shadows had spread wide everywhere,
and he gets dressed his soft jeans,
which were smoothing on his slender legs.
- Navamalika!

He was lying on top of her ...
and he felt that he was entering a dizzying tunnel,
the light tunnel, the orange tunnel.

He looked at her once more, then lost himself
in the ocean of peace and quiet that invaded his mind, his body.
He looked again dunderhead at her,
then he lost in the ocean of silence and peace which was invading
his mind, his body.

He felt pulled vertiginously upward,
maybe in a new life, maybe in death, he had nowhere to know ...
His soul was floating among the sparkling dust particles
of space, to an unknown
destination ...

Te iubesc, Victor. Te iubesc Mihai. Te iubesc Carl. Vă iubesc aproape la fel de mult, nu știu nicie. La fel, și
tousi în mod diferit. Vă dorec.

Te iubesc, Mihai, Puiul meu.

Come as you are

Come as you are - as holy as a whore
Like a friend, like a friend ...
I want you to be ...

...
Your hand holds mine
Your kiss sucks my lips -
She sucks my arteries, ready to break - like her rawer, sweeter
More voluptuous chorus ...

...
and no, I don't have a weapon, no, I don't have a gun.

...
the body of poetry is untied
of the eagles that come down steal them high, breaking
from meat to piece by piece ...
heavy words speak of love and death
and shatters the body by staring at the stars
the black, torn banner
to wear it
barely spoken, full of words ... hardly dead, full
to die ...

..... ..

the dumb angel cried, fallen, in his mourning
warm over clay
just beginning, full of
the end
Clear the stars to light up in the sky a thousand
and in kisses
we forget what it will be
careless at Time, at crossings
to words
looking into our eyes
remembering ...

.....

slip on your bare feet
in my warm dream of love and pleasure
as you close your eyes in pain
when I give my lips tender
-obol ...

..... ..

the subtle light faded from your eyes
like two mysterious headlights
in the distance
traveling tenderly at sea
as in a ship
only the poet?

...

....

Come as you know ...
Come on, you are, like a saint, like a whore
Now I want you to be ...

...

and I swear I don't have a weapon
I don't have a weapon
just an old toy gun for kids
so come as you are
as I want you to come ...

...

Come here you are, as anointed as a whore
Like I want you to be ...
I will hang the hall with stories
Unrealistic to the intruders - so come as you are

..

....

Come with the man-temple, and one at the back
Like the boy in the story
Sad singers
That before much more ...

...

I'm not like him
I'm not dumb
Come on try me love
How good-natured he is

...

So come on as you are...

...

I take the gun and shoot myself
I fall through a dark labyrinth
Until I touch the bush
Which I stumbled upon

...

So come as you are ...

...

Come with the man-temple, and one at the back
Like the boy in the story
Sad singers
That before much more ...

...

Come here you are, as anointed as a whore
Like I want you to be ...
I will hang the hall with stories
Unrealistic to the intruders - so come as you are
I love you I want you.

...

I dream of the heavy sleep with terror
Like Kali-yuga family
From an unfathomable, incomparable slowness
I wrap my hand around his neck
and one at the temple
and I don't know very well what this story is about
what happens to me

...

and I swear I don't have a weapon
I don't have a weapon
just an old toy gun for kids
so come as you are
as I want you to come ...

...

Come on, you are, like a saint, like a whore
I want you to be now
Te iubesc, Te doresc Tudor, Dragostea mea

...

Trying to recover from loneliness
From the tears, crowd noise, roars, solitude
I stand on the crests of a high mountain
Surrounded by snow.
My lips can't move
I cannot understand the landscape
Other than the inner one, known from millions of kali-yuga
Other than the inner universe
Known from deep dreams and dreams
With the star attached to the temple

....

I take the pill and shoot myself
I fall with the slow down through a kind of chaos
dark
Until I touch the lips of the earth

From which I hindered myself

...

My lips can't move

I cannot understand the landscape

Other than the inner one, known from millions of kali-yuga

Other than the inner universe

Known from deep dreams and dreams

With the star attached to the temple

...

The fish have no feelings, they are just fish

Passing to the bride, cold poem, in the heart hid the story

The fish have no feelings

They are just fish ...

I love you and I desire you, Victor my sweetness.

Translation: Natalia Gălăţan, Google Translate, Google dictionary

Where is not precised the Author of translation, it is realized by Google Translate and Carl Gustav Jung

Te iubesc, Tudor, dulceaţa mea, dragostea mea. Te doresc.

Te iubesc, Mihai, Puiul meu.

Te doresc, Dulcişorul meu.

Te iubesc şi Te dorec Victor, Puiulmeu.

Come as you know ...

...

Come on, you are, like a saint, like a whore

Now I want you to be ...

...

and I swear I don't have a weapon

I don't have a weapon

just an old toy gun for kids

so come as you are

as I want you to come ...

...

Come here you are, as anointed as a whore

Like I want you to be ...

I will hang the hall with stories

Unrealistic to the intruders - so come as you are

..

....

Come with the man-temple, and one at the back

Like the boy in the story

Sad singers

That before much more ...

...

I'm not like him

I'm not dumb

Come on try me love

How good-natured he is

...

So come on as you are...

...

I take the gun and shoot myself
I fall through a dark labyrinth
Until I touch the bush
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So come as you are ...

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That before much more ...

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Like I want you to be ...
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what happens to me

...

and I swear I don't have a weapon
I don't have a weapon
just an old toy gun for kids
so come as you are
as I want you to come ...

...

Come on, you are, like a saint, like a whore
I want you to be now
Te iubesc, Te doresc Tudor, Dragostea mea

Dive into me ...

Silences of gold, myrrh and incense float in the translucent air of May
I'll just wait an hour for you to stay
A spring, dressed in yellow belts ...

The scent of your roses descends to the earth
The sprinter and the humpbacker are invited
What suture branches blossomed with cherry and apple

Pleasant to the heart as the mind had ...

...

On the bench in the heresy what goodbye
With his mouth undone by the tulip
Let me be filled with dreamy abstractions
and the silence in my show falls hard ...

I was when I did not freeze, today I see myself and it is not
star icon that died
slowly in the sky it goes up ...

just as ours perish in the deep night
the icon of the dead quiver
is still following us ...

...

Luceafăr started. His wings were growing in the sky
and paths of infinite lives passed
in so many moments ...

...

There was a lot of surrealism there
in that little square, too, the church was empty
of beautiful

the bells were ringing
with their harmonious, serious, melodic voice

....

everything had a vague air of unfinished....
destiny and pure chance
historicity and departure from time.

I was passing by my own wedding
I was and wasn't there
We were defending and disappearing, defending
you disappeared
..

My lips can't move
I cannot understand the landscape
Other than the inner one, known from millions of kali-yuga
Other than the inner universe
Known from deep dreams and dreams
With the star attached to the temple

....

I take the pill and shoot myself
I fall with the slow down through a kind of chaos
dark

Until I touch the lips of the earth
From which I hindered myself

...

My lips can't move
I cannot understand the landscape
Other than the inner one, known from millions of kali-yuga
Other than the inner universe
Known from deep dreams and dreams
With the star attached to the temple

...

Te iubesc, Victor, Soțiorul meu Dulce..

Te dorec.

Te iubesc și Te doresc, Mihai, Puiul meu.

Dulceața mea, dragostea mea, Animusul meu, Tudor, puiul meu, Te doresc și Te iubesc, Victor, puiul meu
dulce
Silent, still decay

Notion of blacks which surrounds me
Emotions extinguished in powerless words
I look behind me, beforehand
And future like a green stained glass puiul meu drag,
dulcele meu,
Te doresc nespus și te iubesc nespus.

Full of sparkling ore
Which floats in rosy shawls, fluttering, caught
By the low sky, green and small.

....

Nature alive, warm, pure and immaterial
Likewise is your sweet manhood –
Unique violin
Whereon I sing on low notes, my dream
Bewildered and dunderhead.

....

From the deep the girls, the girls and the flowers
Look forward bewildered, silly
The rain to wet them
With cold lips, with wet lips, cruel

Streams full of orgasm
Wherein they drowned their silent, still decay

...

If I will die, I have only one longing
To die embracing you
From the lust of desire smoothly carried

....

Silent, ivory, the mate hours of the morning fly away
Carried on white strings of sweet violin
Whereon the lord was playing like
A goat stabbed, the sweetheart suffers
In my book.

...

....

Nature alive, warm, pure and immaterial
Likewise is your sweet manhood –
Unique violin
Whereon I sing on low notes, my dream
Bewildered and dunderhead.

....

From the deep the girls, the girls and the flowers
Look forward bewildered, silly
The rain to wet them
With cold lips, with wet lips, cruel

Streams full of orgasm
Wherein they drowned their silent, still decay

...

Translation Natalia Gălăţan

Te iubesc, Mihai, Puiul meu.

Dus pe gânduri şi-n visuri ca un prunc
ye iubesc, Victor, Dulceaţa mea, Puiul meu.

Pe buze roşii de rubin – schişezi surâs, dulce venin
şi pleopale tale îţi cad greu
ca-n pistiuri de gheaţă semizeu.

Pe-obrazul alb şi smead
Se ivesc feciorelnicele tale vise –
Unele scrise, poate escrise
şiochii cu-a lor taiunică şi neagră-albastră văpaie
rceala aerului cu-a lor fiebinţeală
o-ntretaie.

..

Mergeam tăcută pe rumul ce trece printre bolţi
şi-n praful drumului şin colbte iubesc, Tudor, Puiul meu Dulce.
îmi înec palide surâsuri
şi teii îşi cern cu-a lor băgată coroană
palidele visuri
şi-n zvor mai trece croncănind un corb.

..

Tot cerul e o flamă de văpaie
De culori calde, strălucitoare
și șerpuiește precum neagra mare
și-aruncă-ncet valurile către țărm
o stea de visuri cu flama ei bălaie
lucește-n depărtare ca un ochi de moort
doar dorul trului ți-l port
o tânăr Adonai născut din mare.

..

Calme cirezile agreste
Se-neacă-n depărtarea în zenit
și-așteapta dulceața unui răsărit
să înconjoare fața ta bălaie.

..

Dus pe visuri și-n gânduri ca un prunc
Născute sub fruntea albă de cleștar
ți-neci tânăr poet visările-ți-amar
și dulce în trecutu-ți crunt
ascuns sub cei tăciuni de piatră-n jar.

..

Tot cerul e o flamă de văpaie
De culori calde, strălucitoare
și șerpuiește precum neagra mare
și-aruncă-ncet valurile către țărm
o stea de visuri cu flama ei bălaie
lucește-n depărtare ca un ochi de moort
doar dorul trului ți-l port
o tânăr Adonai născut din mare.

..

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Se-neacă-n depărtarea în zenit
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să înconjoare fața ta bălaie.

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Pe-obrazul alb și smead
Se ivesc feciorelnicele tale vise –
Unele scrise, poate escrise
șiochii cu-a lor taiunică și neagră-albastră văpaie
rceala aerului cu-a lor fiebințeală
o-ntretaie.

..

Mergeam tăcută pe rumul ce trece printre bolți
și-n praful drumului șin colb
îmi înec palide surâsuri
și teii își cern cu-a lor băgată coroană
palidele visuri
te iubesc Dulce Tudor-Mihai, Puiul meu.
Te doresc, Puiul meu, Victor..

Taken into thoughts and dreams like a child
Te iubesc, Victor, Puiul meu.

Her ruby red lips - you smile, sweet venom
and your eyelids fall hard
as in semi-icy ice tracks.

On the white cheek and smooth
Your dream virgins are coming -
Some written, maybe written
their secret and black-and-blue cheeks ring
the cold of the air with their insanity
they trouble it.

..

I was walking quietly on the rumble passing through the arches
and in the dust of the cork track
I drown pale smiles
and the linden trees sift their crown
pale dreams
and the crow goes on crunching.

..

The whole sky is a flame of mist
Warm, bright colors
and it snakes like big black
he slowly waves down to the shore
a dreamlike star with its flaming flame
it shines in the distance like a dying eye
only the longing for your shape I wear it
O, young Adonai born from the sea.

..

Calm down the sour cherries
It is denied in the distance to the zenith
and the sweetness of an easter awaits
to surround your blond, smooth face.

..

Taken on dreams and thoughts as a child
Born under the white forehead of a clown
you-young-poet-your-dreams-bitter
and sweet in your crude past
hidden beneath those stone silks in the jar.

..

The whole sky is a flame of mist
Warm, bright colors
and it snakes like big black
he slowly waves down to the shore
a dreamlike star with its flaming flame
it shines in the distance like a dying eye
only the longing for your hands I wear it
Oh, young Adonai born from the sea.

..

Calm down the sour cherries
It is denied in the distance to the zenith
and the sweetness of an easter awaits
to surround your face dunderhead.

..

On the white cheek and smooth
Your dream virgins are coming -
Some written, maybe written
their mystery and black-and-blue cheeks ring
the cold of the air with their insanity
they disturb it.

..

I was walking quietly on the rumble passing through the arches
and in the dust of the cork track
I drown pale smiles
and the linden trees sift their crown
pale dreams
I love you Sweet Tudor-Mihai, my Chick.
I want you.
Te iubesc, Andrei, Dulcele meu. Te doresc.

His fine hand smelled of violet and musk
Arriving at Cathy, the young men suddenly broke loose.
They hugged the bed
Kissing frantically, to the blood.
Passionate kisses, when just blossomed, like two lotus flowers
Hit the light

...

..

When fruity, sweet, like ripe fruit of the mulberry tree
Leaving it sweet on the cheek -
The strings of their breasts were ready to burst.
Cathy, the young man whispered, waving her arms
How much I love my love!
I wish you, my baby, she whispered, I love you, Mihai ...

...

.

They looked into his eyes, his eyes troubled, looking at the little cross
She, with red eyes, caressed them
Tears of happiness, pain, desire, pleasure ...

..

Then she hid her cheek under his denim jacket over her shirt
Breathing in the chest breaths
Hot, deep ...
His heartbeat fast through his shirt
and a wave of pleasure, of pain, gripped her.

...

He seemed to have waited this moment for a thousand years.
Or she didn't know too well ...
Mihai leaned over, placing a hand on his waist
whispering words of love to him.

..

Then he slowly raised his chin
With his fine hand, smelling the scent of violets and musk ...
The young man knew from intuition, from the unconscious
The movements of love on purpose ...

..

Ah, she said lost, looking at his white face -
Suddenly hit by a veil of pink bachelor
Candy white - bitter candy, cold-smooth
As is the water splashing on the glass, as are the white flowers of the bulb.

..

Oh, Mihai, my gentle sweet with your sweet voice
Your look freezes me, your eye presses me
You come from the realms of the land, cold, and earthly
and you warm me in the fireplace with your warm poems ...

...

Oh, sweet, sweet, it's called the bride
O Cathy came to my breast
and let the cruel cuddle
it is consumed far away by night pieces

...

a sweet sweet name Mihai
as your black hair, like your hair, you waved
black ebony warm silk towels
it was leftover my forehead, your eyes are beloved
I would like forever to consume me in the hair of the table! ...

with lips that whisper divine with their pleasure
leaving it in my warm
where the moon is warm
silent feelings of shame!

...

Come on, closer and closer
Fall on my chest
Let me kiss you on the chest
When the moon is consumed in the night among the whispers

..

Oh, sweet, sweet, it's called the bride
O, Cathy came to my breast
and let the cruel cuddle
it is consumed far away by night pieces

...

....

a sweet sweet name Mihai
as your black hair, like your hair, you waved
black ebony warm silk towels
it was leftover my forehead, my eyes staring

with lips that whisper divine with their pleasure
leaving it in my warm
where the moon is warm
silent feelings of shame!

..

Mihai lost himself in the warmth of her body, his body
Like two pink flowers, bittersweet
Searching for her hiding place we hide
Mihai let his hand slip into her breast.

...

With sweet movements of the bride
It penetrates sweet and smooth like a cold snake became incandescent
and kisses flowed without number, among the whispers
hung like his pink-white cheek, demented.

...

and her breasts like two wrens
They clutched at the palm of his palm
it is consumed as two ripe fruits
in the heaven of his mouth, bitter-sweet.

..

A sweet kiss numberless, it was mixed with sweet water
Of their mouth, hot-cold-warm clay amphora
Often, you are wrapping one in high pleasure
They tasted from the unbelievable sea of pain ...

..

His blond hair fluttered silky light
They seemed to be covered by the luminaire, garden-
scented with musk scent
which squeezes among the dew stars of the roses, its perfume in the kiosk.

..

Come on, closer and closer
Fall on my chest
Let me kiss you on the chest
When the moon is consumed in the night among the whispers

..

Oh, sweet, sweet, it's called the bride
O, Cathy came to my breast
and let the cruel cuddle
it is consumed far away by night pieces

...

O, sweet sweet name Mihai
as your black hair, like your hair, you waved
black ebony warm silk towels
it was leftover my forehead, my eyes staring
with lips that whisper divine with their pleasure
leaving it in my warm
where the moon is warm
silent feelings of sadness!...

Te iubesc Tudor-Mihai-Victor, Puiul meu.

Te doresc și Te iubesc, Puiul meu drag, Dragoste mea.
Te iubesc, Dulcișorul meu Mihai.
Te doresc, Dulceața mea.

Te iubesc și Te doresc nespus, Victor, Puiul meu.
I love you my love.

Tudor Puiul mu, Te iubesc și Te doresc Mihai...
Leg you...

Sărutându-ți piciorul...
Urc în lumea mea de visuri și durere
De plăcere, fum și miere
De indescritibilă cădere...

Sărutându-ți brațul
Ascult de chemarea laptelui din mine
... și în genere din toată ascendența mea matriarhală
De gingaș ei liniște letală....

...

Sărutându-ți vioara
Pe care au apus telele
Alung din jurul meu toate relele
...și în genere tot ce-i blasfemiaor
Impur... și amintește de omor...

..

Sărutându-ți vioara
Pe care au apus telele
Dau o nouă definiție cuvântului dor
și sensului lui Amor...

...

Sărutându-ți vioara
Pe care au apus stelele
Iau act de existența creației
Cu tăcerea dulce-amară a grației
Ce se prelinge pe dulcele-ți pcior
Ușor, ușor, tot mai ușor...

...te iubesc dulcele meu Victor
Iau pistolul și mă împușc
Cad cu încetinitorul printr-un fel de chaos
întunecat
Până ating cu buzele pământul
Din care m-am împiedicat

Buzele mele nu se pot mișca

Nu pot cuprinde peisajul
Altul decât cel interior, cunoscut din milioane de kali-yuga
Altul decât universul interior
Cunoscut din reverii și visări adânci
Cu tâmpla lipită de stele

Leg you ...

Blowing your paw ...
I'm climbing into my world of dreams and pain
Of pleasure, smoke and honey
An indescribable fall ...

Kissing your arm
I'm listening to the call from me
... and in general from my whole matriarchal ascendancy
For her gauntlet they are quietly lethal

...

Kissing your violin
On which they left
Along around me all the evils
... and in general everything blasphemous
Impure ... and reminds of murder ...

..

Kissing your violin
On which they left
I give a new definition to the miss
and the sense of Amor ...

...

Kissing your violin
Which the stars have set
I note the existence of creation
With the sweet-bitter silence of grace
What's happening to your sweet son
Easy, easy, easy ...

... I love you sweet Victor
I get the gun and shoot myself
It slows down some sort of chaos
dark
Until I touch the ground with my lips
Which I prevented

My lips can not move
I can not cover the landscape
The other than the inner one, known from millions of kali-yuga

Other than the inner universe
Known from deep reveries and dreams
With the stick stuck to the starste iubesc, te doresc...

Înecarea cirezilor agreste

O viață atât de mizeră
Înălțându-se pe meterezele lui "a fi"...
m-am trezit cu sentimentul că nu mai am
nimic să comunic
decât stări mentale
decelarea conștiinței în mersul ei intermitent
printre lucruri.

...

și ce e poezia?... altceva decât o stare mentală?
Mai mult chiar decât o stare de spirit?..
Stări exaltate, maniacale

În care pătrundeau până la mine mirosul de metal
și de crini
efluvii de parfum cu o sursă necunoscută
neidentificabilă altundeva decât în
propria mea minte.

...

În alte condiții m-aș fi speriat.
Dar știam că sunt o consecință
A unei decompensări psihice grave
Halucinațiile olfactive.

..

Mama intrase pe la mine
i-am spus că simt miros de metal - și-apoi de crini
dar ea a schimbat vorba...

sperând mereu că mă fac bine
întru din ce în ce mai adânc în falia
inconștientului
care se amestecă într-atâta cu propria mea
viață, în stare de veghe
încât nu le mai deosebesc...

.....

O stare halucinatorie lucidă
Precum cele pe care le am de câțiva ani

Cu ape ordonate, colorate
Pe care le port în fața ochilor mei
Dintr-o cameră în alta

Văzându-le pretutindeni îmi îndrept privirea
Ca o întipărire colorată a apelor
monitorului
Tăind din înecarea cirezilor agreste
Un joc secund mai pur...

.....

În fața provocărilor neiertătoare ale vieții
Nu-ți rămâne decât
Să înăbuși pornirile grosiere
Ce n-auu cale de rezolvare –
Tăind pe înecarea cirezilor agreste
Un joc secuund mai pur.

...

Convertind pe Eros în Thanatos
și întâmplarea anecdotică
cum ar spune Eugen Simion
în devoțiune, în Bhakti Yoga
care în cazul meu

a funcționat întotdeauna fără greș.

Dulceața mea, Te iubesc nespus, Victor, Puiul meu.

Te iubesc, Tudor, Puiul meu, Mihai, Dragostea mea.

Initiation

Flying at high heights
My soul suddenly rises in the air, fearing, scared
Seeking in the sea of light that flows through the clouds.
Wild beasts scurried the ground
Fake, get out of your mind.

The world is nothing more than an impression of delicate colors
put on the canvas of a painter
an irrational crossing and blending of realities
from immanent to transcendent.

The peaks of the fir trees swirled
Like a tide, like a sea
With the crown in the body of the earth
and with the trunk in the light
in the giant, mysterious, strange, labyrinth of the Lord's garden.

....

In jury, we have met all the prophets of the other world

All saints, archangels, and seraphim
With her hair hunted for truth.

...

I plunged into the consciousness of the world
as in a great disturbance, waving his waves
in her ocean of fire, blood, and crunch
of war.

My body was devoured by wildlife
and the soul rises in the warm light of eternity.
In celestial geography, floats like waves of waves over the earth
Watering the earth
With his trembling light.

Shattered in arts and another, he knew ecstasy
The ecstasy of death on the cross.
He gave his spirit in the arms of the terrified crowd
Among the rows of dead and living
Those past, present and transcendent
Between sax and profane.

Heavy waves shake the crowd
I have been devoured in their arms
My body was devoured by wildlife
and the soul rises in the warm light of eternity.
I can not cover the landscape ...

Trying to get back
from solitude
From larm, crowd noise, noise, solitude
I find myself on the high hills
Surrounded by snow.

My lips can not move
I can not cover the landscape
The other than the inner one, known from millions of kali-yuga
Other than the inner universe
Known from deep reveries and dreams
With the stick stuck to the stars

...

When everything turns into ashes
and in sterile dust, returned to the glass
in the glass with which God sees the world
hidden somewhere where I can not see him ...

...

Trying to recover from solitude
From larm, crowd noise, noise, solitude
I find myself on the high hills
Surrounded by snow.

My lips can not move
I can not cover the landscape
The other than the inner one, known from millions of kali-yuga
Other than the inner universe

Known from deep reveries and dreams
With the stick stuck to the stars

....

I get the gun and shoot myself
It slows down some sort of chaos
dark
Until I touch the ground with my lips
Which I prevented

...

My lips can not move
I can not cover the landscape
The other than the inner one, known from millions of kali-yuga
Other than the inner universe
Known from deep reveries and dreams
With the stick stuck to the stars

...

When everything becomes crooked
and in sterile dust, returned to the glass
in the glass with a god looks at the world
hidden somewhere where I can not see him ...
te iubesc.

..

The magnolias were falling ...
I was silent on the road, this moment of ash
I was late yesterday
On the corridors of memory
From an uncertain future

The magnolias were falling, from a yellow, pale pink sky
they were comforting my inert body.
I whispered words of love
In the steamy window
From the rains that washed the souls of the soul
Over-a strange, beloved actor ...

.....

The bites were silent, feverish in the windows
With smiling faces ...
I was wondering where you are
... we were defending and disappearing
In the small square with cobbled tiles, soaked
They appeared and disappeared ...

The whole breathed an air of gray and ash
It was like we were in another underground realm, underground
I was walking in a dream
I was and wasn't ...

... we were defending and disappearing
In the small square with cobbled tiles, soaked
They appeared and disappeared ...
The whole breathed an air of roses and ashes
An air discovered from another realm.

Illuminations suddenly

In this new virtual world
I'm moving with the grace of a sleepwalker ...
... smiling at the flashes of consciousness
What transfigures my existence
Like sudden illumination
In the moment of grace when my conscience
Touch the world's consciousness
and sinks into it, in total oblivion, abandonment and regrowth.

...

It's all lost in the sight of youth
and the time is growing behind me ... - I get dark! ...
I get the gun and shoot myself
It slows down some sort of chaos
dark
Until I touch the ground with my lips
Which I prevented

My lips can not move
I can not cover the landscape
The other than the inner one, known from millions of kali-yuga
Other than the inner universe
Known from deep reveries and dreams
With the stick stuck to the stars
I love you, my sweet Victor.

See Rama

The door lock moves like a dream -
I again leave the soul of temporal eternity
Momentary, eternal, concrete, yet abysmal
Nothingness, no chaos ...

...

With thousands of eyes the black dagger speaks to me in the window
I tremble in bed
Not daring to sleep - though almost asleep
With his hand on the temple, caste ...

..

The doorbell moves slowly as if in a dream
Again, in terrible terror, I leave my soul
Eternity is empty, yet temporary
In the silence of the night, harsh, guttural
Killed, reborn, nothingness issued.

It's late night, yellow and short
I fall asleep with my hand to the temple

Everything happens as if in a real dream, he had
It's happening and it's not happening ...

..

Frosted fretboard from sleep - with infinite care open the door
and I slip
go to the room, in the bedroom -
I press the brown door, I speak from the threshold
I told them I was scared and was about to fall out of bed ...
(in which for a few more nights I lie)

...

That out there sounds weird, weird noises ...
Who's who walks outside in the middle of the night
Seeing all my thoughts?

...

I miss the dreams of the night - the powerless right hand to squeeze
I spend my night dreams on paper
With his left hand
My right hand hurts like a beast
squeezed over thoughts and images like a pencil -

I bend down to pick up the Matrix tubes from the closet - like in a dream ...
when all the world at once
a wheel is spotted ... it gets in my throat, belly and gut
the time in my room is doubling, it is burning ...

in the yellow light, crying ...
near the foot of the table is the empty glass
in the night there are noises, owls outside -
it's the slot - now full of less than a quarter ...

but didn't I drink it all? ... I exclaimed in my thoughts
with circumflex forehead, inert eye -
but I didn't drink it all - the quarter glass?

...

"Dreamy cypress trees sway
With the black branches looking down.
And lime with a wide shade of flowers down to the ground
Towards the dark sea the wind shakes! "

Through the halls a man in a black robe deserts
Fearing his footsteps, he slips into secret.
Under his long cloak he hides a dagger,
He looks back with fear and bitterness.

He laughs ... He rushes to the shadow ... the salt shadow.
Due to some walls, it slowly appears again ...
Above them quickly and again:

-O, Sarmis, long fight, great for us!

What are you running away from? What are you running away from? Don't you see in the fight that I'm calling you?

He doesn't think I'm shaking, he doesn't think I'm afraid!

He was rising again and his face was weak.

And the fixed eye looked with fear and pain:

"Oh, my cowardly heart, why do you gnaw in your breast,

Ends up! And the dagger I get out of my hands now ...

But I'll squeeze it in ... Wait ... wait, you foolish fool. "

-Children once and fall dead -Brigbel.

..

The vocals mix, guttural, smiling

barking

Black coal people

I smile like in Germinal ...

Toiotule an atmosphere between black and black

Between the black of the earth, fixed in an equation

With irrational numbers

and the greens of leaves, trees, grass

and the ashes of the ashes of heaven ...

...

Human beings move like in a dream, they talk, they smile

With the forehead of soot

With hands full of earth

With the shirt fastened with hay threads ...

...

The vocals mix, guttural, smiling

barking

Black coal people

I smile like in Germinal ...

Every atmosphere between black and green

Between the black of the earth, fixed in an equation

With irrational numbers

and the greens of leaves, trees, grass

and the ashes of the ashes of heaven ...

...

The wind is hanging on the sky

Moved by a celestial wind

My suits are moving in the wind

Like a fish bank, like a sperm cavalcade

...

I can not cover the landscape ...

Trying to get back
from solitude
From larm, crowd noise, noise, solitude
I find myself on the high hills
Surrounded by snow.

My lips can not move
I can not cover the landscape
The other than the inner one, known from millions of kali-yuga
Other than the inner universe
Known from deep reveries and dreams
With the stick stuck to the stars

...
When everything turns into ashes
and in sterile dust, returned to the glass
in the glass with which God sees the world
hidden somewhere where I can not see him ...

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Trying to recover from solitude
From larm, crowd noise, noise, solitude
I find myself on the high hills
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....
I get the gun and shoot myself
It slows down some sort of chaos
dark
Until I touch the ground with my lips
Which I prevented

...
My lips can not move
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The other than the inner one, known from millions of kali-yuga
Other than the inner universe
Known from deep reveries and dreams
With the stick stuck to the stars

...
When everything becomes crooked
and in sterile dust, returned to the glass
in the glass with a god looks at the world
hidden somewhere where I can not see him ...
te iubesc.

..Te Doresc, Puiul meu, Victor, Te doresc, Dragostea mea.

I was silent on the road

I was silent on the road
Valley them in smoke and my eyes drown in ash
Guttural sounds drown with their voice in the evening
My soul burns in love as it seems.

...

Speaking, the sound of horns rises in the sheepfold
I slowly cover my eyes with one hand
Looking between the stars stars
Looking at how he plays on the field, crazy, heels ...

...

I was thinking of you walking slowly on the road - how weird this moment is now -
The stars were slowly setting in the sky
In your hair you play, wet your finger, dreams ...

I was walking with my head down on the ground
Afflicted by an indescribable, ineffable, stellar wind ...
... my hands traveled far from my body
Trying to wash leads to the heart
A tender, creepy sweet, kissing

...

Speaking, the sound of horns rises in the sheepfold
I slowly cover my eyes with one hand
Looking between the stars stars
Looking at how he plays on the field, crazy, heels ...
I was silent on the road
Valley them in smoke and my eyes drown in ash
Guttural sounds drown with their voice in the evening
My soul burns in love as it seems

...

The vocals mix, guttural, smiling
barking
Black coal people
I smile like in Germinal ...

Toiotule an atmosphere between black and black
Between the black of the earth, fixed in an equation
With irrational numbers
and the greens of leaves, trees, grass

and the ashes of the ashes of heaven ...

...

Human beings move like in a dream, they talk, they smile
With the forehead of soot
With hands full of earth

With the shirt fastened with hay threads ...

..

I take the pill and shoot myself
I fall with the slow down through a kind of chaos
dark
Until I touch the lips of the earth
From which I hindered myself

My lips can't move
I cannot understand the landscape
Other than the inner one, known from millions of kali-yuga
Other than the inner universe
Known from deep dreams and dreams
With the star attached to the temple

I love you, Victor, love me.

I was silent on the road.

I was silent on the road
Valley them in smoke and my eyes drown in ash
Guttural sounds drown with their voice in the evening
My soul burns in love as it seems.

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dark
Until I touch the lips of the earth
From which I hindered myself

My lips can't move
I can't understand the landscape
Other than the inner one, known from millions of kali-yuga
Other than the inner universe
Known from deep dreams and dreams
With the star attached to the temple

Te iubesc, Victor, Dragul meu, Puiul meu.
.. I was silent on the road

I was silent on the road
Valley them in smoke and my eyes drown in ash
Guttural sounds drown with their voice in the evening
My soul burns in love as it seems.

...

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Afflicted by an indescribable, ineffable, stellar wind ...
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Guttural sounds drown with their voice in the evening
My soul burns in love as it seems
...

The vocals mix, guttural, smiling
barking
Black coal people
I smile like in Germinal ...
Everything is an atmosphere between black and black
Between the black of the earth, fixed in an equation
With irrational numbers
and the greens of leaves, trees, grass

and the ashes of the ashes of heaven ...

...

Human beings move like in a dream, they talk, they smile
With the forehead of soot
With hands full of earth
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My lips can't move
I cannot understand the landscape
Other than the inner one, known from millions of kali-yuga
Other than the inner universe
Known from deep dreams and dreams
With the star attached to the temple

Te iubesc, Victor, Dragostea mea Dulce.

I was silent on the road.

I was silent on the road
Valley them in smoke and my eyes drown in ash
Guttural sounds drown with their voice in the evening
My soul burns in love as it seems.

...

Speaking, the sound of horns rises in the sheepfold
I slowly cover my eyes with one hand
Looking between the stars stars
Looking at how he plays on the field, crazy, heels ...

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... my hands traveled far from my body
Trying to wash leads to the heart
A tender, creepy sweet, kissing

...

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Looking between the stars stars
Looking at how he plays on the field, crazy, heels ...
I was silent on the road
Valley them in smoke and my eyes drown in ash
Guttural sounds drown with their voice in the evening
My soul burns in love as it seems

...

The vocals mix, guttural, smiling
barking
Black coal people
I smile like in Germinal ...

Everything is an atmosphere between black and black
Between the black of the earth, fixed in an equation
With irrational numbers
and the greens of leaves, trees, grass

and the ashes of the ashes of heaven ...

...

Human beings move like in a dream, they talk, they smile
With the forehead of soot

With hands full of earth
With the shirt fastened with hay threads ...

..

I take the pill and shoot myself
I fall with the slow down through some kind of chaos
dark
Until I touch the lips of the earth
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My lips can't move
I can't understand the landscape
Other than the inner one, known from millions of kali-yuga
Other than the inner universe
Known from deep dreams and dreams
With the star attached to the temple

I love you, Victor, love me.
.. I was silent on the road

I was silent on the road
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Looking at how he plays on the field, crazy, heels ...

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Valley them in smoke and my eyes drown in ash
Guttural sounds drown with their voice in the evening
My soul burns in love as it seems

...

The vocals mix, guttural, smiling
barking
Black coal people
I smile like in Germinal ...

Everything is an atmosphere between black and black
Between the black of the earth, fixed in an equation
With irrational numbers
and the greens of leaves, trees, grass

and the ashes of the ashes of heaven ...

...

Human beings move like in a dream, they talk, they smile
With the forehead of soot
With hands full of earth
With the shirt fastened with hay threads ...

..

I take the pill and shoot myself
I fall with the slow down through a kind of chaos
dark
Until I touch the lips of the earth
From which I hindered myself

My lips can't move
I cannot understand the landscape
Other than the inner one, known from millions of kali-yuga
Other than the inner universe
Known from deep dreams and dreams
With the star attached to the temple

Te iubesc.
Te iubesc, Victor, dragostea mea.

Germinal

Voices mingle, guttural, joyful
barking
The black coal people
They smile like in Germinal ...

It is an atmosphere between black and white
Between the earth's black, fixed in an equation
With irrational numbers
and the green of leaves, trees, grass

and the ashes of the ashes of heaven ...

...

The Humans move like a dream, they talk, they smile
With the soot forehead
With hands full of earth
With my shirt stuck with hay ...

...
Voices mingle, guttural, joyful
barking
The black coal people
They smile like in Germinal ...

Everything is an atmosphere between black and green
Between the earth's black, fixed in an equation
With irrational numbers
and the green of leaves, trees, grass

and the ashes of the ashes of heaven ...

...
The wind hangs on the portage of the sky
Driven by a celestial wind
My knees are moving in the wind
Like a bunch of fish, like a cavalcade of sperm

...
I'm blue and alone
As much as a man can be ...
I fish in the evening
Blue lizards
With the miraculous body of water ...

....
I get the gun and shoot myself
It slows down some sort of chaos
dark
Until I touch the ground with my lips
Which I prevented

...
My lips can not move
I can not cover the landscape
The other than the inner one, known from millions of kali-yuga
Other than the inner universe
Known from deep reveries and dreams
With the stick stuck to the stars

Te iubesc, Puiul meu.

I was silent on the road.

I was silent on the road
Valley them in smoke and my eyes drown in ash
Guttural sounds drown with their voice in the evening
My soul burns in love as it seems.

...

Speaking, the sound of horns rises in the sheepfold
I slowly cover my eyes with one hand
Looking between the stars stars
Looking at how he plays on the field, crazy, heels ...

...

I was thinking of you walking slowly on the road - how weird this moment is now –
The stars were slowly setting in the sky
In your hair you play, wet your finger, dreams ...

I was walking with my head down on the ground
Afflicted by an indescribable, ineffable, stellar wind ...
... my hands traveled far from my body
Trying to wash leads to the heart
A tender, creepy sweet, kissing

...

Speaking, the sound of horns rises in the sheepfold
I slowly cover my eyes with one hand
Looking between the stars stars
Looking at how he plays on the field, crazy, heels ...

I was silent on the road
Valley them in smoke and my eyes drown in ash
Guttural sounds drown with their voice in the evening
My soul burns in love as it seems

...

The vocals mix, guttural, smiling
barking
Black coal people
I smile like in Germinal ...

Everything is an atmosphere between black and black
Between the black of the earth, fixed in an equation
With irrational numbers
and the greens of leaves, trees, grass

and the ashes of the ashes of heaven ...

...

Human beings move like in a dream, they talk, they smile
With the forehead of soot
With hands full of earth
With the shirt fastened with hay threads ...

..

I take the pill and shoot myself
I fall with the slow down through a kind of chaos
dark
Until I touch the lips of the earth

From which I hindered myself

My lips can't move
I cannot understand the landscape
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Other than the inner universe
Known from deep dreams and dreams
With the star attached to the temple

I love you, Victor, love me.

I was silent on the road.

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...

I was thinking of you walking slowly on the road - how weird this moment is now -
The stars were slowly setting in the sky
In your hair you play, wet your finger, dreams ...

I was walking with my head down on the ground
Afflicted by an indescribable, ineffable, stellar wind ...
... my hands traveled far from my body
Trying to wash leads to the heart
A tender, creepy sweet, kissing

...

Speaking, the sound of horns rises in the sheepfold
I slowly cover my eyes with one hand
Looking between the stars stars
Looking at how he plays on the field, crazy, heels ...

I was silent on the road
Valley them in smoke and my eyes drown in ash
Guttural sounds drown with their voice in the evening
My soul burns in love as it seems

...

The vocals mix, guttural, smiling
barking
Black coal people
I smile like in Germinal ...

Toiotule an atmosphere between black and black
Between the black of the earth, fixed in an equation
With irrational numbers
and the greens of leaves, trees, grass

and the ashes of the ashes of heaven ...

...

Human beings move like in a dream, they talk, they smile
With the forehead of soot
With hands full of earth
With the shirt fastened with hay threads ...

..

I take the pill and shoot myself
I fall with the slow down through some kind of chaos
dark
Until I touch the lips of the earth
From which I hindered myself

My lips can't move
I can't understand the landscape
Other than the inner one, known from millions of kali-yuga
Other than the inner universe
Known from deep dreams and dreams
With the star attached to the temple

Te iubesc.

Initiation

Flying at high heights
My soul suddenly rises in the air, fearing, scared
Seeking in the sea of light that flows through the clouds.
Wild beasts scurried the ground
Fake, get out of your mind.

The world is nothing more than an impression of delicate colors
put on the canvas of a painter
an irrational crossing and blending of realities
from immanent to transcendent.

The peaks of the fir trees swirled
Like a tide, like a sea
With the crown in the body of the earth
and with the trunk in the light
in the giant, mysterious, strange, labyrinth of the Lord's garden.

....

In jury, we have met all the prophets of the other world
All saints, archangels, and seraphim
With her hair hunted for truth.

...

I plunged into the consciousness of the world
as in a great disturbance, waving his waves
in her ocean of fire, blood, and crunch
of war.
My body was devoured by wildlife
and the soul rises in the warm light of eternity.
In celestial geography, floats like waves of waves over the earth
Watering the earth
With his trembling light.

Shattered in arts and another, he knew ecstasy
The ecstasy of death on the cross.
He gave his spirit in the arms of the terrified crowd
Among the rows of dead and living
Those past, present and transcendent
Between sax and profane.

Heavy waves shake the crowd
I have been devoured in their arms
My body was devoured by wildlife
and the soul rises in the warm light of eternity.
I can not cover the landscape ...

Trying to get back
from solitude
From larm, crowd noise, noise, solitude
I find myself on the high hills
Surrounded by snow.

My lips can not move
I can not cover the landscape
The other than the inner one, known from millions of kali-yuga
Other than the inner universe
Known from deep reveries and dreams
With the stick stuck to the stars

...

When everything turns into ashes
and in sterile dust, returned to the glass
in the glass with which God sees the world
hidden somewhere where I can not see him ...

...

Trying to recover from solitude
From larm, crowd noise, noise, solitude
I find myself on the high hills
Surrounded by snow.

My lips can not move
I can not cover the landscape
The other than the inner one, known from millions of kali-yuga
Other than the inner universe
Known from deep reveries and dreams
With the stick stuck to the stars

....

I get the gun and shoot myself
It slows down some sort of chaos
dark
Until I touch the ground with my lips
Which I prevented

...
My lips can not move
I can not cover the landscape
The other than the inner one, known from millions of kali-yuga
Other than the inner universe
Known from deep reveries and dreams
With the stick stuck to the stars

...
When everything becomes crooked
and in sterile dust, returned to the glass
in the glass with a god looks at the world
hidden somewhere where I can not see him ...
te iubesc.

..
The magnolias were falling ...
I was silent on the road, this moment of ash
I was late yesterday
On the corridors of memory
From an uncertain future

The magnolias were falling, from a yellow, pale pink sky
they were comforting my inert body.
I whispered words of love
In the steamy window
From the rains that washed the souls of the soul
Over-a strange, beloved actor ...

.....
The bites were silent, feverish in the windows
With smiling faces ...
I was wondering where you are
... we were defending and disappearing
In the small square with cobbled tiles, soaked
They appeared and disappeared ...

The whole breathed an air of gray and ash
It was like we were in another underground realm, underground
I was walking in a dream
I was and wasn't ...

... we were defending and disappearing
In the small square with cobbled tiles, soaked
They appeared and disappeared ...
The whole breathed an air of roses and ashes
An air discovered from another realm.

Illuminations suddenly

In this new virtual world

I'm moving with the grace of a sleepwalker ...
... smiling at the flashes of consciousness
What transfigures my existence
Like sudden illumination
In the moment of grace when my conscience
Touch the world's consciousness
and sinks into it, in total oblivion, abandonment and regrowth.

...
It's all lost in the sight of youth
and the time is growing behind me ... - I get dark! ...
I get the gun and shoot myself
It slows down some sort of chaos
dark
Until I touch the ground with my lips
Which I prevented

My lips can not move
I can not cover the landscape
The other than the inner one, known from millions of kali-yuga
Other than the inner universe
Known from deep reveries and dreams
With the stick stuck to the stars
I love you, my sweet Victor.

See Rama

The door lock moves like a dream -
I again leave the soul of temporal eternity
Momentary, eternal, concrete, yet abysmal
Nothingness, no chaos ...

...

With thousands of eyes the black dagger speaks to me in the window
I tremble in bed
Not daring to sleep - though almost asleep
With his hand on the temple, caste ...

..

The doorbell moves slowly as if in a dream
Again, in terrible terror, I leave my soul
Eternity is empty, yet temporary
In the silence of the night, harsh, guttural
Killed, reborn, nothingness issued.

It's late night, yellow and short
I fall asleep with my hand to the temple
Everything happens as if in a real dream, he had
It's happening and it's not happening ...

..

Frosted fretboard from sleep - with infinite care open the door
and I slip
go to the room, in the bedroom -
I press the brown door, I speak from the threshold
I told them I was scared and was about to fall out of bed ...
(in which for a few more nights I lie)

...

That out there sounds weird, weird noises ...
Who's who walks outside in the middle of the night
Seeing all my thoughts?

...

I miss the dreams of the night - the powerless right hand to squeeze
I spend my night dreams on paper
With his left hand
My right hand hurts like a beast
squeezed over thoughts and images like a pencil -

I bend down to pick up the Matrix tubes from the closet - like in a dream ...
when all the world at once
a wheel is spotted ... it gets in my throat, belly and gut
the time in my room is doubling, it is burning ...

in the yellow light, crying ...
near the foot of the table is the empty glass
in the night there are noises, owls outside -
it's the slot - now full of less than a quarter ...

but didn't I drink it all? ... I exclaimed in my thoughts
with circumflex forehead, inert eye -
but I didn't drink it all - the quarter glass?

...

"Dreamy cypress trees sway
With the black branches looking down.
And lime with a wide shade of flowers down to the ground
Towards the dark sea the wind shakes! "

Through the halls a man in a black robe deserts
Fearing his footsteps, he slips into secret.
Under his long cloak he hides a dagger,
He looks back with fear and bitterness.

He laughs ... He rushes to the shadow ... the salt shadow.
Due to some walls, it slowly appears again ...
Above them quickly and again:
-O, Sarmis, long fight, great for us!

What are you running away from? What are you running away from? Don't you see in the fight that I'm calling you?

He doesn't think I'm shaking, he doesn't think I'm afraid!

He was rising again and his face was weak.

And the fixed eye looked with fear and pain:

"Oh, my cowardly heart, why do you gnaw in your breast,

Ends up! And the dagger I get out of my hands now ...

But I'll squeeze it in ... Wait ... wait, you foolish fool. "

-Children once and fall dead -Brigbel.

..

The vocals mix, guttural, smiling

barking

Black coal people

I smile like in Germinal ...

Toiotule an atmosphere between black and black

Between the black of the earth, fixed in an equation

With irrational numbers

and the greens of leaves, trees, grass

and the ashes of the ashes of heaven ...

...

Human beings move like in a dream, they talk, they smile

With the forehead of soot

With hands full of earth

With the shirt fastened with hay threads ...

...

The vocals mix, guttural, smiling

barking

Black coal people

I smile like in Germinal ...

Every atmosphere between black and green

Between the black of the earth, fixed in an equation

With irrational numbers

and the greens of leaves, trees, grass

and the ashes of the ashes of heaven ...

...

The wind is hanging on the sky

Moved by a celestial wind

My suits are moving in the wind

Like a fish bank, like a sperm cavalcade

...

I can not cover the landscape ...

Trying to get back
from solitude
From larm, crowd noise, noise, solitude
I find myself on the high hills
Surrounded by snow.

My lips can not move
I can not cover the landscape
The other than the inner one, known from millions of kali-yuga
Other than the inner universe
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With the stick stuck to the stars

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When everything turns into ashes
and in sterile dust, returned to the glass
in the glass with which God sees the world
hidden somewhere where I can not see him ...

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....
I get the gun and shoot myself
It slows down some sort of chaos
dark
Until I touch the ground with my lips
Which I prevented

...
My lips can not move
I can not cover the landscape
The other than the inner one, known from millions of kali-yuga
Other than the inner universe
Known from deep reveries and dreams
With the stick stuck to the stars

...
When everything becomes crooked
and in sterile dust, returned to the glass
in the glass with a god looks at the world
hidden somewhere where I can not see him ...
te iubesc.
..Te Doresc, Puiul meu, Victor, Te doresc, Dragostea mea.

Kant...

Weird, rational night
As I write I read Kant ...
In strange syncope and narratives, my soul succumbs,
Like a long afternoon, in a room
long deep
In which everything is dressed in white ...

..

In fact, my mind is tense, excited to the maximum of aphorisms, thoughts, concepts
- embroidered in outdated languages
Ah, I've told you thousands of times
In the evening I love you ... when the mountain was mine
Just cold forged
and everything was dressed in white ...

....

It was a deep night - de Profundis
Not even a man's fancy about my black and white soul
Impure and pure, unclean
It was not manly, or life-like
It was a cold night away.

..

They were heard from nowhere
There were no voices, no footsteps
Only the cough dries in an opportune moment
Of my brother, lighting like a thousand watts ...

...

My forehead was burning with red mist
and I thought I was writing like a pressure Mind -
although everything is worse than drawing in coal
of the new man who has been watching for thousands of years.

...

Prolonged heavy pleasure, like chaos ...
No sound, no sound, just moans around
my soul is black and white
Impure and pure, unclean
It was not manly, or life-like
It was a cold and distant night.

...

I died! Yeah... I died ...
I was in a warm tire, cold and black like foam
Sea when Adonis comes out...

....

Since then I have died - in timeless, cold worlds
I was sleeping forever
Reading, thinking and writing Kant
In strange syncope and narratives, my soul succumbs,
Like a long afternoon, in a room
long deep
In which everything is dressed in white ... te iubesc

Something in the way ...

The fish have no feelings, they are just fish
Passing to the bride, cold poem, in the heart hid the story
The fish have no feelings
They are just fish ...

...

I took the pile of earth in my hand
and I turned it over the Wind
an intuition, a warm breath, a thought ...

...

The fish have no feelings, they are just fish
Passing to the bride, cold poem, in the heart hid the story
The fish have no feelings
They are just fish ...
Dragostea mea, Te doresc și Te iubesc, dulcele meu Victor.
...te iubesc, te doresc, puiul meu dulce, Tudor-Victor-Tudor

...

It was a rational night...

It was night, it was raining outside
and my heart was clutching like a claw.
Like a beast, like an evening, silent, rational beast
They are like a flower-like an undead
What's going on between us

...

It was night, it was raining outside
and the heart of the chest tightened like a night.
we were looking for answers in the sweet must, in your eyes
hot and cold....
question marks in taste were mottled
fruit nozzles

...

in your smile you never started, lost
scattered on the soft wings of the sumptuous spring ...
in dusk in the evening, so sweet
bitter

...

I felt an increasing desire in me
to sink slowly, slowly
in my eyes moist, in my eyes wear ...
question marks popped into your eyes
hot and creamy ...

...

It was a quiet night outside ...
and my heart beats like a wax, silent rational beast
like a flower or an undead
what made his bed in us ...

..

The smell of sweet plum, with sugar, of fine plum brandy
I don't know where to drink
If you do not know who ...

....

It smells like Jesus Christ ...
Although it was late and fast - and all the lambs were gone
At bedtime...

...

The sweet toss sugar with martyrs, with sugar, tomato juice, and wine
Teddy bear must
In fact, it smelled like sweet venom.

.....

It was a rational night, with great uninterrupted silence
Nothing but smells
Of silent, unknown, unknown presence
Next to me
A brandy with shades of misty prunes
Mine and children ...

...

In fact, I smelled sounds, unseen faces, alive
I smelled abstract work
You, lambs, children
Blue stars falling on shoulders on the day - next -
Friday...

...

Jesus opened the door of my heart and entered
It was silence it was late
Outside the dogs were still screaming at the mortar
A puppy with white fur
I was playing sweet sweet white carol.

...

It was to kill him, to kill him, to get the pimples
In my rational cam
The smell of mine and children...

...

Your voice came from other galaxies, abstract ...
Transparency, mate
Worried, daddy ...
What a lullaby sings to his little puppy.

...

The smell of insects eating sweet
What they never have time to go to bed
The smell of huge insects
Eating sweet...

...

Kurt smiled at me like a wound from the TV
Where did I not look at the building, Welsh, except Tudor
and then I took the gun to shoot myself
and falling, by the way, is dark matter - dark matter
although it was a rational night
and the dogs barked far outside.

...

fall with the slower through a stream of dark chaos
until I touch the lips of the earth
which I prevented

...

watched from millions of Kali-yuga deep-sea
the soul of the Earth is
it looks great to me ...

...

Your voice came from other galaxies, abstract ...
Transparency, mate
Worried, daddy ...
What a lullaby sings to his little puppy.

...

The smell of insects eating sweet
What they never have time to go to bed
The smell of huge insects
Eating sweet...

...

It was a rational night, with great uninterrupted silence
Nothing but smells
Of silent, unknown, unknown presence
Next to me
A brandy with shades of misty prunes
Mine and children ...
te iubesc dulcișorul meu Victor, Te doresc puiul meu Tudor, Te iubesc, Puiul meu.
...te iubesc, Victor, puiul meu, dulcele meu.
Te doresc, Puiul mu.

Like Eol that flies by the sails, it screams!

The Ghost flies on crystalline, crystalline airwaves
Like Eol that flies through the waves it waves
When in the morning with her cold wing
They break and break into many icy and cold evenings

When morning comes, it benefits, but at night on the edge of the world
Flying Shadow-swallowed knee
Through the stars of the sea, through the sky of foam
Fly, oh, shadow, cruel genius!

..

Mihai stomps his stallion in foam
and fly by night, a cruel genius
it flies by the day, through the nemesis at the edges of the world
like Eol that flies through the waves and waves!

..
Green mound with meadows of filomores
A blue-skinned sky, smooth of stars
Gigantic sun flowing in meadows with flowers
The sturdy Young, the blond-haired man in the spike, caught him

..
Like Eol that flies through the waves and screams
When the seagull beats the water with its white wing
He cold thought of longing
Brought in the whisper of love.

..
At the black castle, he partly beats
and a girl with the blond calves away rich and thick
falling down and hunched over
with the dew-blue-eyes, he saw them kiss, wet, pearly
she falls on his arm, dead, in a faint
of ebony hair.
Oh, my sweet sweetheart Catherine
She lets his head-and-arms sleep

Under the eye's eye,
it stops at the chest of the suspire! ...
for I came, oh, here
the tea of the nightingale beats
until the arrival in the morning, there is a lark
hurry, let's go, no time to stop! ...
and gently lifted her thighs
passing it on reaching the creeks

..
and kissing with his lit roses lips her closed eyes
fall with desire on his left shoulder.
In heaven the big chariot, the small chariot -
and fine-opaque by spitting up berries
chicken belly with her children
hurry up, baby, there's another clock until dawn!
jumping into the saddle, he leaves in the night
when combining the day's clear obscure with the night's whisper

Green mound with meadows of filomores
A blue-skinned sky, smooth of stars
Gigantic sun flowing in meadows with flowers
The sturdy young, the blond-haired man in the spike, caught him ...
Ah for me, Cati, you died!

..
and frowning with burning lips miss her closed eyes
leftover the left shoulder
as tears that his wishbone wanted to smile and cry
his arm curling his body in tears.

...
Harder and harder, closer, closer
He had loved her with love, sweetness to his chest
And on their face with the rush of thought, they pass
He ignited my feelings!

and frowning with burning lips miss her closed eyes
leftover the left shoulder
as tears that his wishbone wanted to smile and cry
his arm curling his body in tears.

...

A blue-skinned sky, smooth of stars
Gigantic sun flowing in meadows with flowers
The sturdy young, the blond-haired man in the spike, caught him ...
Ah for me, Cati, you died!

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Fly, oh, shadow, cruel genius!

..

Mihai stomps his stallion in foam
and fly by night, a cruel genius
it flies by the day, through the nemesis at the edges of the world
like Eol that flies through the waves and waves!
Te iubesc, Mihai, Dulcele meu.
te doresc, Mihai, Dulcele meu.
Te iubesc, Victor, Draostea mea, Puiul meu.

Michael ...

Cathy came in, looking at Alain.
But he looked at Mihai
He was sitting breathless, smiling with his hands close to his body
Thinking about who knows where ...

...

There wasn't much in the library
On that rainy March day
In the sun, the sun had barely come out
Among the frightened clouds, swirling like little puddles
Lightning and lightning
Just be-dark, like copies weeping.

..

Mihai was smiling, with Foucault's book open in front
Next to a book of poems, by Goethe.
... his smile was jealous, just sketched
On his cold lips
Like two rose petals
Rain kiss
and opened to a drifting inner world ...

...

Eyes, slightly shaded by glasses
They had a mysterious, poetic, timid smile
Taken from his red lips, blood-smeared

By the pallor of the thin cheek
Milk, on which the first lintel of the beard -
Two silky haunches from his blond-haired man
Rich chestnut with a middle ground.

..
Mihai, whispered Cathy approaching. Haven't you seen Alin?
Oh, no ... the young man said suddenly, amazed
Winking at her.

...
Ah, I told her we should meet here, read together ...
I wanted to ask him something ...
Let's talk about books.

...
You can sit next to me, he smiled as if scared
Mysteriously the young man. He is a bookkeeper ...

..
Okay, now I'm going to the toilet to wash my face
It was a terrible jolt ... now in March ...
Cathy said, touching her shoulder lightly,
As Mihai shivered, his eyes fluttered in the book.

..
In the bath, Cathy looked in the mirror.
His eyes were bulging, trying. She hadn't given Michele two months
After their last date.
Wash your face
Then it is supported by a recess of the wall
Lost in thoughts.

..
When Mihai suddenly enters.
She found it in her viscose dress, with the beret
With bare arms and shoulders, he reached
Her silky wavy hair
Like a spiral.

...
Do we smoke a cigarette? ... the young man asked as if he was confused
Not knowing what to say.
Then he handed her a note from Alin.
Baby, today is coming ...
Michele needs me
At a project for the service, my sweet love ..
Mihai, my younger brother, will keep you company.
The red-eyed young man reads.

...
Oh, exclaims Cathy ... putting out her cigarette. I miss him!
I know, "Mihai said, leaning over her to tell her something
then, overwhelmed by the scent of her body
he got lost in the line and tied with his arms
slowly pulling her to his chest.

Slowly, it seemed like in a thousand years
and he touched it with his red lips on his lips.
Cathy shivered, then chained her
and she tightened her breast tightly.

..

My sweetness, still the whisper, then they chained and kissed frantically
As if he had really met
After a thousand years
Of longing, waiting, love, suffering ...

...

The young man had changed. Become a hungry, voracious wolf at once
A tiger with feline movements
Who surrounds his prey and draws it to himself ...

...

Mihai, Cathy whispered, with red cheeks, my love
We are lost ...

...

..

Mihai was smiling, with Foucault's book open in front
Next to a book of poems, by Goethe.
... his smile was jealous, just sketched
On his cold lips
Like two rose petals
Rain kiss
and opened to a drifting inner world ...

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There wasn't much in the library
On that rainy March day
In the sun, the sun had barely come out
Among the frightened clouds, swirling like little puddles
Lightning and lightning
Just be-dark, like copies weeping.
Te iubesc, Puiul meu Dulce Mihai, Dragostea mea
Te doresc și Te iubesc, Victor, Puiul meu.
Te iubesc, iubirea și Dragostea scumpăa vieții mele!...
His fine hand smelled of violet and musk
Arriving at Cathy, the young men suddenly broke loose.
They hugged the bed
Kissing frantically, to the blood.
Passionate kisses, when just blossomed, like two lotus flowers
Hit the light

...

..

When fruity, sweet, like ripe fruit of the mulberry tree
Leaving it sweet on the cheek -
The strings of their breasts were ready to burst.
Cathy, the young man whispered, waving her arms
How much I love my love!
I wish you, my baby, she whispered, I love you, Mihai ...

...

.

They looked into his eyes, his eyes troubled, looking at the little cross
She, with red eyes, caressed them
Tears of happiness, pain, desire, pleasure ...

..

Then she hid her cheek under his denim jacket over her shirt
Breathing in the chest breaths
Hot, deep ...
His heartbeat fast through his shirt
and a wave of pleasure, of pain, gripped her.

...

He seemed to have waited this moment for a thousand years.
Or she didn't know too well ...
Mihai leaned over, placing a hand on his waist
whispering words of love to him.

..

Then he slowly raised his chin
With his fine hand, smelling the scent of violets and musk ...
The young man knew from intuition, from the unconscious
The movements of love on purpose ...

..

Ah, she said lost, looking at his white face -
Suddenly hit by a veil of pink bachelor
Candy white - bitter candy, cold-smooth
As is the water splashing on the glass, as are the white flowers of the bulb.

..

Oh, Mihai, my gentle sweet with your sweet voice
Your look freezes me, your eye presses me
You come from the realms of the land, cold, and earthly
and you warm me in the fireplace with your warm poems ...

...

Oh, sweet, sweet, it's called the bride
O Cathy came to my breast
and let the cruel cuddle
it is consumed far away by night pieces

...

a sweet sweet name Mihai
as your black hair, like your hair, you waved
black ebony warm silk towels
it was leftover my forehead, your eyes are beloved
I would like forever to consume me in the hair of the table! ...

with lips that whisper divine with their pleasure
leaving it in my warm
where the moon is warm
silent feelings of shame!

...

Come on, closer and closer
Fall on my chest
Let me kiss you on the chest
When the moon is consumed in the night among the whispers

..

Oh, sweet, sweet, it's called the bride

O, Cathy came to my breast
and let the cruel cuddle
it is consumed far away by night pieces

...

....

a sweet sweet name Mihai
as your black hair, like your hair, you waved
black ebony warm silk towels
it was leftover my forehead, my eyes staring
with lips that whisper divine with their pleasure
leaving it in my warm
where the moon is warm
silent feelings of shame!

..

Mihai lost himself in the warmth of her body, his body
Like two pink flowers, bittersweet
Searching for her hiding place we hide
Mihai let his hand slip into her breast.

...

With sweet movements of the bride
It penetrates sweet and smooth like a cold snake became incandescent
and kisses flowed without number, among the whispers
hung like his pink-white cheek, demented.

...

and her breasts like two wrens
They clutched at the palm of his palm
it is consumed as two ripe fruits
in the heaven of his mouth, bitter-sweet.

..

A sweet kiss numberless, it was mixed with sweet water
Of their mouth, hot-cold-warm clay amphora
Often, you are wrapping one in high pleasure
They tasted from the unbelievable sea of pain ...

..

His blond hair fluttered silky light
They seemed to be covered by the luminaire, garden-
scented with musk scent
which squeezes among the dew stars of the roses, its perfume in the kiosk.

..

Come on, closer and closer
Fall on my chest
Let me kiss you on the chest
When the moon is consumed in the night among the whispers

..

Oh, sweet, sweet, it's called the bride
O, Cathy came to my breast
and let the cruel cuddle
it is consumed far away by night pieces

...

O, sweet sweet name Mihai
as your black hair, like your hair, you waved
black ebony warm silk towels
it was leftover my forehead, my eyes staring

with lips that whisper divine with their pleasure
leaving it in my warm
where the moon is warm
silent feelings of sadness!...

I love you, Victor, my sweet baby, my love.
Te iubesc Tudor-Mihai-Victor, Puiul meu.
Te doresc și Te iubesc, Puiul meu drag, Dragoste mea.
Te iubesc, Dulcișorul meu Mihai.
Te doresc, Dulceața mea.

Te doresc și Te iubesc Dulce Mihai, Victor, Tudor.
Miron și frumoasa fără corp

Un univers de stele căzătoare îi cădea pe umeri
Venea cu ochii triști și-ntunecați
De spaima dorului purtați
De-ale trecutului aduceri aminte în purtați

și de-ale minții lui dulce rețineri.

...

Noaptea se înfășoară strâns ca o naiadă
Cu pîărul greu bogată lăsat să cadă
Pe-umerii ca o-nvăpăoere
Ce strânge parfumurile de miere și de fiere

e-nîntraga lui ținută un nu știu ce, un nu știu cum
ca și cum s-ar fi strând săbatică pe drum
toată închipuirea anilor trecuți
pe care cu umărul întors săruți.

...

Un univers de stele căzătoare îi cădea pe umeri
Venea cu ochii triști și-ntunecați
De spaima dorului purtați
De-ale trecutului aduceri aminte în purtați

și de-ale minții lui dulce rețineri.

...

O umbră dedor și-nvăpăiere
Albă precum e troianul de zădă
Piere în noaptea ce stă dulce să cadă
și-amară precum un zâmbet de femeie.

..

Noaptea se înfășoară strâns ca o naiadă
Cu pîărul greu bogată lăsat să cadă
Pe-umerii ca o-nvăpăoere
Ce strânge parfumurile de foc și fiere

...

Sărutui dulceumbra-l cere
și brațu-i s-o cuprindă lin
tunci cîd din nalturi de senin
se prbușește kin durere

e-nîntraga ei ținută un nu știu ce, un nu știu cum
ca și cum s-ar fi strînd săbatică pe drum
toată închipuirea anilor trecuți
pe care cu umărul întors săruți.

..

Kumină?... Pace?... zâmbre?... Soare
Se cerne printre buze de-alabastru
Ale zeiței ce ruptă din nonsoare
Se pleacăpeste-umăru-i albatru

Natura întreagă conspiră la a alor iubire
Sărururi duci cuprind întreagă firea
Atunci cînd el cuprinde sînu-i cald
și îi sărută cu buze calde gura.

..

O umbră dedor și-nvăpăiere
Albă precum e troianul de zăadă
Piere în noaptea ce stă dulce să cadă
și-amară precum un zâmbet de femeie.

...

e-nîntraga lui ținută un nu știu ce, un nu știu cum
ca și cum s-ar fi strînd săbatic de pe drum
toată închipuirea anilor trecuți
pe care cu umărul întors săruți.

...

Un univers de stele căzătoare îi cădea pe umeri
Venea cu ochii triști și-ntunecați
De spaima dorului purtați
De-ale trecutului aduceri aminte în purtați

...

De-ale inimii lui grave rețineri.

..

I love you Dulce Mihai, Victor, Tudor.
Smell and beautiful without body

A universe of falling stars fell on his shoulders
He was coming with sad, dark eyes
You are wearing the fear of longing
From the past you are reminded of what you are wearing

and of his mind sweet, secretly holdings...

...

The night wraps tightly like a naiad
With the heavy rich hair left to fall
Shoulders like a tassel
What the honeysuckle and beasts smell of perfume

he is in charge of keeping one I don't know what, one I don't know how
as if they were getting wild on the way
all the imagery of the past years
that with the shoulder turned kisses.

...

A universe of falling stars fell on his shoulders
He was coming with sad, dark eyes
You are wearing the fear of longing
From the past you are reminded of what you are wearing

and of his mind sweet, rosy holdings...

...

A shadow finger and glitter
White as is the Trojan of the larch
It perishes in the night that it is sweet to fall
and it was bitter like a woman's smile.

..

The night wraps tightly like a naiad
With the heavy rich hair left to fall
Shoulders like a tassel
What squeezes the fragrances of fire and beasts

...

Kissing sweetness begs him
and his arm covered her gently
then you fall from the clear clouds
kin pain falls

it's-maid her kept one do not know what, one do not know how
as if they were getting wild on the way
all the imagery of the past years
that with the shoulder turned kisses.

..

Come on? ... Peace? ... smile? ... Sun
It sifts through the alabaster lips
Of the goddess breaking from the ropes
His shoulders flutter

The whole nature conspires on their love
Sweet salts encompass the whole nature
Then when he gets his hot breast
and kissed his lips warm mouth.

..

A shadow finger and glitter
White as is the Trojan of the larch
It perishes in the night that it is sweet to fall
and it was bitter like a woman's smile.

...

he is in charge of keeping one I don't know what, one I don't know how
as if they were getting wild on the road
all the imagery of the past years
that with the shoulder turned kisses.

...

A universe of falling stars fell on his shoulders
He was coming with sad, dark eyes
You are wearing the fear of longing
From the past you are reminded of what you are wearing

...

Out of his unspeakable restraint.

Te iubesc Mihai, Dragostea mea.
Misterulpădurilor de cedri

Pe cer lumpnătorii se-aprind,sesting pe trrnd
Pe=o piatră-ncet capu-mi cuprind
E-atâta amărăciune-naer, parcă Dumnezeu

și-ar fiturnat în aer surâsu-i greu.

..

Încet stelele noâii se sting prin case, prin cămine
Mă culc în patt,dar somnul nu-mi mai viune
Cuget în vis și mă mir, cam trist
Cum mai trăiesc, cum mai exist

...

Visez secvențe din trecut
Cum c-aș fi vrut, dar n-am puut...
Să te strâng în brațe-ncet, la pieptul meu
...visez întruna secvețe din trecut...

...

Am stat atât cu mână adusă la tâmpla stângă
Cea cuemisera mi stângace, mai plăppndă
Am dormit atât de greu, tușind în somn
Doar ca să te-aduc aproape,al valrilor domn...

...

Să îți aduc la inimă surâsu-ai dulce
Pe buze fragede și triste
Plăpânde ca două valuri dantelate-n mare
Ca trandafiri cu aripile-nytinse.

...

Încet stelele noâii se sting prin case, prin cămine
Mă culc în patt,dar somnul nu-mi mai viune
Cuget în vis și mă mir, cam trist
Cum mai trăiesc, cum mai exist

..

Pe cer lumpnătorii se-aprind,sesting pe trrnd
Pe-o piatră-ncet capu-mi cuprind
E-atâta amărăciune-naer, parcă Dumnezeu
și-ar fiturnat în aer sărutu-i dulce, greu.

....

Ochii tăi cei negri
Ca două făcări negreși rotunde
-mi trimit pe seraficele lor unde
Misterul pădurilor de cedri.

..

Visez secvențe din trecut
Cum c-aș fi vrut, dar n-am puut...
Să te strâng în brațe-ncet, la pieptul meu
și luna să-ți toarne flăcările-igalbn calde
pestetrapouri înlănțuite slabe.

..

Am stat atât cu mână adusă la tâmpla stângă
Cea cuemisera mi stângace, mai plăppndă
Am dormit atât de greu, tușind în somn
Doar ca să te-aduc aproape, al valrilor domn...

..

Pe cer lumpnătorii se-aprind, seșting pe trrnd
Pe-o piatră-ncet capu-mi cuprind
E-atâta amărăciune-naer, parcă Dumnezeu
și-ar fiturnat în aer sărutu-i dulce, greu.
Te iubesc, Puiulmeu.

Mysteries of cedar forests

In heaven the lighters light up, seșting on the ground
On a stone - slowly my head comprise
It is so bitter- in me, like God
he would stumble hard into the air.

..

Slowly the stars of the wedding are extinguished through homes, through homes
I sleep in the bed, but my sleep is no longer there
I think in my dream and I'm surprised, kind of sad
How I live, how I exist

...

I dream about sequences from the past
As I would have liked, but I couldn't ...
To hold you tightly in my arms at my chest
... dreaming of past sequels ...

...

I stayed with both hands with my left temple
The one that was burning left me clumsy
I slept so hard, coughing in my sleep
Just to get you close, sir.

...

To bring sweet smiles to your heart
On sad and sad lips
Bitter-sweet like two waves laced in the sea
Like the roses with their wings flush.

...

Slowly the stars of the wedding are extinguished through homes, through homes
I sleep in the bed, but my sleep is no longer there
I think in my dream and I'm surprised, kind of sad
How I live, how I exist

..

In heaven the lighters light up, seeping on the ground
On a stone - slowly my head comprise
It is so bitter in me, like God
he would kiss his sweet, hard kiss in the air.

....

Your eyes are black
Like two bold black round
they send me to their seraphim where
The mystery of cedar forests.

..

I dream about sequences from the past
As I would have liked, but I couldn't ...
To hold you tightly in my arms at my chest
and let the moon burn hot pale flames
lashing bodies weakly chained.

..

I stayed with both hands with my left temple
The one that was burning left me, still moaning
I slept so hard, coughing in my sleep
Just to get you close, sir.

..

In heaven the lighters light up, seeping on the ground
On a stone - slowly my head comprise
It is so bitter-in me, like God
he would kiss his sweet, hard kiss in the air.
I love you, Mihai, Puiuțu.
Moarte la Veneția

Zări tulburate de valuri decenușă se pierd în clarobscurul ploilor solare
Eu, întors iarăși pe talaz de mare
țintesc de la distanță vulcanul în expansiune.

Norii albi devneau roș
și valuri de lavă încinsă se stingeau în zare
Eu, întors uarăși pe talaz de mare,
țintesc de la distanță vulcanul în expansiune.

...

Treceam pe podul de lavă încinsă
Ce colcăia frenetic în măruntaie de pământ
Pe când cu adierile-i fierbinte caldul vânt
Mă clătina peste scânduri, scobite-arare

De-o parte și de alta păduri virgine
Care priveau cu ochiul imobil al lui Crist
Cum încercam pe valuri de magmă să mă țin mai bine
Cum încercam din totă ființa să rezist...

..

Zări tulburte de valuri de cenușă
Se pierd în clarobscurul ploilor solare
Eu, întors iarăși pe talaz de mare
țintesc de la distanță vulcanul în expansiune
cum izvorăsc în ceruri reci senine
țâșniri de magmă și cărbune.

..

Norii albi devneau roș
și valuri de lavă încinsă se stingeau în zare
Eu, întors uarăși pe talaz de mare,
țintesc de la distanță vulcanul în expansiune
...

Afară frunzele metalice se mișcă, suflate de vânt
Totul respiră uun aer de nevinovăție virginală
De căldură și răceală boreală
De lumină albă, sepulcrală...

..

Mă întorc pe dunele măturate de vânt
În inima pustiei, acolo unde mi-am ascuns inima

Sub șirul pierdut de sălcii plângătoare
Pe care lucesc ca nestemate
Solzii trecutelor noastre întâlniri...

Sunt albastru și singur
Atât cât un om poate să fie...
Pescuiesc seara-n asfințit
Lostrițe albastre
Cu trupul miraculos de știme ale apelor...

...
Vântul atârnă pe portativa cerului
Mișcate de un vânt celest
Pletele mele se mișcă în vânt
Ca un banc de pești, ca o cavalcadă de spermatozoizi

... Lumea nu e decât o impresiune de culori delicate
puse pe pânza unui pictor
o ciudată străbatere și îngemănare de realități
dintre immanent și transcendent.

Vârfurile brazilor se unduiau în zare
Ca o maree, ca o mare
Cu coroana în trupul de foc al pământului
și cu trunchiul înfipt în lumină
în uriașa, misterioasă, ciudată, labirintică
a Domnului grădină.

....

În iureșul meu am întânit pe toți profeții celeilalte lumi
Pe toșți sfinții, arhanghelii și serafmii
Cu părul nins însetând după adevăr.

...

m-am cufundat în conștiința lumii
ca într-o mare tulburată tălăzuindu-și valurile
în oceanul ei de foc, de sânge și cruzime,
de război.

Sărutându-ți piciorul...

Urc în lumea mea de visuri și durere
De plăcere, fum și miere
De indescritibilă cădere...

Sărutându-ți brațul
Ascult de chemarea laptelui din mine
... și în genere din toată ascendența mea matriarhală
De gingașa ei liniște letală....

...

Vocile se-amestecă, guturale, surâzătoare
Lătrătoare
Oamenii negri de cărbune
Își zâmbesc ca în Germinal...

Totul e o atmosferă între negru și verde
Între negrul pământului, fixat într-o ecuație
Cu numere iraționale
și verdele frunzelor, al arborilor, al ierbii

și cenușiul de cenușă al cerului...

..

Buzele mele nu se pot mișca
Nu pot cuprinde peisajul
Altul decât cel interior, cunoscut din milioane de kali-yuga
Altul decât universul interior
Cunoscut din reverii și visări adânci
Cu tâmpla lipită de stele
....

Death in Venice

He saw the waves of decay
They are lost in the clearing of the solar rains
Me, back on the sea floor
I target the expanding volcano from a distance.

The white clouds turned red
and waves of hot lava were extinguished in the sky
I, turning slightly on the sea level, aim at the expanding volcano from a distance.

...

I was crossing the lava bridge

What was lying frantically in the depths of the earth
While with the hot expresses, the hot wind
He shook me over planks, hollowed-out

On both sides virgin forests
Who looked with the immobile eye of Christ
How I was trying on magma waves to keep me better
As I was trying my hardest to resist ...

..
He saw ashes of ash waves
They are lost in the light of the solar rains
Me, you turned around on the high tide
I target the expanding volcano from a distance
how they spring into clear skies
magma and coal spills.

..

The white clouds turned red
and waves of hot lava were extinguished in the sky
I, turning slightly on the sea level, aim at the expanding volcano from a distance
...

Outside the metallic leaves move, blown by the wind
Everything breathes an air of virgin innocence
Boreal heat and cold
White light, burial ...

..

I return to the dunes swept by the wind
In the heart of the wilderness, where I hid my heart

Under the line lost by the weeping willows
On which I work as unskilled
The scales of our past meetings ...

I'm blue and alone
As much as a man can be ...
I fish at dusk
Blue glitter
With the miraculous body of water spurts ...

...

The wind is hanging on the sky
Moved by a heavenly wind
My suits are moving in the wind
Like a fish bank, like a sperm cavalcade

... The world is just an impression of delicate colors
put on the canvas of a painter
a strange crossing and twisting of realities
between the immanent and the transcendent.

The tips of the trees waved in the sky
Like a tide, like a tide
With the crown in the body of fire of the earth
and with the trunk stuck in the light
in the huge, mysterious, strange, labyrinth of the Lord's garden.

....

In my oath I have summoned all the prophets of the other world
To all the saints, the archangels and the seraphim
With the hair dry, thirsting for the truth

...

I plunged into the consciousness of the world
as in a great turmoil flooding its waves
in her ocean of fire, blood and cruelty
of war.

Kissing your leg ...
I climb into my world of dreams and pain
Pleasure, smoke and honey
The indescribable fall ...

Kissing your arm
I listen to the call for milk from me
... and generally from all my matriarchal ancestry
From her throat lethal silence.

...

The vocals mix, guttural, smiling
barking

Black coal people
I smile like in Germinal ...

Everything is an atmosphere between black and black
Between the black of the earth, fixed in an equation
With irrational numbers
and the greens of leaves, trees, grass

and the ashes of the ashes of heaven ...

..
My lips can't move
I cannot understand the landscape
Other than the inner one, known from millions of kali-yuga
Other than the inner universe
Known from deep dreams and dreams
With the star attached to the temple
....

Te iubesc, Victor, Tudor, Mihai, Puiul meu Dulce.

Nexus

Poor rats in the vacuum of the mind
We have forgotten about giving, about donating
We aren't moved by anything
În our poor life of larvae

The sense and the eschatology of living
Is refused to us

Carrying our poor life of larvae
We don't know about anything, we don't want
To know
Anything in addition to our common thoughts
So predictable

Anything in addition to our acts
So mediocre

...

We have forgotten about giving, about donating
About dying for love
About dying for an ideal, for the supreme
Burning

In the incandescent flames of of our lives
We take every day all from

The beginning
Caught in the spider web of the convenience
And of the routine

.....

Grotesque and powerless witnesses
In the great process which is life
Not having ever the possibility to decide
About our destinies

Not having the liberty, the free will
From which is born the beauty and desperation
The ineffable mystery of being alive
The pure enigma and the wonder

To love until the exhaustion
Until we meet the other one at the other end
Of our arms, of our souls
Of our bodies.

...

Poor rats in the vacuum of the mind
We have forgotten about giving, about donating
We aren't moved by anything
În our poor life of larvae

The sense and the eschatology of living
Is refused to us

Carrying our poor life of larvae
We don't know about anything, we don't want
To know
Anything in addition to our common thoughts
So predictable

Anything in addition to our acts
So mediocre

Te iubesc și Te doresc, Victor, dragostea mea.
Te iubesc nespūs, nespūs, Mihai, Tudor, Puiul meu. Tedoresc, Dulceața mea.

Te iubesc, Victor, dulceața mea.
Nu pot cuprinde peisajul...

Încercând să mă recuperez
din solitudine
Din larmă, zgomot mulțime, gălăgie, solitudine
Mă gădesc pe crestele unui munte înalt

Înconjurat de zăpezi.

Buzele mele nu se pot mișca
Nu pot cuprinde peisajul
Altul decât cel interior, cunoscut din milioane de kali-yuga
Altul decât universul interior
Cunoscut din reverii și visări adânci
Cu tâmpla lipită de stele

...

Atunci când totul se preface în cenușă
și-n praf stelar, întors în ocean
în oceanul cu care Dumnezeu privește lumea
ascuns undeva unde nu-l pot vedea...

...

Încercând să mă recuperez din solitudine
Din larmă, zgomot mulțime, gălăgie, solitudine
Mă gădesc pe crestele uii munte înalt
Înconjurat de zăpezi.

Buzele mele nu se pot mișca
Nu pot cuprinde peisajul
Altul decât cel interior, cunoscut din milioane de kali-yuga
Altul decât universul interior
Cunoscut din reverii și visări adânci
Cu tâmpla lipită de stele

....

Iau pistolul și mă împușc
Cad cu încetinitorul printr-un fel de chaos
întunecat
Până ating cu buzele pământul
Din care m-am împiedicat

...

Buzele mele nu se pot mișca
Nu pot cuprinde peisajul
Altul decât cel interior, cunoscut din milioane de kali-yuga
Altul decât universul interior
Cunoscut din reverii și visări adânci
Cu tâmpla lipită de stele

...

Atunci când totul se preface încenușă
și-n praf stelar, întors în ocean
în oceanul cu are Dumnezeu privește lumea
ascuns undeva unde nu-l pot vedea...

I can not cover the landscape ...

Trying to get back
from solitude
From larm, crowd noise, noise, solitude
I find myself on the high hills
Surrounded by snow.

My lips can not move

I can not cover the landscape
The other than the inner one, known from millions of kali-yuga
Other than the inner universe
Known from deep reveries and dreams
With the stick stuck to the stars

...

When everything turns into ashes
and in sterile dust, returned to the glass
in the glass with which God sees the world
hidden somewhere where I can not see him ...

...

Trying to recover from solitude
From larm, crowd noise, noise, solitude
I find myself on the high hills
Surrounded by snow.

My lips can not move
I can not cover the landscape
The other than the inner one, known from millions of kali-yuga
Other than the inner universe
Known from deep reveries and dreams
With the stick stuck to the stars

....

I get the gun and shoot myself
It slows down some sort of chaos
dark
Until I touch the ground with my lips
Which I prevented

...

My lips can not move
I can not cover the landscape
The other than the inner one, known from millions of kali-yuga
Other than the inner universe
Known from deep reveries and dreams
With the stick stuck to the stars

...

When everything becomes crooked
and in sterile dust, returned to the glass
in the glass with a god looks at the world
hidden somewhere where I can not see him ...
te iubesc.
..te dolesc...

O, primăvara-mi pare adevăr...
Orivind prinroz crenguțele de măr
O primăvara-mi pare adevăr
și cerul nalt și limpede, albastru
îmi pare rupt dintr-al castelului-nvechit fiastru.

..

Niroase a vanilie și-a scrum, a soae
Miroiasea vanilie și-a fum o mare

Miroase a miere și-a vaniie
Printr-a naturii dulce, atemporală omilie.

..

mi-e cugetul împovărat de a naturii strălucire
de flori veștede, crenguțe veștede, nori curgători
la ora cândă i nopții blânzi fiori
se întrevăd printre-argintii zori, zefiri dulci
ai dimineții căpriori...
kumina blândă se cerne printre ramuri
purtând a sufletului tăcute, sfâșiate flamuri
și arătate cu dulceață întâielor și pure zori...

...

Sufletul ca un abur alb și ddespărțit de trup
Colindă prin naltul, purul, rozul văzdyh
La margine de ape i pădure
Mâna uscată să-ți privesc...

Ce se-aplecă în neștiută armonie
Asupra gândului-omenesc...

Orivind prinroz crenguțele de măr
O primăvara-mi pare adevăr
și cerul nalt și limpede, albastru
îmi pare rupt dintr-al castelului-nvechit fiastru.

..

Niroase a vanilie și-a scrum, a soae
Miroiasea vanilie și-a fum o mare
Miroase a miere și-a vaniie
Printr-a naturii dulce, atemporală omilie.

..

Pe banca scundăprintre tei suntdoi îndrăgostiți
Ce se cupriind în brațe, cu dor
șoptindu-i cuvinte de amor
ei își sunt lor, atât de dragi, atât iubiți...

Niroase a vanilie și-a scrum, a soae
Miroiasea vanilie și-a fum o mare
Miroase a miere și-a vaniie
Printr-a naturii dulce, atemporală omilie.

..

mi-e cugetul împovărat de a naturii strălucire
de flori veștede, crenguțe veștede, nori curgători
la ora cândă i nopții blânzi fiori
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kumina blândă se cerne printre ramuri
purtând a sufletului tăcute, sfâșiate flamuri
și arătate cu dulceață întâielor și pure zori...

Orivind prinroz crenguțele de măr
O primăvara-mi pare adevăr

și cerul nalt și limpede, albastru
îmi pare rupt dintr-al castelului-nvechit fiastruTe iubesc, Puiul meu Victor, Dragostea mea.Te doresc, Puiul
meu.

Oh, spring seems to me true ...

Turning the rice branches into apple
A spring seems true to me
and the sky-high and clear, blue
it seems to me torn from an old castle window.

..

Smells like vanilla, ash, sun
The vanilla smell smelled great
It smells like honey
Through the sweet nature, timeless homily.

..

I am under the burden of nature's brilliance
of evergreen flowers, evergreen twigs, flowing clouds
at the time of the gentle gentle nights
among the silvery dawns, sweet zephyrs can be seen
you have morning deer ...
the soft cumin sifted among the branches
carrying the soul silent, flames burst
and sweetly show first and pure dawn ...

...

The soul like white steam and separated from the body
Carols through the tall, pure, pink sky
At the edge of the water and the forest
Dry hand to look at you ...

What bends in unknown harmony
On human thought ...

Turning the rice branches into apple
A spring seems true to me
and the sky-high and clear, blue
it seems to me torn from an old castle window.

..

Smells like vanilla, ash, sun
The vanilla smell smelled great
It smells like honey
Through the sweet nature, timeless homily.

..

On the short bench, the lime trees are both in love
What is covered in the arms, with longing
whispering words of love
they are theirs, so dear, so beloved ...

Smells like vanilla, ash, sun
The vanilla smell smelled great

It smells like honey
Through the sweet nature, timeless homily.

..

I am under the burden of nature's brilliance
of evergreen flowers, evergreen twigs, flowing clouds
at the time of the gentle gentle nights
among the silvery dawns, sweet zephyrs can be seen

you have morning deer ...
the soft cumin sifted among the branches
carrying the soul silent, flames burst
and sweetly show first and pure dawn ...

Turning the rice branches into apple
A spring seems true to me
and the sky-high and clear, blue
I find myself torn from the old-fashioned castle I love you, my baby Victor, my love. I wish you, my baby.

Translation from Romanian into English: Carl Gustav Jung

Te iubesc, Victor, Mihai, Tudor, Scumpete mea, Odorul me sfânt și scump.

Outsecticide

On the black hair veal, the crown crowns seems
He really is broken
From star fire, from sun fire
By burning it they grow ebony wings
Above that falls ebony hair
Under the clear sky
Hot-hot, full of sweet!

..

A flare of flames falls on his shoulders—
te iubesc, Dulce Victor It's the red sky
What goes down his chest gently
They are lost at the end of his pink bell

..

The sun was trembling in its orbit
In the black one -
The aroma of her bear
A young girl in front of him appears ...

..

With sweet eyes, he pulls her to himself
She lies in the shade of her hair blonde
Then the rays of the moon, gentle clear
He has a round white on his shoulders.

...

Sweet kisses flow from his lips
Like honey bees, wine from beehives
Mix with her mouth fresh and cold water
Slowly descend on soft golden hair
They include a sweet suckle of her breast of pomegranate
While the eager Eros
He gets into his white butterfly soda butterfly

Like a golden snake-like a silver snake
Wet and warm and beat
With fast movements and rhythmically
With soft, light, fragrant movements ...

...
Sweet kisses flow from his lips
Like honey bees, wine from beehives
Mix with her mouth fresh and cold water
Slowly descend on soft golden hair
They include a sweet suckle of her breast of pomegranate
While the eager Eros
He gets into his white butterfly soda butterfly

..
With sweet eyes, he pulls her to himself
She lies in the shade of her hair blonde
Then the rays of the moon, gentle clear
He has a round white on his shoulders.
...Te iubesc, Tudor-Victor-Mihai-Carl, Dragostea mea.
Te ddoresc, Puiul meu, Victor te iubesc și Te doresc, Dulceața mea..
Te iubesc, Vitor, Dragostea mea, Puiul meu.
teiubesc, puișorul meu dulce, Victor, dragul meu.
The shadow archetype

Sobbingly on the obscure paths of the mist
The divinity was showing up to me
In her immeasurable form, bahiko, and dark.

.....
The divinity isn't a summum bonum.
He is beyond the good or evil
Beautiful or ugly, feminine or masculine.

....
He is beyond opened and closed
Liberty or prisoning, external or internal.

.....
A dream has clarified me
That divinity is immeasurable. Beyond of the dogmatic descriptions
from books
Beyond the Christian doctrine and morality
Beyond the formal interpretation whom the many
give to her.

.....
I was locked somewhere
And I was hoping to get out
There, outside it was Jesus
But not Jesus from fairy tales.

...
It was an atrocious divinity
By a painful and soothing completeness
Gathering together the contrary principles
Making himself a vehicle of the Good
and Evil alike.

.....

Only accepting in my life
The Archetype of Shadow
I learned something.

....

That this is another face of the Good
An eternal face of Good
Closer by his destructive mythological
Valences.

.....

This hypostasis of the divinity
It doesn't stretch you temptations.

Only beyond of temptations
And of the infamous purgatory of sins
You discover, in an end,
That Divinity doesn't stretch you
Any temptations.

....

It is because she is the temptation itself
And only who has the courage
To discover the dark side of himself
Learn that it's no temptation.

.....

There the Divinity thrones
An immeasurable entity, beyond the good or evil.

...

Crossing the purgatory of morality
You discover that the essence of Divinity
It doesn't lie in morality.

....

But in her painful, dark, contemplative
Completeness.

.....

And only who has the bold
To discover to himself as a God
Gets to know in the end this divinity
Atrocious and sublime.

Pick me up, pick me up, yeah ...

The birds chirp ... a divine song ...
I'm back on the other side and sleeping with my hand at the temple
from so much concentration my brain has dissipated
in millions of sperm ...

....

We were traveling through the virgin forests
At high heights from the ground
Reciting in my mind, with my eyes closed, my most lyrical poem
The one I write in my sleep

My lips can not move
I can not cover the landscape
The other than the inner one, known from millions of kali-yuga
Other than the inner universe
Known from deep reveries and dreams
With the stick stuck to the stars

....
I get the gun and shoot myself
It slows down some sort of chaos
dark
Until I touch the ground with my lips
Which I prevented
I love you, my sweet Victor

Leg you ...
Blowing your paw ...
I'm climbing into my world of dreams and pain
Of pleasure, smoke and honey
An indescribable fall ...
Kissing your arm
I'm listening to the call from me
... and in general from my whole matriarchal ascendancy
For her gauntlet they are quietly lethal

...
Kissing your violin
On which they left
I drive away around me all the evils
... and in general everything blasphemous
Impure ... and reminds of murder ...

..
Kissing your violin
On which they left
I give a new definition to the miss
and the sense of Amor ...

...
Kissing your violin
Which the stars have set
I note the existence of creation
With the sweet-bitter silence of grace
What's happening to your sweet son
Easy, easy, easy ...
... I love you sweet Victor

I get the gun and shoot myself
It slows down some sort of chaos
dark
Until I touch the ground with my lips
Which I prevented

My lips can not move
I can not cover the landscape
The other than the inner one, known from millions of kali-yuga
Other than the inner universe

Known from deep reveries and dreams
With the stick stuck to the starste iubesc, te doresc...
Te doresc și te iubesc, puiul meu.
Te iubesc, Mihai, Puiul meu.

Precious stones

The stars were glittering on the sky, so far away
So beautiful
In my footsteps I was pressing down
The incandescent gems of the snow.
Falling down on the street-candles, flake after flake
as lightly as the snow, it was my unspoken
longing
soul.

After your eyes burning ardent, under the forehead
slightly arched
of a sweet love calling.

The stars were glittering on the sky, so far away
so closely
In my footsteps I was pressing down wounding
The incandescent gems of the snow.

Te iubesc, Puiul meu.

Minuet

Arm in arm we were passing through the snow
Which was rising in front of us
Warm and white casemate
The flakes were falling, melting themselves slowly
over our hands, our faces
We seemed two snowed trees with the crowns
bent to each other...

Your steps - minuet, subtle ballet, were sinking deeper
and deeper, slowly and slowly
in the white, obsolete shoulder
Little street lights, white-bluely, gray, sunny
The flakes were having taste of cruel,
tormenting snowdrops

in the winter...

te iubesc...
Night

There is a night so deep starting from you eyes...
Than it has made sweet light.
The negation has become affirmation

The absence -presence.

....

The distance has become approaching
and the sky has come down with soft footsteps
on the ground...

And there has become silence
in the word.

The oval little window

I fall asleep with you in my arms
Your hand I am wrapping around my neck
I sink in your sweet body
And I still dream about you

The moon is flowing through the little oval window
scattering its light over
the temples

.....

Crystal flowers are opening slower and slower
in my dream
in your eyes it is getting
dark...

te iubesc.

T doresc, Dragostea mea.

te iubesc, Victor, dragostea mea.

In your arms....

Old poetry

A kingfish is floating Te iubesc, Puiul meu.
in the large deep blue surfaces
of the sky, above the sea
In his chest his wounded heart is trembling
He's dreaming a shore or a topmast
to rest his crushed wing.

....

A sound from the ocean of time
is still suffering in the weary harp
In your arms you are calling me
With sweet lips you are whispering
"my beloved sweetheart..."

Sessile

Te iubesc, Victor, puiul meu.

Sessile from the edge of forest
Why does comprise me, with soft, gentle wings
So much peace

When I'm lying in your thin wood
And I think of love?...

te doresc și te iubesc, Victor, puiul meu dulce.

Lay down on me...

Shy child of autumn is stretching his thin and cold arms
at the edge of the road
And his yellow leaf, slowly and trembling
Was floating crying towards me
On the strings of violins
He has embracing with his suave hands
an earth bloom...
te iubesc, Dulcele meu Puișor.
Te doresc.

When the moon is flowing its silvery light
Over the paths from groves, lay down on me,
o, my sweetheart...
And in the lonely footstep rustling through dry flowers
An hour to still stay...

...

puiul meu dulce, te doresc și te iubesc, Victor, puiul meu
My light...

Your neck it seems to me the stalk
Where from secretly
The night is flowing over the mountains
and the fields
Covering the living creature of the human being
with a cloak of darkness.
So black are your eyes
My love.

.....

Translation of the last 8 poems: Natlia Gălățan
Te iubesc, Victor, Tudor, Mihai, Dragotea mea Dulce...

Sărmanul Dionis

Raze argintii se prevăd ca dulci visuri printre norii curgători, trecători
Lungifuiioarele noții, sidefate, se prevăd la margine de zori
Neguri albe strălucite se scobor din cerul nalt
și cuprin lungi, dalbe șesuri și câmpia de cobalt.

...

Ochii lui destramă visuri, cîm privesc n-întunecime
Dintre care nu se-arată, nu se mai ivește nimeni
Gânitor și-așază mai bine pe umeri șșuba mițoasă
și sufând în lumânare, mai așterne un rînd-două.

...

Mihai, ochi albatru de-ntunerec, frunte naltă de poet
Buze roșii de cicoare, umăr de albastră zeie
Un picior alb, lung și neted, ca ăciorul de femeie
Mână fină și subțire, mirosind a mosc și roze, în decorul desuet...

..

Ah, astăzi inspirațiunea nu-i mai dă ocol ca altădată
și oftând în puiept ușure, cu bărbia-i d copil
mai puse un lemn pe sobă, și-apoi învălindu-se bine
alunecă-n visuri dulci, calde, blânde și senine...

..

Singur un copil pe lume, fără frați, fără surori
Sărăcia-i pare dulce, -ncălzită de vreun lemn în sobă
Singur, negândind nimică, nici prezent sau viitor
Poezia i-este uniica pdoabă, mărgăritarul de preț
și gândirile lui lungi, triste, dulci, de tot ferice
sunt tovarășul de arme, pavăza, povața, dorul...
dar-ntr-a noții întunecime, El visează la o Ea...
o frumoasă, blândă fată, cu părul de diamant

...

ș cu ochii de-ntuneric, de albastră nestemată
ce pe brațul lui culcată, să-i șoptească de amor...
...și oftând Mihai închise ochii, -ntorcându-se pe ceea parte
Cu o lacimă sub barbă, înnodându-se ușor...

..

Ochii lui destramă visuri, cîm privesc n-întunecime
Dintre care nu se-arată, nu se mai ivește nimeni
Gânitor și-așază mai bine pe umeri șșuba mițoasă
și sufând în lumânare, mai așterne un rînd-două.

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Buze roșii de cicoare, umăr de albastră zeie
Un picior alb, lung și neted, ca ăciorul de femeie
Mână fină și subțire, mirosind a mosc și roze, în decorul desuet...

..

Raze argintii se prevăd ca dulci visuri printre norii curgători, trecători
Lungifuioarele noții, sidefate, se prevăd la margine de zori
Neguri albe strălucite se scobor din cerul nalt
și cuprin lungi, dalbe șesuri și câmpia de cobalt.Te iubesc, Puiul meu Dulce, Mihai, Tudor, Andrei, Alin, Carl,
Victor, Dragostea mea.

I hear you, Emu chicken.
I love you, my love.
Poor Dionis

Silver rays are foretold as sweet dreams among the passing, passing clouds
The long, fluffy nightstands are expected at dawn
Bright white clouds are rising from the high sky
and include long, white saddles and cobalt plains.

...

His eyes flash dreams, as they look at the darkness
Out of which no one shows up, no one comes up
Huncher fits his shoulder better
and sighing in the candle, a row, and two remains.

...

Mihai, dark blue eyes, high poet's forehead
Chic red lips, goddess blue shoulder
A white leg, long and smooth, like a woman's leg
Fine and thin hand, smelling of musk and roses, in the outdated decor ...

..

Ah, today's inspiration is no longer around her
and sighing lightly, with the chin of a child
He put another wood on the stove and then wrapped himself well
slip into sweet, warm, gentle and clear dreams ...

..

Alone one child in the world, no brothers, no sisters
Poverty seems sweet to him, warmed by some wood in the stove
Alone, denying nothing, no present or future
His poetry is the only gift, the price margarita
and his thoughts long, sad, sweet, always happy
I am the comrade-in-arms, the cobbler, the burden, the longing ...
but in the dark night, He dreams of an E ...
a beautiful, gentle girl with diamond hair

...

and with dark, blue eyes
what on his arm lying down, to whisper them of love ...
... and sighing Mihai closed his eyes, turning to the side
With a tear under his beard, gently knotting ...

..

His eyes flash dreams, as they look at the darkness
Out of which no one shows up, no one comes up
Huncher fits his shoulder better
and sighing in the candle, a row, and two remains.

...

Mihai, dark blue eyes, high poet's forehead
Chic red lips, goddess blue shoulder
A white leg, long and smooth, like a woman's leg
Fine and thin hand, smelling of musk and roses, in the outdated decor ...

..

Silver rays are foretold as sweet dreams among the passing, passing clouds
The long, fluffy nightstands are expected at dawn
Bright white clouds are rising from the high sky
and they include long, white saddles and cobalt plains.

I love you, My Sweet Baby, Mihai, Tudor, Andrei, Alin, Carl, Victor, My Love. I desire you my Sweet
chicken, my dear and loving Soul.
Te iubesc, Dulcele meu Tudor, Puiulemu.

Te iubesc, Victor, Dragostea mea.

Te doresc, Puiul emu.

Splendoare în alba, pura iarnă a obrazilor tăi

În azurul lbastru al ochilor tăi
Mă pierd ca-ntr-o grdină plină e splendoare
Din cre-nviforată-o blândă mare
O vocedă ascunselor mistere

Ascunse în cazne cu foc, aur și miere
Din care pierdută, nou viață
Urcă cu tumultuosu-i vifor din adânc
și se străluminează în minte, inimă, gând.

...

ți-s buzele ca două petale de-azur
muiate în albastrul ochilor pur
pe care le sărut cu-nfiorare
legust parfumullor învult de floare.

...

ți-s buzele ca doi lotuși îmbobociți
ca doi nuferi gata de bor spre înaltul
albastru, plin de sete cer
răsuflet de gheață și mister

care tresaltă unul în altul...

...

ți-s buzele ca doi nuferi îmbobociți
ușorînfloriți, tresăltând sub misterul buzelor mele
atunci când se îndreaptă bvertiginoase
necuprinse spre stele.

...

În azurul lbastru al ochilor tăi
Mă pierd ca-ntr-o grdină plină e splendoare
Din cre-nviforată-o blândă mare
O vocedă ascunselor mistere

Ascunse în cazne cu foc, aur și miere
Din care pierdută, nou viață
Urcă cu tumultuosu-i vifor din adânc
și se străluminează în minte, inimă, gând.

..

ți-s ochii ca două întrebări calde, pure, prinși de ai ei
din care forță dă necuprinșilor zei
să vină în ape de foc și smirnă să scalde
tot viforul cald-rece al albastrelor lor scânteii.

..

Ca două virgl târzie, prinse într-un op de poezie
Ca două tăceri înelungi, iana pe câmpie
Ca doi ascunși, verzi ciorchini de viță de vie
Ca tot ce n-a gost șiare să fie.

...

ți-s buzele ca două petale de-azur
muiate în albastrul ochilor pur
pe care le sărut cu-nfiorare
legust parfumullor învult de floare.

...

ți-s buzele ca doi lotuși îmbobociți
ca doi nuferi gata de bor spre înaltul
albastru, plin de sete cer
răsuflet de gheață și mister

care tresaltă unul în altul...

...te iubesc, Victor, puiul meu, dulcele meu.

Soțul meu Dulce, te iubesc și te doresc, Victor, puiul meu.
Love in winter...

My sweet love, sweet your mouth stick to mine,
in the white bloom
tenderly and sweet it is you kissing likewise a snow
flake, a snowflake alight
and bright

The way they fall down, serene and reconciled
between our cheeks and the naked
maple trees...
the way they fall down and they stick like white
butterflies

by the silent mouths of the sights...
How they will grow in ourselves likewise the indincible
poems
how they fall in ourselves, with voice of winter
which is whispering

innocent, calm, heavily likewise a snowed field
beautiful is winter, likewise
the dream I loved...

.....

You take my arm and you stick to me tightly,
and your all hairs are fallen in your eyes
and you hair is shining fadely
Your hair is snowed likewise the meadow which stays still
frozen by cold

In the dance of snow flakes solemnly
You take my arm and you stick to me tightly...
the twilight catches us, yellow, likewise a bright light, which flows
down from the sky
the evening catches us in pallid little lights
of street candles

being drunk by a seraphic spirit
The twilight catches us in pallid little lights
of street candles...

...

You are whispering to me, and your voice is likewise
the leaves falling down in the breaks of dawn
of a tender morning, of fall,
as though

from the skies mild snowdrifts are pouring from the sky
and around you, it is suddenly winter...

you are whispering to me as though....
this way it's starting everything, like in a dream...

Translation: Carl Gustav Jung

...

The splendor in the white, the pure winter of your cheeks

In the blue of your eyes
I lose myself in a garden full of splendor
Out of the tumultuous sea - a great gentle
A voice for hidden mysteries

Hidden in fire, gold and honey cauldrons
From that lost, new life
Climb with the tumultuous whirlwind from the deep
and it shines in the mind, heart, thought.

...

Your lips are like two azure petals
soaked in the blue of pure eyes

that I kiss with with disturbance and thrill
odoured fragrance surrounded by flower.

...

Your lips are like two blossomed lotuses
like two water lilies ready for flying
blue, full of thirst for heaven
breath of ice and mystery

jumping into each other ...

...

Your lips are like two blossomed water lilies
lightly flourished, twitching under the mystery of my lips
when they turn vertiginous
endlessly to the stars.

...

In the blue of your eyes
I lose myself in a garden full of splendor
Out of the tumultuous sea - a great gentle
A voice for hidden mysteries

Hidden in fire, gold and honey cauldrons
From that lost, new life
Climb with the tumultuous whirlwind from the deep
and it shines in the mind, heart, thought.

..

Your eyes are like two warm, pure questions, caught by mine
from which force he gives the unbelieving gods
to come into the waters of fire and myrrh to bathe
all the warm-cold gleam of their blue sparks.

..

Like two late commas, caught in a poem op
Like two long silences, the snow on the plain
Like two hidden, green vine clusters
That everything it wasn't and it will be.

...

Your lips are like two azure petals
soaked in the blue of pure eyes
that I kiss with disturbance and thrill
desired fragrance surrounded by flower.

...

Your lips are like two bloom lotuses
like two water lilies ready for flying
blue, full of thirst for heaven
breath of ice and mystery

jumping into each other ...

... I love you, Victor, my baby, my sweet.

Te iubesc, Victor, Mihai, Tudor, Dulcele meu.

Stele albastre pe un rug

Amintiri pierdute-noapte, de unde cern cu calde șoapte
Săruturi dulci dim buedulci
Ca strugure0albastru dat în copt
Cum eu cu mintea nu socot

Pe brațe-mi încet capul ți-l culci.

..

Afară dulcea primăvară
Se prefiră prin cireșii dați în copt
și dubnntre toate, dintru tot
în aer curge-ți vocea clară.

Âun clopoâle de primăvară
și dintre toat, dintru tot...
în aer curge-ți vocea clară...

..

Prințul se arată întreg, cu byustk prins în stele-albastre
Ce ai curgeau ca flclări vinete
Pe brațe și pe uumeri
Dar vocea kui plăcută, gravă ș duioasă

În vecu rămâne misterioasă tinic pentru mine.

..

În brațe năluci din aer și din carne
Se prind se urmăresc și fug
Precum stele albastre pe un rug
Aprins în inima de priimăvară.

..

Când eu în brațe te cupriuind
Încet fața-ți se pleacă

Să ne poprivim nesățios, și dulce
Tiată viața.

..

Afară dulcea primăvară
Se prefiră prin cireșii dați în copt
și dubnntre toate, dintru tot
în aer curge-ți vocea clară.

Âun clopoâle de primăvară
și dintre toat, dintru tot...
în aer curge-ți vocea clară...

....

Amintiri pierdute-noapte, de unde cern cu calde șoapte
Săruturi dulci dim buedulci
Ca strugure0albastru dat în copt
Cum eu cu mintea nu socot

Pe brațe-mi încet capul ți-l culci

..

Prințul se arată întreg, cu byustk prins în stele-albastre
Ce ai curgeau ca fklcări vinete
Pe brațe și pe uumeri
Dar vocea kui plăcută, gravă ș duioasă

În vecu rămâne misterioasă tinic pentru mine.

Blue stars on a tree

Lost memories at night, from where sift with warm whispers
Sweet kisses to sweet lips
Like the blue grape given in the oven
As with my mind I do not count

Slowly lay my head on my arms.

..

Outside sweet spring
It is preferred by the cherry trees baked
and between them all, everything
your voice clear in the air.

A spring bell
and of everything, everything ...
your voice clear in the air ...

..

The prince looked whole, with the chest trapped in blue stars
What flowed from them like eggplants
On the arms and shoulders
But the sweet, serious and sweet His voice

For ever it remains mysterious to me.

..

In the arms, muddy air and flesh
They get caught chasing and running away
Like blue stars on a tree
Lit in the heart of spring.

..

When I'm in your arms covering you
Slowly your face is leaving
Let's look insecure, and sweet
That's life.

..

Outside sweet spring
It is preferred by the cherry trees baked
and between them all, everything
your voice clear in the air.

A spring bell
and of everything, everything ...
your voice clear in the air ...
....

Lost memories at night, from where sift with warm whispers
Sweet kisses to sweet lips
Like the blue grape given in the oven
As with my mind I do not count

Slowly lay my head on my arms

..

The prince looked whole, with His chest trapped in blue stars
What flowed from them like eggplants
On the arms and shoulders
But the sweet, serious and sweet His voice

For ever it remains mysterious to me.
Te iubesc, Mihai, Puiul meu Dulce.

Te doresc și Te iubesc dulele meu Victor
Avatari din lumi trecute...

Când însearea adie cu gura-i închisă de lalea
Peste lumi sângerii, căute-n uitare
Pierdute și regăsite
Ca fragezii striopi crescuți din aceeași sămânță
Din aceeașo tulpină
Căutând cu beție drumul spre lumină....

Te iubesc

Mă-ntorc tăcut pe drum
...Zarea-i în scrum și oriontul se-neacă-n fum....
mi-ajung din urmă umbra pasul
...în zânul depărtării verde cum vântul șuieră ascult...
Pe tine doar nu te găsesc...

Maci sângerii își deschid priviri obosite
Peste lumi pierute, peste lumi regăsite
Ca fragezii striopi crescuți din aceeași sămânță
Din aceeași tulpină
Căutând cu beție drumul spre lumină

...

Avatari din lumi trecute
Se-neacă-n colbul drumului, în scrum.....
I-aceleași răscruci
mi-ajung din urmă umbra, pasul
pe tine doar nu te găsesc...maci sângerii își deschid priviri obosite
peste lumi pierdute
peste lumi regăsite
în sânul depărtării verde cum vântul șuieră ascult
de ce nu-mi viii de ce nu-mi vii
...valsul tăcut al frunzelor din vii, pe tine doar nu te găsesc..

De ce nu-nvii, de ce nu-nvii?...

...

Când însearea adie cu gura-i închisă de lalea
Peste lumi sângerii, căzute-n uitare
și ascunse-n ochi...
Ca fragezii stropi...doi și cu doi din aceeași sămânță.
Ca zborul tăcut peste vii al rândunicii
Ca rochie rochie și creponată a Veronicii...

...

Mă-ntorc tăcut pe drum
...Zarea-i în scrum și oriontul se-neacă-n fum....
mi-ajung din urmă umbra pasul
...în zânul depărtării verde cum vântul șuieră ascult...

Pe tine doar nu te găsesc....

....

Iau pistolul și mă împușc
Cad cu încetinitorul printr-un fel de chaos
întunecat
Până ating cu buzele pământul
Din care m-am împiedicat

Buzele mele nu se pot mișca
Nu pot cuprinde peisajul
Altul decât cel interior, cunoscut din milioane de kali-yuga
Altul decât universul interior
Cunoscut din reverii și visări adânci
Cu tâmpla lipită de stele

I love you, my dear Victor
Old world Avatars ...

When it came down, her mouth was closed by the tulip
Over the worlds of blood, looking for oblivion
Missed and found
Like ragged bunches of the same seed
From the same strain
Looking for the way to the light ...

I love you

I turn silent on the road
... Put them in the ash and the orion smokes in the smoke
I get the last shadow step
... in the midst of the green distance as the wind whistles listening ...
I just can not find you ...

The bloodshots open their tired eyes
Over lost worlds, over re-established worlds
Like ragged bunches of the same seed
From the same strain
I look for the road to the light

...

Avatars from past worlds
We go to the roadside in ash
the same cross
I'm leaving behind the shadow, the step
I just can not find you ... the bloodshots open up your tired eyes
over lost worlds
over recovered worlds
in the breeze as the wind whistles
why do not you know why you do not come to me
... the silent waltz of the living leaves, you just can not find you ..

Why do not you catch up, why do not you?

...
When it came down, her mouth was closed by the tulip
Over the worlds of blood, fallen into oblivion
and hidden in the eye ...
Like twinkles sprinkled ... two and two of the same seed.
Like the silent flight of swallows
As a dress and creton dress of Veronica ...

...
I turn silent on the road
... Put them in the ash and the orion smokes in the smoke
I get the last shadow step
... in the midst of the green distance as the wind whistles listening ...
I just can not find you ...
..

I get the gun and shoot myself
It slows down some sort of chaos
dark
Until I touch the ground with my lips
Which I prevented

My lips can not move
I can not cover the landscape
The other than the inner one, known from millions of kali-yuga
Other than the inner universe
Known from deep reveries and dreams
With the stick stuck to the stars

Te iubesc, Tudor, Mihai, Puiul meu...

Te doresc, dulceața mea, dragostea mea.
Ovalul lunii...

Prăbușiți peste ovalul lunii
Îmi cauți în sân –
O nebunie
Sărutări o mie

....

Prăbușiți peste ovalul lunii...

...
Piciorare fierbinți, buze, dinți
Păr în ochi
Rece, stropi...

.....

Prăbușiți peste ovalul lunii
Îmi cauți în sân –
O nebunie
Sărutări o mie

....

Prăbușiți peste ovalul lunii...

...

Picioare fierbinți, buze, dinți
Păr în ochi
Rece, stropi...

.....

Te iubesc, Victor, puiul meu.

Te iubesc, Puișor mic și Dorit.
Te doresc.

Te iubesc, Puișor Dulce, drag, Iubit și Dorit. Te doresc, Dragostea mea, Dulcele meu.

De e pe lume sens...

Încet se luminează de zi...
Soarele pătrunde în cameră cu lumina-i tremurătoare
Corpusculi galbeni de lumină
și-mi luminează sufletul trist
împovărat de tristeți, singurătăți trecute
și viitoare.

.....

De e pe lume sens voi arătați-l
De e pe lume înțeles
Altfel decât un uriaș eres
De e pe lume sens, voi arătați-l...

...

Tainicul înțeles al inimii voi descifrați-l
De e pe lume înțeles
Altfel decât un imens eres
Sensul iubirii arătați-l...

Din hieroglife și scrieri păgâne
Cercați ca să creați valul cu spume
Voi desenați-mi inima
Când soarele apune peste cer

De e pe lume înțeles

Altfel decât un imens eres
Sensul iubirii arătați-l...

Strângeți în pumn inima mea
Ce-i altceva decât o albastră stea
E ea și poate nu e ea....
Ce-i pasă codrului de-o rămurea

E ea... și poate nu e ea.
O muzică, o sferă grea
Sau o albastră peruzea
Un pui de codru, mic, fricos
Un pas ce e pictat pe jos
De gânduri și de spaime ros

Ce-i altceva decât o-albastră stea
Ce-i pasă codrului de ea?...
Dacă eu plec sau de rămân
Pe aripe de diafan cuvânt
Dacă eu plec sau de rămân

Ce-i pasă codrului de ea?...

...

De e pe lume sens voi arătați-l
De e pe lume înțeleș
Altfel decât un uriaș eres
De e pe lume sens, voi arătați-l...
Te iubesc, Puiulmeu dulce, Dragostea mea....

Dulcele meu, te doresc, Te iubesc, dulceața mea, nespus, nespus...
Te iubesc, Tudor, Mihai, Dragostea mea.

Soțul meu Dulce, Pușorul meu, Te iubesc, Puiul meu Victor, Dulcele mu. Te doresc...

Moonlight

O lume de impresiuni colorate, gingașe
Zvârlite din paletaunui pictor
Ca niște pete de lumină și culoare aruncate în decor
Te iubesc. Zbătându-se la capetele zării, încet
Tot mai încet, ușor, tot mai ușor...

...

Pe străzi de lumină și-ntuneric pășeam în zbor....
Ca niște pete de lumină și culoare aruncate în decor
Te iubesc. Zbătându-se la capetele zării, încet
Ușor, tot mai ușor...

Străzi pustii, hrănite de covorul viu la toamnei
Frunze macerându-se încet pe jos

Plutind frumos...
Ca niște mâini carbonizate peste artere
Pline de himere

Ca niște otrăvuri lente macerându-se în vin
În vinul crud al toamne, umed și înviforat pelin.
Străzi pustii, hrănite de covorul viu la toamnei
Frunze macerându-se încet pe jos
Plutind frumos...
Ca un neasemuit de gingaș covor, ca cel mai fraged și gingaș omor...

....

Înnegurați pașii ei trec dinspre o arteră spre alta
Pe-al lumii suspendat în aer portativ
Cu tot parfumul lui nociv...
Risipit pe umerii tineri ai acestei toamne...

....

Te doresc.
Prin ganguri întunecoase, șobolani
Decor uitat de lume, la sfârșitul anilor '80
Pe lângă mine parcă treci
Cu mâini rănite sau înmănușate, vid de ani...

...

Prin ganguri întunecoase, șobolani
Sărim în goluri ținându-ne de mână...
Afară plouă parcă de o săptămână
Sărim dalele-mbucate de pe trotuar – toamna își poartă al ei
Irezistibil calvar...

...

Sunt frunze multe și șuvoi de apă
Pe-un ram imaginar, o pasăre tristă își vorbește...
și apa-n vaduri crește, parcă crește
și noi sărim, pron goluri vide pe caldul trotuar...

...

Prin ganguri întunecoase, șobolani
Decor uitat de lume, la sfârșitul anilor '80
Pe lângă mine parcă treci
Cu mâini rănite sau înmănușate, vid de ani...
...te iubesc dulcele meu.

Sunt frunze multe și șuvoi de apă
Pe-un ram imaginar, o pasăre tristă își vorbește...
și apa-n vaduri crește, parcă crește
și noi sărim, prin goluri vide pe caldul trotuar...

...

Prin ganguri întunecoase, șobolani
Sărim în goluri ținându-ne de mână...
Afară plouă parcă de o săptămână
Prin dalele-mbucate de pe trotuar – toamna își poartă al ei
Irezistibil calvar...

..

O toamnă spălată de ploi
și-ntinde larg aripile peste noi... pe străzi pustii
frunzele moarte călătoresc, călătoresc...
mi-adun fruntea-n palme
și zâmbesc...

cu-amărăciune, dar blând, cu gândul dus
la răsărit și la apus
în grădini dovlecii galbeni se strâng unul în altul
ca niște copii
și bruma a dat peste vii...

pe străzi
pustii mâinile-mi moarte le risipește vântul
tăcut absoarbe ploaia doar
pământul...

te iubesc și te doresc, puiul meu.

Străzi alb-negre.
Decor de sfârșit de lume.

Oare de ce orașele mari
Sunt atât de anonime?...

....

Mă pierdeam în anonim
Mă cufundam în masa
Întunecată a inconștientului.

..

frunze. Cădeau frunzele
copacii erau alb-negri
ca niște umbrele uriașe deschise în ploaie
în vânt

mergeam repede
pe străzile umplute de frunze

.....

Creierul meu prinsese 4 dimensiuni
Mă mișcam pe axa
Trecut – prezent – viitor
într-un singur continuum
și flux al conștiinței.

.....

o stradă.
Decupată dintr-o amintire din viitor
Dintr-un vis

Sentimentul cosmic
Al călătoriei prin spațiu și timp

.....

strada plină de frunze
devenise o punte spre infinit

galben și verde
pictate într-un alb-negru nesfârșit.

Îmi zâmbesti. Îți zâmbesc.
Afară peisajul lunar se schimba cu repeziciunea vântului
Care sufla printre frunzele galbene ale cipacilor
Alcătuind un decor lunar
Un decor sideral, părea, de atâta strălucire
Se face brusc noapte...

...

Trăiam în boaba e strugure suspendat
În care lumina intra ca într-o prismă de culori violet
Pentru a ieși de cealaltă parte
Într-o smfonie de culori și de poeme.

...

Noi ieșiserăm din timp
și ne priveam c-un aer de recunoaștere tainică pe chip.
Eram doi bolnavi absoluți...

Afară, mestecenii șopteau ireal, fremătându-și frunzele argintii
Păreau un peisaj oniric, lunar
Cu frunzele plutind ușor, ca într-un vis, într-un vals
Spre pământ, covor de argint,
de aur și brumă.

Noi trăiam în clepsidra timpului
Într-o boabă de struhure suspendat
Irizându-și luminile atemporale, scânteietoare
Irizând infinit lumini...
Te iubescși Te doresc, dulcele meu.

Moonlight

A world of colorful prints, cheeks
Flushed from the painter's palette
Like stains of light and color thrown into the décor

I love you. Fighting at the head of the hill, slowly
Slower, lighter, lighter ...

...

On the streets of light and darkness I was walking in flight.
Like stains of light and color thrown into the décor
I love you. Fighting at the head of the hill, slowly
Easy, ever easier ...

Desert streets, fed by the living carpet in the fall
Leaves macerating slowly on the floor
Beautiful floating ...
Like hands carbonized over the arteries
Plenty of chimeras

Like slow poisons soaking in wine
In the raw autumn wine, moist and invigorated pelin.
Desert streets, fed by the living carpet in the fall
Leaves macerating slowly on the floor
Beautiful floating ...
Like an asshole of rug lace, like the earliest and luscious kill ...

....

Blackened her steps go from one artery to another
The world suspended in portable air
With all its harmful scent ...
Scattered on the young shoulders of this fall ...

....

I want you.
Through dark gangs, rats
Decor forgotten by the world in the late 1980s
It's just passing by me
With injured or gloved hands, empty for years ...

...

Through dark gangs, rats
We jump into the gaps holding our hand ...
It's been raining for a week
We skip the paved tiles on the sidewalk - autumn wears it
Irresistibly bald ...

...

There are many leaves and streams of water
On an imaginary branch, a sad bird speaks ...
and the water in the forests grows, as if it grows
and we jump, leaving empty goals on the warm sidewalk ...

...

Through dark gangs, rats
Decor forgotten by the world in the late 1980s
It's just passing by me
With injured or gloved hands, empty for years ...
... I love you my sweet.
There are many leaves and streams of water

On an imaginary branch, a sad bird speaks ...
and the water in the forests grows, as if it grows
and we jump, through empty holes on the warm sidewalk ...

...

Through dark gangs, rats
We jump into the gaps holding our hand ...
It's been raining for a week
By the paved tiles on the sidewalk - autumn wears it
Irresistibly bald ...

..

A rain-washed autumn
and it spreads its wings over us ... on deserted streets
dead leaves travel, travel ...
I gather my forehead on my palms
and I smile ...

bitter, but gentle, with a thought
at sunrise and sunset
In the gardens the yellow pumpkins gather together
like children
and the haze came alive ...

on the streets
your dead hands desert my wind
quietly absorbs rain only
earth ...

I love you and I wish you, my baby.

Black and white streets.
End of the world decoration.

Why big cities
Are they so anonymous?

....

I was lost in anonymity
I plunged into the table
Dark of the unconscious.

..

leaves. The leaves were falling
the trees were black and white
like huge umbrellas open in the rain
in the wind

I was going fast
on the streets filled with leaves

.....

My brain had caught 4 dimensions
I was moving on the axis
Past - present - future
in a single continuum
and flow of consciousness.

.....

a street.
Cut from a memory of the future
From a dream

The cosmic feeling
Of the journey through space and time

.....

leafy street
it had become a bridge to infinity

yellow and green
painted in endless black and white.

You smile at me. I'm smiling.
Outside the lunar landscape it changes with the speed of the wind
That blows among the yellow leaves of the onions
Making a monthly decoration
A sidereal decoration, it seemed, so bright
It is suddenly night ...

...

I was living in grains and grapes suspended
Where the light came in like a prism of purple
To get out of the other side
In a symphony of colors and poems.

...

We were out of time
and we were looking at an air of secret recognition on the face.
We were two absolute patients ...

Outside, the birch trees whispered unreally, shaking their silver leaves
They seemed like a dreamlike, monthly landscape
With the leaves floating slightly, as in a dream, in a waltz
To the earth, silver carpet,
gold and mist.

We were living in the hourglass
In a grain of suspended ostrich
Ironing his timeless, sparkling lights
Irisizing the lights infinitely ...

Te iubesc, Mihai, Doritul me Puișor.

Te iubesc, Victor, dulceața mea, ppuiul meu.
Sărutul tău

Cârlionții blonzi îți tremură răvășiți
De briza dulce a-nserării –
Plimbându-ne pețarmurile mării
Ne sărtăm până la buze, până la dinți...

...

Ochii tăi calmi, sunt înfundați n-orbite
și cearcăne vinete îi înfășor –
buzele roșii-roz ca floarea cea de măr
îmi dătuiește sărutul lor, dulce ispită.

...

Cămașa-mbracă trupul dalb - și cald
Precum culcușul de feioară
e-o-nserare atât de-amară –
și dulce, prin florile depădăie.

...

De-atțta dragoste, uitare de sine ai slăbit
și pantaloni-mracă trupul zvelt
din care parcă e rănit
piciorul alb de gândul meu dement.

...

Te-aplecă n-uitare deplină
Chipul flutură-n vânt - săruți gingaș
Mireasa pământ
Cu părul ei negru, uscat de cărbune.

...

Privindu-ne-n ochio veșnicie –
Uităm toate câte-au fost și câte-ors să mai fie
Printre sărutări gingașe
Precum corole albi de pădăie.
Precum e creanga roz de vișin și de măr –
Ălăcută simțurilor cum minții devăr.

...

Dulce ți-egura ca uncireș dat în copt
Învara ce-ncepe cuo friză de culori delicate, scânteietoare
Recistropiai mării albastre dulce briză.

...

Te—aplei în vis
Puiun picior peste-a mele coaste – din care tulburați în calda noapte
Bne strângem la piept tot maiaproape
Mai aproape....

..

Cămașa-mbracă trupul dalb - și cald
Precum culcușul de feioară
e-o-nserare atât de-amară –
și dulce, prin floriledepădădie.....

Your kiss...

Your blond hair loops are trembling, devastated
By the sweet breeze of the nightfall –
Walking ourselves, on the shores of the sea
We kiss each other, to the lips, to the teeth...

...

Your calm, wandering eyes are sunken in the orbits
And bruise circles are wrapping them –
Your red-rosy lips as the apple flower
Are giving me their kiss, sweet temptation.

...

The light shirt is dressing the white body – and warm
As if it was a virgin bed
It is a nightfalling so bitter –
Annd sweet, through dandelion flowers.

..

For so much love, and forgetting of self, you lost weight
And your pants are dressing the feeble, slim your tender body
Wherefrom it is seemingly hurt
Your white foot, by my demented thought.

..

You are bending yourself in full hypnosis
You shape is fluttering in the wind –you kiss tenderly
The Earth bride
With her black hair, dry of black coal.

Looking in our eyes an Eternity
We forget about what they were, and what they will be
Through tender, vibrant kisses
Likewise the white crowns of dandelion.
Likewise the rosy branch of cherry and of apple tree
Pleasant to senses as to the mind truth.

You bend in your dream
Thou put a white leg over my ribs – whrefrom tormented in the warm night
We stretch together closer and closer...

..

The light shirt is dressing the white body – and warm
As if it was a virgin bed
It is a nightfalling so bitter –
And sweet, through dandelion flowers.....

Te iubesc, puiul meu dulce, dulceța mea.
Translation: Natalia Gălățan

Your kiss

The blond haters are shaking you up
The sweet breeze of the sunset -
Walking the shores of the sea
We kiss to the lips, to the teeth ...

...

Your eyes are calm, they are not blinded
and eggplant circles I wrap them -
red-pink lips like the apple flower
give me their kiss, sweet temptation.

...

The shirt bears the white body - and warm
Like the pillowcase
it's such a bitter evening -
and sweet, through the flower bud.

...

For so much love, forgetfulness you have weakened
and slim body pants
of which he is injured
the white leg of my demented thought.

...

You bend over in complete oblivion
Chips fluttering in the wind - kissing hips

Earth bride
With her black hair, dried from coal.

...

Looking at us eternally -
We forget all that was and how many bears there are
Among the kissing kisses
Like white dandelions.
As is the pink cherry and apple branch -
Praise to the senses as the mind goes down.

...

The sweetness makes you like a baker
Spring begins with a frieze of delicate, sparkling colors
You rewatched the sweet blue sea breeze.

...

I called you in a dream
Chicken leg over my ribs - from which you disturb in the hot night
We tighten the chest even closer
Closer....

..

The shirt bears the white body - and warm
Like the pillowcase
it's such a bitter evening -
and sweet, through the flower-dandelion

Translation Carl Gustav Jung

Te iubesc, Victor, Tudor, Mihai, Puiul meu.

Te iubesc Tudor, Dorit Puișor, Dragostea mea.
Dragostea mea, Victor, T doresc și Te iubesc, puiul meu drag și dule, dulceața mea.
Din noianul de amintiri...

Din noianul de amintiri, în cutia cu fotografii
Un tânăr inocent, cu ochii în dimensiunea ideală a poeziei
O privea...

...

Ce poate fi mai tulburător pentru omamă
Decât clipa când tânărul său fecior
Pășește în lume, în clipa imperturbabilă, grațioasă
Când devne bărbat?...

Din noianul de amintiri, din amintirile învăluite în ceață
Recunoașterii tainice, un tânăr o privea.

Ochii săi căprui, inocenți, visători
Priveau parcă într-un dincolo, într-un absoșut numenal
În dimensiunea ideală a poeziei
În tărâmul înfiorat de promisiuni, al dragostei.

...

Părul, lăsat de-a lungul figurii sale ovale, inocente
În care se fgeau primele tușuri bărbătești
Era șatn, cu suvițe ondulate, blonde
Moale și luminos, ca pânza argintată, aurie de stele a cerului.

...

Ce poate fi mai tulburător pentru omamă
Decât clipa când tânărul său fecior
Pășește în lume, în clipa imperturbabilă, grațioasă
Când devne bărbat?...

Din noianul de amintiri, din amintirile învăluite în ceața
Recunoașterii tainice, un tânăr o privea.

..

Privirea ochilor lui albaștri, ca cerul toamna, zbura în dimensiunea
Rară, ideală, a vieții, cu sentimentul recunoașterii tainice
Pe chipul lui ingenuu, de tânăr fecior
Pregătit să intre pe ușa tumultuoasă a lumii
În dimensiunea rar, deală a dragostei

Adevărate, pure, absolute
Precum era bătaa inimii sale, prin cămașa subțire, albstră
Ca o promisune și un legământ
La ușa dragostei.

...

Din noianul de amintiri, în cutia cu fotografii
Un tânăr inocent, cu ochii în dimensiunea ideală a poeziei
O privea...

Figura sa vulnerabilă, sensibilă, părea decupată
Dintr-un Arhetip
Îngropat adânc în sufletul tuturor mamelor.

Arhetipul lui Iisus, inocentul și neprihănitul Mântuitor
Gata să intre în tumultul năprasnic al vieții
Acolo unde Lumea nu-i v aduce decât suferință
și Răstignire.

...

Din noianul de amintiri, învăluit în oceanul de impresii gingașe

Ieșite parcă din penelul unui pictor
Care este Lumea, un tânăr o privea.

Cu ochiului c azurul cerului, două nestemate muiate în fir deargint
și în picuri strălucitori de rouă
două pietre prețioase arznd ca doi picuri strălucitori
de absolut

tânărul privea în nemuritoarele grădini ale cerului
în dimeniunea rară, ideală a poeziei.

A dragostei.

...

Ce poate fi mai tulburător pentru omamă
Decât clipa când tânărul său fecior
Pășește în lume, în clipa imperturbabilă, grațioasă
Când devne bărbat?...

Din noianul de amintiri, din amintirile învăluite în ceața
Recunoașterii tainice, un tânăr o prvea.

...

Buzele lui rotunde, pline arcuite
Ca sărutul răcoros al mării, ca tunetul grațios al muntelui
Ca susurul izvoarelor pe prund
Erau sărutate de roua dimineții, de gândul lui îmbobocit
De primele icăriri ale dragostei

Acolo unde suferința se ghicea întreagă –
șiel o primea întreagă
cu umilința și uitarea de sine pe care o aduce în suflet dragostea.

..

Privirea ochilor lui albaștri, ca cerul toamna, zbura în dimensiunea
Rară, ideală, a vieții, cu sentimentul recunoașterii tainice
Pe chipul lui ingenuu, de tânăr fecior
Pregătit să intre pe ușa tumultuoasă a lumii
În dimensiunea rar, deală a dragostei

Adevărate, pure, absolute
Precum era bătaa inimii sale, prin cămașa subțire, albstră
Ca o promisune și un legământ
La ușa dragostei.

...

O Poete, cuvintele ți-s prea puține
Pentru a descrie intrarea în lume a unui tânăr fecior
Pe armăsarul său alb, impetuos, suflând în spume
Acolo unde mărețele și impunătoarele sale fapte

Vor rămâne petru vecie înregistrate

De harul povestitor al mulțimii
Pregătită să-ți primească Eroul, și să-l poarte spre biruință.
Acolo era un El
În ochii Lui era o Ea...

Sau poate blânda stea
Descriind un arabesc arhitectonic, căzând
În luminoasele câmpii azalee.

...

From the nojan of rememberings...

From the nojan with rememberings, in the box with photographs
An innocent youngman, with the eyes in the ideal dimension of poetry
He was looking her..

...

What can it be more passionate for a mother
Than the oment when her young Son
He is stepping in the world, in the imperturbable, grace moment
When he becomes a man?...

From the nojan of rememberings, from the records wrapped in the mist
Of the secret recognizing, a youngman was looking at her.

His brown eyes, innocent, dreamy
They were looking as if from another dimension, from a numenal absolute
In the ideal dimension of poetry
In therealm thrilled of promises, of love.

...

His hair, descending the length of his oval, innocent figure
Wherein they were guessing the first male touchings
It was bron-haired, with slightly curled, blond stripes
Soft and lighty, as the silvery, goldy veil of stars of the sky.

..

What can be more disturbing for a mother
Than te moment when her young Son
He is stepping into the world, in the innocent, tender moment
When he becomes a man?..

From the nojan of remembrings, from the records wrapped inthe mist
Of the secret recognizing, a youngman
He was looking at her.

...

The look of his blue yes, as the sky in the autumn, was floating
In the rare, ideal dimension of life, with the feeling of the mystic recovery
On his innocent face, of young youngman
Ready to enter the stormy door of the world
In the rare, ideal dimension of Love

True, pure, absolute
As it was his heartbeat, through the thin, blue, on his neck shirt
Like a promise and a legacy
At the door of Love.

...

From the nojan with rememberings, in the box with photographs
An innocent youngman, with the eyes in the ideal dimension of poetry
He was looking her..

...His vulnerable, sensible figure seemed cut
From an Archetype
Buried deply in the soul of all mothers.

The Archetype of Jesus, the innocent and un sinful Saviour
Ready to enter into the heavy storm of the life
There where the world wouldn't bring to him only suffering
And crucifixion.

...

From the nojan of rememberings, wrapped in the ocean of tender imprints
Escaped seemingly from the feather of a painter
Which is the world, a youngman
He was looking at her.

With His eyes, like the azure of the sky, two rare stones intertwined with silvery thread
And gloomy dew raindrops
Two precious stones burning like two brightful drops
Of absolute

The youngman was looking in the immortal gardens of the sky
In the rare, ideal dimesion of the poetry.

Of love.

...

What can be more thrilling for a mother
Than te moment when her young Son
He is stepping into the world, in the innocent, tender moment
When he becomes a man?..

From the nojan of rememberings, from the records wrapped in the mist
Of the secret recognizing, a youngman was looking at her.

...

His round lips, full, arched
As the cool kissing of the sea, is the graceful thunder of the mountain
As the whisper of the springs on the raven
They wee kissed bt the dew of the morning, by His bloom thought
Of the first sunbursts of love

There where the suffering it was guessing entirely –
And he was receiving entirely
With the humility and forgetfullness which brings in the soul only love
..

The look of his blue yes, as the sky in the autumn, was floating
In the rare, ideal dimension of life, with the feeling of the mystic recovery
On his innocent face, of young youngman
Ready to enter the stormy door of the world
In the rare, ideal dimension of Love

True, pure, absolute
As it was his heartbeat, through the thin, blue, on his neck shirt
Like a promise and a legacy
At the door of Love.

...

Oh, you Poet, the words are too poor
To describe the entering in the world of a young youngman
On his white, impetuos horse, breathing in foams
There where the great and imposing deeds
They will remain for eternity recorded

By the storyteller divine grace of the crowd
Ready to receive her Hero, and to carry him towards victory.
There it was a Him
In His eyes it was a Her...

Or maybe the gentle star
Describing an rabesque architectonic, falling down
In the brightful azalea fields.

...

Te iubesc, dulcele și dragul meu puișor, dragostea mea.
Te doresc, Mihai, Dorit Puișor.

Teiubesc, Puiul meu dulce, Victor, Dragostea mea, Dulceașa a mea.
So tender ...

Eyes cut from strawberries like purple flower decires
They spoke to me with such love, so often ...
Contained with the ornate eyes
Let me embrace a holy Lady

...

The misteries that I have met since then
In the eyes, in the lips of flowers in the graves
In their light which descends gravely
I let myself comprised like of the charm servant.

In the black veil like the blue stars linen sheets that fall on my chest
In your sunrise, beloved, so gentle, straight
Cold-hot mysteries that meet them on the way
And they fall on my cruel senses with soft golden hair.

Tucked in as a flight to the secret-flight
the passing of the soul of the soul, love
soul exposed in the heart of longing, sorrow-so pitiful, sweet
over your body tender, sweet

The words are few and cannot comprise
What has been since then, what is before
Since when the genius of blinded creation has thrown
Your sweet shadow of impenetrability.

...

I miss to take your warm, soft hand to my chest
I miss meeting you, waiting for you
I miss telling you how much I love you, how much the whole mind
I cannot think and mirror it...

...

.... it's sweet your step under the vineyard crowns
Under which I prick in laziness two children of mine
What I grew up in my breast, on my chest
Disguised as the cherry blossom, ruby.

...

and in the deep of the black sea which sips us
I gave to the black, blind forgetfulness
the cough from our souls, which is mourning, grieving-
a gentle harp is forgotten through the dust

...

I'm taking the gun and I shoot myself
I fall through a kind of darkened matter – dark matter
Through a dark labyrinth of fields
Until I touch with the lips the Earth
Which I stumbled upon

In the search for tears, what flies flutter
To me the lobster on my chest

yout sunrise, which is so gentle, right.
I miss coming to meet you, to wait for you.

I miss telling you how much I love you, how much the whole mind
I cannot think and mirror it...
I miss to take your warm, soft hand to my chest
I miss meeting you, waiting for you

...

Translation:Google translate
Small correction: Natalia Gălăţan
Te iubesc, Tudor, puiul meu,dulcele meu.
te iubesc, dragul meu soțior.

Te iubesc, Dulcele meu ictor, Pui.

The world of dew

This happened
many years ago.
I was a kid, maybe young, in high school, or how I tend to believe now
At college.

..

I was at the door of the cattle barn, in a beautiful, golden summer.
I was sitting outside, and I was looking inside.
The yellow light sifted through the little window outside
Inside, he also entered through the little door
From outside.

Enter. Quiet and peace. The light sifted unreally
and it was an oasis of shade and coolness
near the cattle barn.

Infinite tiny miniature dust rifles floated
In the rays of light
Like miniature microscopic worlds ...
A world of dust mackerel and geese -
Brought from millions of years away - when its radius is only now
Lights of our sight

...

I love you sweet lady.
Hay. In the alleys. Near the cattle barn
A cool net floated, a deafening silence.
The yellow light sifted through the little window outside
Inside, he also entered through the little door
To come in.

Enter. Quiet and peace. The light sifted unreally
and it was an oasis of shade and coolness
near the cattle barn.

Infinite tiny miniature dust rifles floated
In the rays of light
Like miniature microscopic worlds ...
A world of the pigeon of dust and geese - a mystical world, of God
and his winged angel friends ...

meditating on the beauty of the rays, the dove, the peace and peace
I was drawn into a timeless tunnel - into a world
in which miracles occurred, a timeless world - where Time
it had ceased to exist ...

a dreamlike world, of the miracle, of the dream, open in the chest of Reality
a world of poor Dionysus ...

"There is neither time nor space," he said, "they are only in our soul." This means that the world with all its manifestations is a sensitive, subjective reflection of our consciousness and we have the power to change all external events and things. . Man, by its very essence, is omnipotent, because it carries in it a divine spark, the divine image of the soul: "... and yet, if I close an eye, I see my hand lower than with both. If I had three eyes I would see her even bigger, and the more eyes I had with all the things around me, the bigger it would seem. However, born with thousands of eyes, amidst colossal looks, they all in relation to me, keeping their proportion, would not seem to me bigger or smaller than they seem to me today. To imagine the world reduced to the size of a bullet, and all that is low in analogy, the inhabitants of this world, supposing them equipped with our organs, would understand all that absolutely in the way and in the proportions in which we understand them. Let's imagine, caeteris paribus (in other words, the same n.a.), surrounded by the sea - the same thing. With unchanged proportions - a world bounded by the sea and another bounded by the small would be so great for us. And the objects I see, viewed with one eye, are smaller; with both - larger; how big are they absolutely? Who knows if we do not live in a microscopic world and only the opening of our eyes makes us see it in the size we see it? Who knows if they do not see each and every one of them in a different way, and do not hear each and every sound in another way - and only the language, the naming in one way of an object that one sees it that way, another otherwise, unites them in the understanding . - Language? - Not. Maybe every word sounds different in the ears of different people - only the individual, the same remaining, hears it in a way. And, in a space conceived as without borders, is not a piece of it, no matter how big and how small it is, just a drop in relation to the boundless? Also, in eternity without borders, is not every piece of time, however big or small, just a moment suspended? And here's how. Assuming the world reduced to a dewhead and the time ratios, at a drop of time, the centuries in the history of this microscopic world would have blinked, and in these blinkers people would work as hard and think as much as in our swarms - their swarms for them it would be as long as ours. In what microscopic infinity would the millions of infusers (small animals, invisible to the free eye, which develop in liquids: microorganisms) of those researchers be lost, in what infinite amount of time the joy - and yet, all, would be - all like today. ... In fact, the world is the dream of our soul. There is neither time nor space - they are only in our soul. Past and future is in my soul, like the forest in an acorn-tree, and the infinity as well, as the reflection of the starry sky in a dew. If we were to find out the mystery by which we could relate to these two orders of things that are hidden in us, a mystery that maybe the Egyptian and Assyrian magicians possessed, it was in the depths of the soul descending, we could live in the past and we could inhabit the world of stars and the sun. Too bad the science of necromancy and that of astrology have been lost - who knows how many mysteries we would have discovered in this regard! If the world is a dream - why couldn't we coordinate the range of its phenomena how we want it? It is not true that there is a past - the consecutiveness is in our thinking - the causes of the phenomena, consecutive for us, always the same, exist and work simultaneously. To live in the time of Mircea cel Mare or Alexandru cel Bun - is it absolutely impossible? A mathematical point is lost in the boundlessness of its disposition, a moment in its infinitesimal impartability, which does not cease forever. In these atoms of space and time, how infinite! If I could lose myself in the infinity of my soul until that phase of his emancipation, which is called the epoch of Alexander the Good for example ... and yet ...

" Te iubesc, Te doresc, dulcișor dorit.

Te iubesc, Victor, Dragostea me.

Veneam tăcut pe drum....

Veneam tăcut pe drum
Valea-i în fum și ochii mi se-neacă-n scrum
Sunete guturale îneacă cu vocea lor seara
Sufletul meu arde-n iubire ca para...

...

Văbrant, sunete de corni se-nalță-n stână
Îmi acopăr încet ochii cu o mână
Privind printre gene stelele
Privind cum joacă pe câmpul luni, nebune, ielele...

...

Mă gândeam la tine mergând încet pe drum –mce ciudată e totuși clipa asta de-acum –
Pe cer apuneau încet stelele
În părul tău se joacă, umezi dedor, visele...

Meregeam cu capul aplecat în pământ
Ăurtat de un indescritibil, inefabil, vânt stelar...
... mâinile-mi călătoreau departe de trup
Încercând spă ducă la inimă
Un tandru, înfiorător de dulce, săprut....

...

Văbrant, sunete de corni se-nalță-n stână
Îmi acopăr încet ochii cu o mână
Privind printre gene stelele
Privind cum joacă pe câmpul luni, nebune, ielele...
Veneam tăcut pe drum
Valea-i în fum și ochii mi se-neacă-n scrum
Sunete guturale îneacă cu vocea lor seara
Sufletul meu arde-n iubire ca para

...

Vocile se-amestecă, guturale, surâzătoare
Lătrătoare
Oamenii negri de cărbune
Își zâmbesc ca în Germinal...

Toiotule o atmosferă între negri șiverde
Între negrul pământului, fixat într-o ecuație
Cu numere iraționale
și verdele frunzelor, al arborilor, al ierbii

și cenușiul de cenușă al cerului...

...

Omaenii se mișcă ca într-un vis, își vorbesc, își zâmbesc
Cu fruntea de funingine
Cu mâinile pline de pământ
Cu cămașa lipită d fire de fân...

..

Iau pistolul și mă împușc
Cad cu încetinitorul printr-un fel de chaos
întunecat
Până ating cu buzele pământul
Din care m-am împiedicat

Buzele mele nu se pot mișca
Nu pot cuprinde peisajul
Altul decât cel interior, cunoscut din milioane de kali-yuga
Altul decât universul interior
Cunoscut din reverii și visări adânci
Cu tâmpla lipită de stele

Te iubesc, Victor, dragostea emea.

I was silent on the road

I was silent on the road
Valley them in smoke and my eyes drown in ash
Guttural sounds drown with their voice in the evening
My soul burns in love as it seems.

...

Speaking, the sound of horns rises in the sheepfold
I slowly cover my eyes with one hand
Looking between the stars stars
Looking at how he plays on the field, crazy, heels ...

...

I was thinking of you walking slowly on the road - how weird this moment is now -
The stars were slowly setting in the sky
In your hair you play, wet your finger, dreams ...

I was walking with my head down on the ground
Afflicted by an indescribable, ineffable, stellar wind ...
... my hands traveled far from my body
Trying to wash leads to the heart
A tender, creepy sweet, kissing

...

Speaking, the sound of horns rises in the sheepfold
I slowly cover my eyes with one hand
Looking between the stars stars
Looking at how he plays on the field, crazy, heels ...
I was silent on the road
Valley them in smoke and my eyes drown in ash

Guttural sounds drown with their voice in the evening
My soul burns in love as it seems
...

The vocals mix, guttural, smiling
barking
Black coal people
I smile like in Germinal ...

Toiotule an atmosphere between black and black
Between the black of the earth, fixed in an equation
With irrational numbers
and the greens of leaves, trees, grass

and the ashes of the ashes of heaven ...

...

Human beings move like in a dream, they talk, they smile
With the forehead of soot
With hands full of earth
With the shirt fastened with hay threads ...

..
I take the pill and shoot myself
I fall with the slow down through a kind of chaos
dark
Until I touch the lips of the earth
From which I hindered myself

My lips can't move
I cannot understand the landscape
Other than the inner one, known from millions of kali-yuga
Other than the inner universe
Known from deep dreams and dreams
With the star attached to the temple

I love you, Victor, love me.
.. Veneam tăcut pe drum....

Veneam tăcut pe drum
Valea-i în fum și ochii mi se-neacă-n scrum
Sunete guturale îneacă cu vocea lor seara
Sufletul meu arde-n iubire ca para...

...

Văbrant, sunete de corni se-nalță-n stână
Îmi acopăr încet ochii cu o mână
Privind printre gene stelele
Privind cum joacă pe câmpul luni, nebune, ielele...

...

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Âurtat de un indescritibil, inefabil, vânt stelar...
... mâinile-mi călătoreau departe de trup
Încercând să ducă la inimă
Un tandru, înfiorător de dulce, săprut....

...
Văbrant, sunete de corni se-nalță-n stână
Îmi acopăr încet oochii cu o mână
Privind printre gene stelele
Privind cum joacă pe câmpul luni, nebune, ielele...
Veneam tăcut pe drum
Valea-i în fum și ochii mi se-neacă-n scrum
Sunete guturale îneacă cu vocea lor seara
Sufletul meu arde-n iubire ca para
...

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Lătrătoare
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și verdele frunzelor, al arborilor, al ierbii
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Cu fruntea de funingine
Cu mâinile pline de pământ
Cu cămașa lipită d fire de fân...

..

Îau pstolul și mă împușc
Cad cu încetinitorul printr-un fel de chaos
întunecat
Până ating cu buzele pământul
Din care m-am împiedicat

Buzele mele nu se pot mișca
Nu pot cuprinde peisajul
Altul decât cel interior, cunoscut din milioane de kali-yuga
Altul decât universul interior
Cunoscut din reverii și visări adânci
Cu tâmpla lipită de stele

Te iubesc, Victor, dragostea emea.

I was silent on the road

I was silent on the road
Valley them in smoke and my eyes drown in ash
Guttural sounds drown with their voice in the evening
My soul burns in love as it seems.

...

Speaking, the sound of horns rises in the sheepfold
I slowly cover my eyes with one hand
Looking between the stars stars
Looking at how he plays on the field, crazy, heels ...

...

I was thinking of you walking slowly on the road - how weird this moment is now -
The stars were slowly setting in the sky
In your hair you play, wet your finger, dreams ...

I was walking with my head down on the ground
Afflicted by an indescribable, ineffable, stellar wind ...
... my hands traveled far from my body
Trying to wash leads to the heart
A tender, creepy sweet, kissing

...

Speaking, the sound of horns rises in the sheepfold
I slowly cover my eyes with one hand
Looking between the stars stars
Looking at how he plays on the field, crazy, heels ...
I was silent on the road
Valley them in smoke and my eyes drown in ash
Guttural sounds drown with their voice in the evening
My soul burns in love as it seems

...

The vocals mix, guttural, smiling
barking
Black coal people
I smile like in Germinal ...

Toiotule an atmosphere between black and black
Between the black of the earth, fixed in an equation
With irrational numbers
and the greens of leaves, trees, grass

and the ashes of the ashes of heaven ...

...

Human beings move like in a dream, they talk, they smile
With the forehead of soot
With hands full of earth
With the shirt fastened with hay threads ...

..
I take the pill and shoot myself
I fall with the slow down through a kind of chaos
dark
Until I touch the lips of the earth
From which I hindered myself

My lips can't move
I cannot understand the landscape
Other than the inner one, known from millions of kali-yuga
Other than the inner universe
Known from deep dreams and dreams
With the star attached to the temple

Te iubesc.

Voci guturale...

Voci guturale pierdute-n depărtare
Ochii îmi înoată ca oichii de hering în sos
Cu salată de ceapă și icre dintr-un vapor
Din care mateloții sar râzând jos
și pun cu mulțumire piciorul pe pământ.

...

Sentimente, șaluri, vânturi, valuri
Voci pierdute în clarobscurul
ploii stelare
Solare
Scaun pământiu pus de-a curmezișul...

””

Ploaia de stele și de soare se revarsă în încăpere
Ca un val, ca o maree
Ca o tornadă, ca un taifun
Vă spun singura-i clipă-i acum
Clipa de miere și în fum...

...

Încercând să mă recuperez
din solitudine
Din larmă, zgomot mulțime, gălăgie, solitudine
Mă găsesc pe crestele uii munte înalt
Înconjurat de zăpezi.

Buzele mele nu se pot mișca
Nu pot cuprinde peisajul
Altul decât cel interior, cunoscut din milioane de kali-yuga
Altul decât universul interior
Cunoscut din reverii și visări adânci
Cu tâmpla lipită de stele
Tootul e o atmosferă între negru și verde
Între negrul pământului, fixat într-o ecuație
Cu numere iraționale
și verdele frunzelor, al arborilor, al ierbii

și cenușiul de cenușă al cerului...

...

Vântul atârână pe portativa cerului
Mișcate de un vânt celest
Pletele mele se mișcă în vânt
Ca un banc de pești, ca o cavalcadă de spermatozoiz

....

Iau pistolul și mă împușc
Cad cu încetinitorul printr-un fel de chaos
întunecat
Până ating cu buzele pământul
Din care m-am împiedicat

...

Buzele mele nu se pot mișca
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Altul decât cel interior, cunoscut din milioane de kali-yuga
Altul decât universul interior
Cunoscut din reverii și visări adânci
Cu tâmpla lipită de stele

....

Germinal

Voices mingle, guttural, joyful
barking
The black coal people
They smile like in Germinal ...

It is an atmosphere between black and white
Between the earth's black, fixed in an equation
With irrational numbers
and the green of leaves, trees, grass

and the ashes of the ashes of heaven ...

...

Te iubesc, Victor, dragostea mea.

Gutural Voices ...

Gutural voices lost in the distance
My eyes swim like herch of herring in the sauce

With onion salad and caviar from a boat
Of which the mothers are laughing down
and I thank the foot on the ground.

...

Feelings, shawls, winds, waves
Lost voices in the clearobscur
stellar rain
solar
The earthly chair ...

””

The rain and sunshine flow into the room
Like a wave like a tide
Like a tornado, like a typhoon
I'm telling you, just give it a moment now
Honey and smoke ...

...

Trying to get back
from solitude
From larm, crowd noise, noise, solitude
I find myself on the high hillsides
Surrounded by snow.

My lips can not move
I can not cover the landscape
The other than the inner one, known from millions of kali-yuga
Other than the inner universe
Known from deep reveries and dreams
With the stick stuck to the stars

Everyone is an atmosphere between black and green
Between the earth's black, fixed in an equation
With irrational numbers
and the green of leaves, trees, grass

and the ashes of the ashes of heaven ...

...

The wind hangs on the portage of the sky
Driven by a celestial wind
My knees are moving in the wind
Like a pool of fish, like a sperm cavalcade

....

I get the gun and shoot myself
It slows down some sort of chaos
dark
Until I touch the ground with my lips
Which I prevented

...

My lips can not move
I can not cover the landscape
The other than the inner one, known from millions of kali-yuga
Other than the inner universe
Known from deep reveries and dreams
With the stick stuck to the stars

....
Germinal

Voices mingle, guttural, joyful
barking
The black coal people
They smile like in Germinal ...

It is an atmosphere between black and white
Between earth's black, fixed in an equation
With irrational numbers
and the green of leaves, trees, grass

and the ashes of the ashes of heaven ...

...

I love you, Victor, my love.
Te iubesc, Mihai, Puiul meu...

Zori de zi

Dimineți târzii...
Mă trezesc cu tine-n brațe, privind zorii de zi...
Dimineața îți lucește stins în ochi
și în păr

cu un serafic, translucent adevăr...

...
ți-am căutat în trup
misterul ca un necunoscut inocent duh
ce-ți iese din gură ca un abur
pe buze moi ca dulce fagur

...

Soție mamă iubită o străină
Ciudat... Nu simt în suflet decât vină....

E amorală-mi existența
Din care eu extrag esența.

.....
Viclean pajurele Eros se plimbă prin nămeți
Albi, dulci senini
Ai stinsei dimineți

Înclin capul puternic în al meu vis
Căutând în sine-mi tainicu-ți surâs.

....

Tristețe?... nebunie?... un strop de apatie?...
Nu e nimic apatic și trist
În al tău surâs

Din care caut visul meu ucis
În alte kali-iuga ce-au fost
și-au să mai fie..

...

Un dor de moarte mă cuprinse
De un luceafăr ce sub frunte
Preumblă universul în degetul lui mic

Doar o părere e acum, un vis zadarnic
și amarnic
iubit deopotrivă cu amic.

.....

ți-am căutat în trup
misterul ca un necunoscut inocent duh
ce-ți iese din gură ca un abur
pe buze moi ca dulce fagur

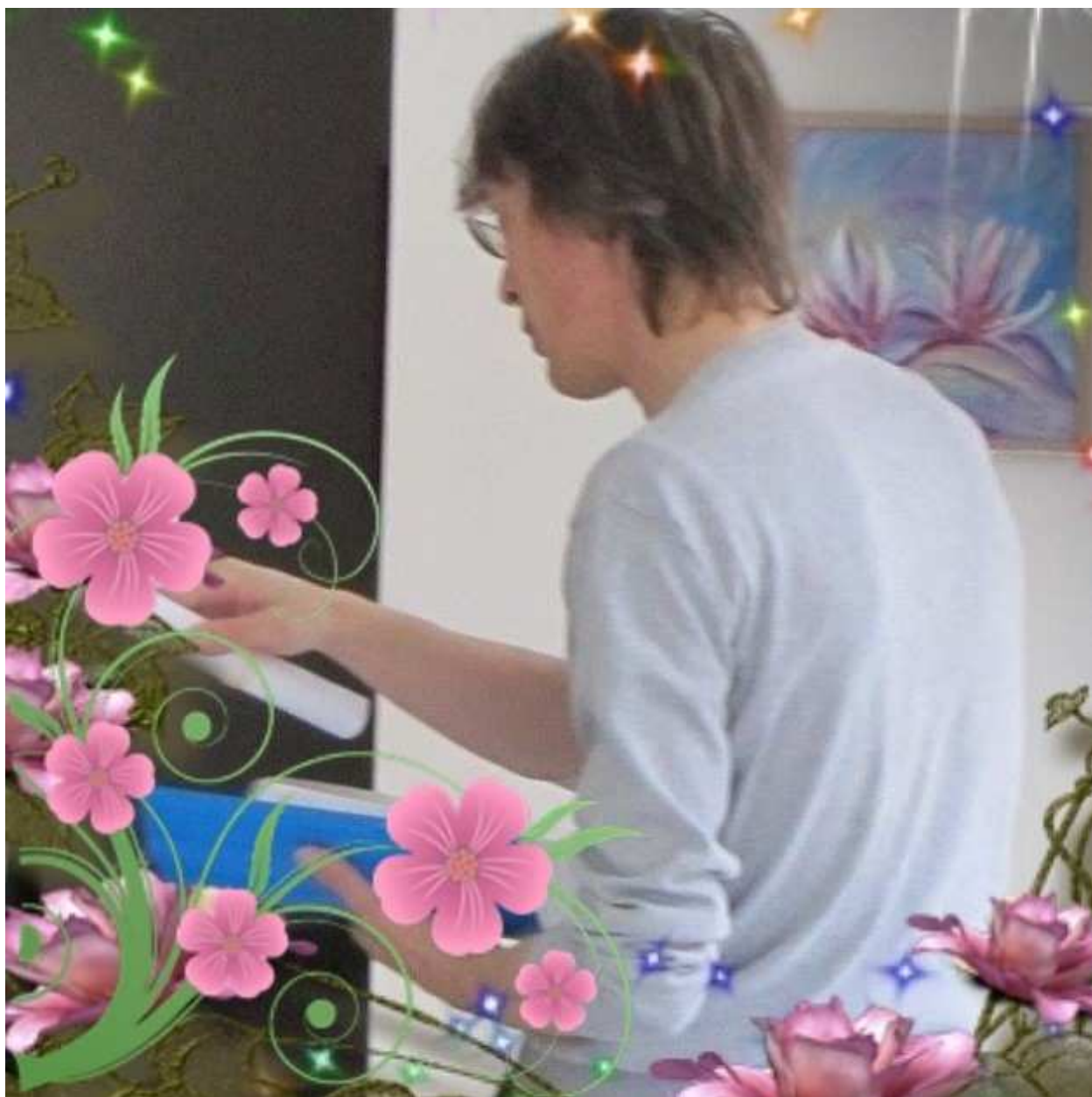
te iubesc și te doresc, Victor, puiul meu.
Dragostea mea, Mihai, Te iubesc și Te doresc nespus, Puiul meu.

Te iubesc, dulcele meu Victor, dragostea mea.

Dragul și Dulcelee meu Fiu, Te iubesc nespus, Puiul meu.



Te iubesc nespus, Tudor, Inima mea, Feciorul meu drag și dulce, Pyiul meu.



Te iubesc nespusalin, Dulce copilaaş, iubirea mea.



Te iubesc lin-Linișor, Dulce Copil și mândria Inimii mele.



Te iubnesc nespus, Andrei, Puiul meu Dulce, Sufletul meu.



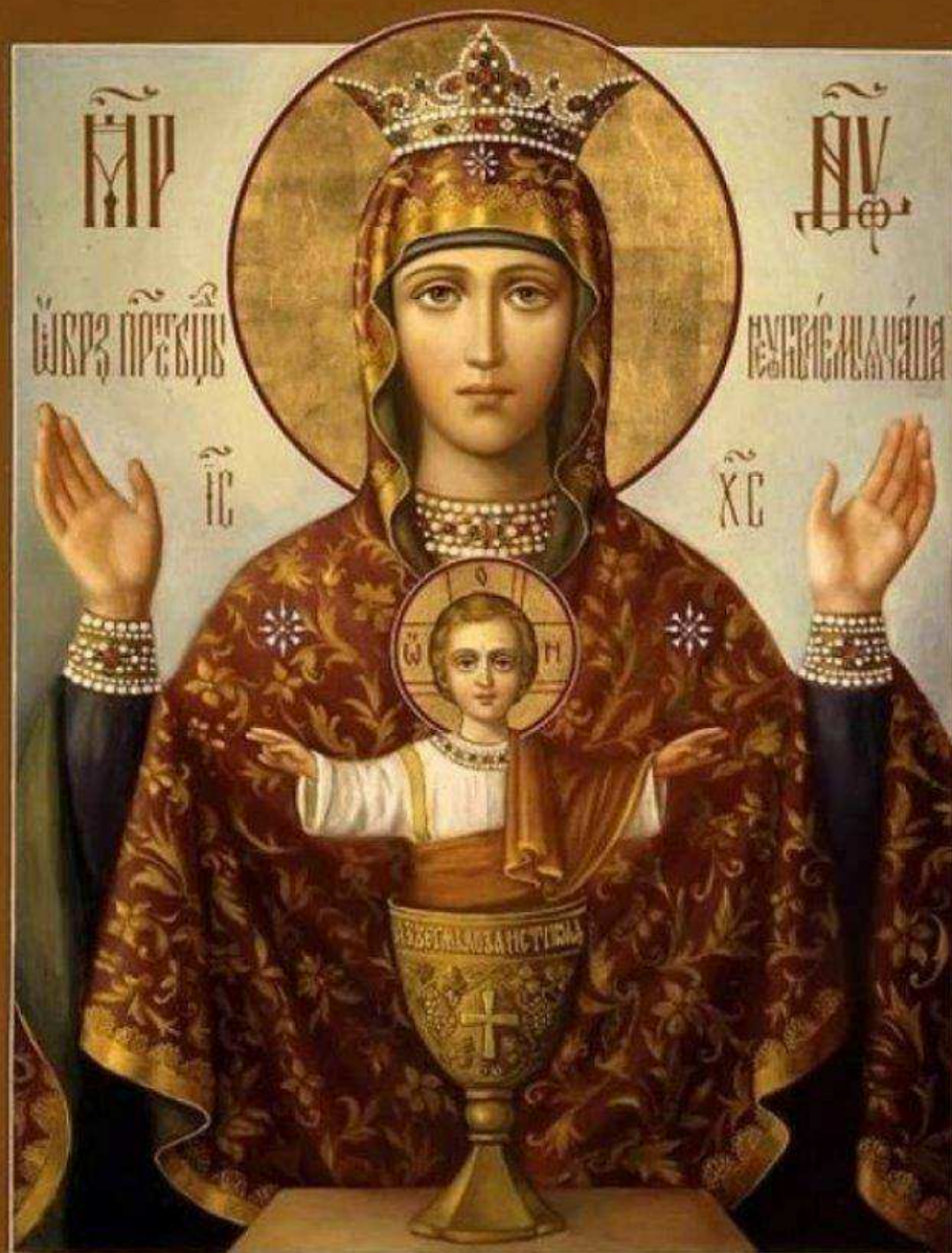
Te iubesc Mihai, Dulce copil Drăgălaș, Feciorul mamei.



Te iubesc, Victor, Copilul meu Dulce, Dragostea mea, Puiul meu.



te iubesc, Dragoista Sufletului și Inimii mele, Copilașul meu Dulce, Fiul meu.







te iubesc.

BISERICA ORTODOXĂ ROMÂNĂ STRĂVING

